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Painted by A. Fisher

SCENERY ON CONNECTICUT RIVER.

Engraved by G. B. H. E.

No. 1. 1842

STUDIES
IN
P O E T R Y .

EMBRACING NOTICES OF THE LIVES AND WRITINGS OF THE BEST
POETS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

A COPIOUS SELECTION OF
ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

A SHORT
ANALYSIS OF HEBREW POETRY,

AND
TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SACRED POETS :

DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE
THE PRINCIPLES OF RHETORIC, AND TEACH THEIR
APPLICATION TO POETRY.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

BOSTON: CARTER AND HENDEE:

M DCCC XXX.

PR 1175
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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE it remembered, that on the thirtyfirst day of December, A. D. 1829, in the fiftyfourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, S. G. Goodrich, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, to wit:

'Studies in Poetry. Embracing Notices of the Lives and Writings of the best Poets in the English Language, a Copious Selection of Elegant Extracts, a short Analysis of Hebrew Poetry, and Translations from the Sacred Poets, designed to illustrate the Principles of Rhetoric, and teach their application to Poetry. By GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;' and also to an act, entitled 'An act supplementary to an act, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.'

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

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APRIL, 1940

43-20362

PREFACE.

THE present volume is intended to supply a deficiency which has long existed, and which has been in some measure felt, in the apparatus for rhetorical instruction, and especially in that for the education of young ladies. When it is considered that an intimate acquaintance with true poetry has a direct tendency to refine the taste, to soften the affections, to strengthen the imagination and improve the understanding, it seems somewhat surprising that so little room has been allotted to this important as well as delightful branch of study in the books of elementary instruction. When it is farther considered how essential is the practice of poetical reading to the acquisition of a graceful, easy, and impressive style in reading prose, it is evident, that notwithstanding the remarkable improvements which have been made in some of the class books now used in this country, there still remains, in this respect, a very great deficiency. The poetry which they contain bears no proportion to the prose, and of course cannot afford the pupil a great variety, either in subject, versification, rhythm, or in the general character of the pieces selected. It is, indeed, a deficiency, which it requires a separate volume fully to supply, and which could not well be avoided in a class book, without at the same time rendering it inadequate to the accomplishment of the other purposes for which it is designed.

The Editor has endeavoured, in the present volume, entirely to remedy this imperfection. But he has a higher object than this : he aims to present the pupil with what may be called a book of practical poetical rhetoric ; a volume which shall refine and regulate the taste and prepare the youthful mind to judge for itself, and to relish with discrimination, whatever is beautiful in the whole compass of English poetry. For this purpose, the greatest care and the nicest judgment have been exercised in making the selections. Not a piece has been

admitted, which is not in itself a gem, worthy to be committed to memory by the pupil, and made the object of thoughtful and minute examination. *L'ame se mêle a tout.*

In order to make the poetry itself more interesting, and to excite the curiosity of the pupil in the pursuit of a branch of biographical study in the highest degree elegant and useful, it has been judged best to prefix some sketch, however concise, of the life or character of most of the poets, to the specimens selected from their works; and, that the pupil may be guided in making a correct estimate of their individual merits, a few critical remarks, descriptive of particular characteristics, have in most cases been added. For these, the Editor is often indebted to the poet Campbell, who unites to his own original genius, an exquisite taste, strong feeling, a philosophic acuteness of discrimination, and a noble impartiality in criticising the productions of other minds. In regard to the extracts which have been made from his critical writings, the Editor only regrets that the necessary limits of his volume did not permit him to adorn it with more passages of the same character.

Both the biographical and critical notices are designed likewise to serve as a germ for the additional remarks of the instructor, in pursuing with his pupils the farther study of the personal and poetical character of each author, with the reciprocal influence, which his own genius and the character of his age may have exerted upon each other. That such a course of study ought in some measure to be adopted, wherever it is an object to make the pupil in a good degree acquainted with English literature, especially its poetical department, (and where is it not?) might easily be made evident.

It is a little singular that we should use so much caution with our children in early life to make them familiar with the purest classic models of the prose style in their native tongue, while in the formation of a relish for what is truly beautiful in poetry, they are left almost completely to themselves, without direction or assistance. Yet this latter taste is more nice in its character, more difficult to be attained, and more likely to be vitiated, than the relish for what is excellent in prose; while at the same time it exerts an influence not

less sure, though more delicate and imperceptible, in the growth and accomplishment of the mind, and in enabling the pupil to acquire a habit of expressing his own thoughts in easy, idiomatic, and forcible language.

Such is the object of the present work. It embraces rich specimens of poetry in the English language, from the father of English verse, down to the present time ; and it is confidently believed, that the gradual *study* of this volume cannot fail to aid essentially in producing that just and delicate perception and enjoyment of the excellence of poetry in general, and of the respective merits of individual poets, which at present is an accomplishment so rarely to be found. It is hoped that an edition of *Paradise Lost* may soon be published, with notes sufficiently copious and plain to make *that* likewise a book of study and keen relish, where it is now unknown, or only ignorantly admired and wondered at.

The Editor had intended at first to prefix to this volume a short and plain sketch of the early rise and progress of English poetry, from the period during which it formed the only ray of intellect in the English nation, till it became incorporated as an original and prominent part of our native literature, and to trace particularly the progressive changes in its moral character. Upon consideration, it was found that such a history must exclude either the notices of biography and criticism entirely, or a good part of the poetical specimens. Should it hereafter be judged fit, such a sketch may be prepared in another volume, or introduced into a second edition of this.

It is believed that one great excellence of this book will be found in the purity of its moral influence. It has been the endeavour of the Editor, not only to exclude from these pages every poem and every line which might be injurious or even doubtful in its tendency, but to give them a decided tone of piety. Wherever the rare union of a religious and poetical spirit could be found, he has eagerly availed himself of his privilege, to select pieces not merely moral in principle, but devotional in feeling. At the same time there will be observed a great degree of variety in the character of his selections.

from the deeply pathetic and devotional, to the humorous and droll ; for it has been his object to present, if possible, a specimen from every *good* department, in the whole range of poetical subjects.

He has also endeavoured, for the benefit and instruction of the pupil, to characterize as minutely as might be in his critical remarks, the moral qualities and merits of each poet. A very difficult task, and one which perhaps he has not performed as rigidly as could be wished. The poets have hitherto been almost a privileged people so far as it may be considered a privilege to transgress the dictates of piety without reproach. Wherever they have not been guilty of outrageous license, their inaccuracies in morality have been passed by as matters of course ; and many a sentiment has been admitted almost with applause in a line of elegant poetry, which would have been rejected with strong censure had it appeared in plain prose. This fact makes the impious or immoral poet far more criminal, and should make the virtuous reader more anxiously watchful ;—watchful lest under the garb of innocent and cultivated pleasure, he receive into his bosom what, in the strong language of scripture, *will bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder.*

It was the Editor's intention to have added to a sketch of the history of poetry, a plan for poetical reading and study ; but the judicious care of an instructor will make such a work needless. Of the higher poets, Spenser, Milton, Thomson, Collins, Goldsmith, Gray, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, and notwithstanding his inequalities, Young, are those whose works the pupil should study with diligence, to form and sustain a perfectly pure and elevated taste. These are to be *studied* ; but without excluding the poets who may perhaps be ranked together in a second class, such as Rogers, Scott, Grahame &c, whose writings are so beautiful, that they may always be perused with benefit and pleasure ; though at the same time they do not possess that character of profound and elevated genius, which belongs preeminently to the former. An intellectual relish thus formed and supported, will be the source of more exquisite delight as well as virtuous feeling, (which indeed is in itself the sublimest pleasure,) than if the mind possessed an infinite range of mingled

and many coloured poetry, to dip into with superficial haste. A taste so cultivated will be in no danger of perversion from that which is immoral or unnatural in its character; for it will reject such with instinctive disgust. A mind imbued with the spirit of the noble writers who have just been mentioned, will expel one or two of the most celebrated modern poets, and some likewise of the ancient, entirely from its collection, without any regret, except for the melancholy waste of genius; since it will scarcely love the most beautiful poetry, if that be dark with passion, or uninfused with pure and affectionate thought.

The Editor would be sorry to hear it objected to his book, that its contents are above the capacity of those, for whom particularly it is intended; for such a remark would indicate but a poor conception of the business and purposes of education. It is his object, as far as possible, in so short a compass, to form and *elevate* the taste and judgment of his youthful readers; and such an object could hardly be gained by giving them a volume of extracts exactly on a level with their present attainments. He has accordingly, in making his selections, been guided exclusively by the desire of having their poetical and moral spirit as intense and pure as possible; whatever might be the depth of understanding, the refinement of wisdom, or the richness of philosophy displayed in them. If any piece be found which the pupil cannot comprehend, it is the duty of the instructor to explain its meaning, and teach the youthful mind to appreciate its beauty.

Besides this, it was intended that the volume should be found suitable for a parlour companion, and full of enjoyment to the man of genius and taste, in bringing again to his view the delightful passages he has so often dwelt upon with pleasure.

The book opens with an extract from Chaucer, because it was thought proper to give the pupil a view of English Poetry from its very commencement. The extract from Allan Ramsay is introduced rather for the intellectual pleasure of the reader, and as a curious specimen of the Scotch poetic dialect, than as an exercise in reading aloud, for which its Scotticisms will perhaps render it unsuitable.

It will not be unacceptable to persons acquainted with the merits of those authors, to observe that such poets as Grahame and Bloomfield, occupy in this selection, a place which has been too long usurped by writers inferior to them, both in poetical and moral excellence.

The extracts are continued down to the present day, embracing the most excellent among the poets of the United States; and it is believed that the selections from them will be found scarcely inferior in interest and excellence to those in any part of the volume.

In regard to the addition from the Hebrew poets, the Editor has no apology to make, for it cannot but be of value; he must however say, in justice to himself, that he did not think of it, till the first part of the volume was already in press, and therefore was unable to spend upon it either the time or the labour which he could have desired. Yet he was unwilling to omit what he considered so great an improvement on the plan of the work; and only regrets that circumstances would not suffer him to finish this, the pleasantest part of his labour, with the care which he deemed requisite. The extracts from the book of Job are from the translation of the Rev. George R. Noyes, by whose kindness the editor was also favoured with a few beautiful specimens from his manuscript translation of the Psalms.

ERRATA.

Most of the sheets in this volume were printed while the Editor was absent at such a distance as rendered it impossible to have them submitted to his own inspection. A few errors have occurred, in regard to which he solicits the caution and correction of the "benevolent reader."—Page 131, last line—for *oftier* read *loftier*.—Page 142, line 16—for *halved* read *haloed*.—Page 160, last line—for *ess* read *less*.—Page 182, line 32—for *rememberance* read *remembrance*.—Page 191, line 27—for *Katerfelto* read *Katterfelto*.—Page 223, line 14—for *Illissus* read *Ilissus*.—Page 238, 5th line from bottom,—for *annointed* read *anointed*.—Page 239, line 18—for *infant* read *infant's*.—Page 322, line 9th from bottom, and Page 324, line 24.—for *Lock* read *Loch*.—Page 332, line 3d from bottom, for *or* read *our*. Page 395, 4th line from bottom, for *not* read *nor*.—Page 70, line 1st, for *kercheft* read *kerchief*.

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STUDIES IN POETRY.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Born 1323—Died 1400.

CHAUCER is the first true poet in the English language. Before the era of his writings we can discover but very few compositions even in the form of verse; and those few are of a character as unpoetical as can well be conceived. Previous to the Norman Conquest the Saxon language had been poetically cultivated, especially in popular ballads in praise of the heroes of England. The influence of that event upon the national tongue 'was like that of a great inundation, which at first buries the face of the landscape under its waters, but which at last subsiding leaves behind it the elements of new beauty and fertility.'

Poetry in an English form begins to dawn between the eleventh and twelfth centuries, till in the thirteenth the writings of Chaucer present us with its morning brilliancy. After him we pass through a long and barren interval before we are admitted to enjoy the genius of Spenser. The appearance of the former is beautifully compared by Warton, the historian of English poetry, to a premature day in an English spring; 'after which the gloom of winter returns, and the buds and blossoms, which have been called forth by a transient sunshine, are nipped by frosts and scattered by storms.'

His antiquated dialect, and far more than that, the manner in which his words are spelt, making them appear to the eye of a modern extremely uncouth, have given to his poetry an air of strangeness and distance, which prevents us from duly appreciating its beauty. It is not till the taste has been cultivated by a long familiarity with the writers of more modern times—not till we have arrived at a ripe acquaintance with the spirit and the language of the poets from Spenser downwards, that we can go to the pages of Chaucer with a true, easy relish for their various excellence.

He was educated probably at the university of Cambridge. He enjoyed during his life the patronage of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, whose sister-in-law he married, and

through whose influence he obtained the favor both of King Edward III, and his successor Richard II. His prosperity was clouded for a short time during the early part of Richard's reign by his connexion with the followers of Wickliffe; but his old age was passed in uninterrupted ease. He was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Chaucer excels in the description both of human character and of natural scenery. His descriptions of character and manners are distinguished for their rich humour, and for their minute and graphic delineation. They seem like pictures drawn from real life, rather than inventions of fancy. His descriptions of natural objects are fresh and beautiful. His poetry sometimes exhibits sublimity and true pathos. Yet its moral tendency is too generally sensual and degraded; inso-much that we may rejoice, notwithstanding its various excellence, that its obsolete dialect and its frequently tedious prolixity, remove it from the perusal of any persons, whose taste and moral principles are not firmly established, or whose susceptible minds might be injured by its influence.

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.*

A good man ther was of religioun,
 That was a pourè¹ Persone² of a toun:
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
 That Christès gospel trewely wolde preche.
 His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversitie ful patient;
 And swiche³ he was ypreved⁴ often sithes.⁵
 Ful lothe were him to cursen for his tithes,
 But rather wolde he yeven⁶ out of doute
 Unto his pourè parishens aboute
 Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
 He could in litel thing have suffisance.
 Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne left nought, for no rain ne thonder,
 In sickness and in mischief to visite
 The ferrest⁷ in his parish, moche¹⁰ and lite,⁸
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf⁹
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
 Out of the gospel he the wordès caught,

* In this extract the vowels marked with the accent are to be pronounced as separate syllables in reading; otherwise the measure is imperfect.

¹Poor. ²Parson. ³Such. ⁴Proved. ⁵Times. ⁶Given. ⁷Most distant. ⁸Little. ⁹Gave. ¹⁰Much, in the senso of great.

And this figure he added yet therto—
 That if gold rustè, what should iren do?
 For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
 No wonder is a lewèd⁹ man to rust.
 Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,¹
 By his clenenessè, how his sheepe should live.

He settè not his benefice to hire
 And lette his shepe accombred² in the mire
 And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
 To seken him a chanterie for soules,
 Or with a brotherhede to be withhold:
 But dwelt at home, and keptè wel his fold,
 So that the wolf ne made it not miscarrie.
 He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful men not dispitous,³
 Ne of his spechè dangerous⁴ ne digne,⁵
 But in his teching discrete and benigne.
 To drawen folke to Heven with fairnesse,
 By good ensample, was his besinesse;
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What so he were of high or low estat,
 Him wolde he snibben⁶ sharply for the nones.⁷—
 A better preest I trow that nowher⁸ non is.
 He waited for no pompe ne reverence,
 Ne maked him no spiced conscience;
 But Christès love, and his Apostles twelve
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Born 1553—Died 1599.

SPENSER was born at London, of an ancient and honorable family, and was educated at the university of Cambridge. He was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and through his influence, together with that of his other patrons, Lord Grey and the Earl of Leicester, obtained from Queen Elizabeth, in 1582, a large grant of land in Ireland. His residence there was romantic and pleasant. He was visited in his retreat by Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom he recited his poetical compositions, and by whom he was accompanied to London, introduced to Queen Elizabeth, and persuaded immediately to publish the

¹Give. ²Be encumbered. ³Angry or unmerciful. ⁴Rash. ⁵Disdainful. ⁶Snub, reprove. ⁷For the occasion. ⁸Nowhere. ⁹A common man, one of the populace.

first books of the *Fairy Queen*. In 1597 he was compelled by an Irish rebellion to fly from his house, and in the hurry and confusion, one of his children being unfortunately left behind, perished in its conflagration. He died in London, two years after this melancholy event, broken-hearted it is to be feared, and comparatively poor.

Spenser displays in his poetry an invention almost endless, and a fancy extremely exuberant and gorgeous. His versification is rich, flowing, and harmonious, to a degree which perhaps no succeeding poet has surpassed. His imagery is luxuriant and romantic. In personification and allegory he is occasionally sublime. His poetry is sweet in its sentiment, enchanting in its melody, and exceedingly delightful for the vein of pensive tenderness and pathos, which runs through the whole of it.

'Of the manners, conversation, and private character of Spenser,' says Dr Aikin, 'we have no information from contemporaries; our conclusions must therefore be only drawn from his writings, and the few known events of his life. To the intimate friend of Sidney and Raleigh, especially of the former, it is reasonable to attribute virtue as well as genius. His works breathe a fervent spirit of piety and morality; and it would be difficult to conceive anything base or dissolute in conduct, in conjunction with the dignity of sentiment, which is uniformly supported in the productions of his muse.'

The moral tendency of the *Fairy Queen* may be learned from the nature of its leading purpose, which was, in the words of the poet, that of 'fashioning a gentleman of noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline.' This object he accomplishes by exhibiting twelve different knights, each of which, in the particular adventure allotted to him, proves an example of some different virtue, as of holiness, temperance, justice, chastity; and has one complete book assigned to him, of which he is the hero. Besides these individual examples, he exhibits Prince Arthur as his principal or general hero, in whose character he professes to pourtray, 'The image of a brave knight perfected in the twelve private moral virtues.'

UNA AND THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainful to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

But on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word,
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread; but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
The greatest glorious queen of fairy lond,
To win him worship and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourned: so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure an innocent as that same lamb
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretched from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with loud uproar
Forewasted all their land, and them expelled,
Whom to avenge she had this knight from far compelled.

Behind her, far away, a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seemed, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past,
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
As angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into the earth's green lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud, it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforc'd to seek some covert nigh at hand,
 A shady grove not far away they spied,
 That promised aid the tempest to withstand;
 Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
 Did spread so broad that they heaven's light did hide,
 Not pierceable with power of any star:
 And all within were paths and alleys wide,
 With footing worn, and leading inward far:
 Fair harbour, that them seems; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so strait and high,
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
 The builder oak, sole king of forests all;
 The aspin, good for staves, and cypress funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage, the fir, that weepeth still,
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramour,
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will,
 The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill.
 The myrrh, sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful olive and the plantain round,
 The carver holme, the maple, seldom inward sound

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Until the blustering storm is overblown,
 When, weening to return, whence they did stray,
 They cannot find that path which first was shown,
 But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
 Furthest from end, then, when they nearest ween,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their own;
 So many paths, so many turnings seen,
 That which of them to take, in divers doubt they been.

HYPOCRISY.

At length they chanc'd to meet upon the way
 An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,
 His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
 And by his belt his book he hanging had;
 Sober he seemed, and very sagely sad;
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and void of malice bad;
 And all the way he prayed as he went,
 And often knock'd his breast, as one that did repent.

He fair the knight saluted, louting low,
 Who fair him quitted, as that courteous was,
 And after asked him if he did know
 Of strange adventures which abroad did pass.
 'Ah my dear son,' quoth he, 'how should, alas!
 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding his beads all day for his trespass,
 Tidings of war and worldly trouble tell?
 With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

But if of danger, which hereby doth dwell,
 And homebred evil ye desire to hear,
 Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this country far and near.'
 'Of such,' said he, 'I chiefly do inquire;
 And shall thee well reward to show the place,
 In which that wicked wight his days doth wear:
 For to all knighthood it is foul disgrace,
 That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.'

'Far hence,' quoth he, 'in wasteful wilderness,
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight
 May ever pass, but thorough great distress.'
 'Now,' said the lady, 'draweth toward night;
 And well I wote that of your later fight
 Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong,
 But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
 The sun, that measures heaven all day long;
 At night doth bait his steeds the ocean waves among.

Then with the sun, take, sir, your timely rest,
 And with new day new work at once begin;
 Untroubled night, they say, gives counsel best.'
 'Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin:'
 Quoth then that aged man; 'the way to win
 Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
 Therefore with me ye may take up your inn,
 For this same night.' The knight was well content;
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
 Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pass
 In travel to and fro; a little wide
 There was a holy chapel edified,
 Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
 His holy things each morn and eventide:
 Thereby a chrystal stream did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountain welled forth away.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
 Ne look for entertainment, where none was ;
 Rest is their feast, and all things at their will :
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 With fair discourse the evening so they pass ;
 For that old man of pleasing words had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass :
 He told of saints and popes, and evermore
 He strow'd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drooping night thus creepeth on them fast,
 And the sad humor loading their eyelids,
 As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
 Sweet slumbering dew, the which to sleep them bids,
 Unto their lodgings then his guests he rid ;
 Where, when all drown'd in deadly sleep he finds,
 He to his study goes ; and there amidst
 His magic books, and arts of sundry kinds,
 He seeks out mighty charms to trouble sleepy minds.

DESCRIPTION OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

At last she chanced by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, fair marching by the way
 Together with his squire, arrayed meet :
 His glittering armour shined far away,
 Like glancing light of Phœbus' brightest ray ;
 From top to toe no place appeared bare
 That deadly dint of steel endanger may :
 Athwart his breast a bauldric brave he ware,
 That shined, like twinkling stars, with stones most precious rare.

And in the midst thereof one precious stone
 Of wondrous worth and eke of wondrous might,
 Shaped like a lady's head, exceeding shone,
 Like Hesperus among the lesser lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights ;
 Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung
 In ivory sheath, ycarved with curious slights ;
 Whose hilts were burnished gold, and handle strong
 Of mother pearl, and buckled with a golden tongue.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightness and great terrour bred ;
 For all the crest a dragon did enfold
 With greedy paws, and over all did spread
 His golden wings ; his dreadful hideous head

Close couched on the beaver, seemed to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
 That sudden horror to faint hearts did show :
 And scaly tail was stretched adown his back full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest
 A bunch of hairs discolored diversely,
 With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly dressed,
 Did shake and seem to dance for jollity,
 Like to an almond tree, ymounted high
 On top of green Selinis all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one,
 At every little breath, that under heaven is blown.

TRUE HONOR.

Whoso in pomp of proud estate (quoth she)
 Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly bliss,
 Shall waste his days in dark obscurity,
 And in oblivion ever buried is :
 Where ease abounds it's eath to do amiss ;
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easy miss.—
 Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
 Who seeks with painful toil shall honor soonest find.

In woods, in waves, in wars she wonts to dwell,
 And will be found with peril and with pain ;
 Nor can the man that moulds in idle cell
 Unto her happy mansion attain ;
 Before her gate high God did sweat ordain,
 And wakeful watches ever to abide :
 But easy is the way, and passage plain
 To pleasure's palace ; it may soon be spied,
 And day and night her doors to all stand open wide.

MERCY LEADS THE KNIGHT FROM THE HOLY HOSPITAL TO
 THE MOUNT OF HEAVENLY CONTEMPLATION.

THERE she awhile him stays, himself to rest,
 That to the rest more able he might be ;
 During which time, in every good behest,
 And godly work of alms and charity,
 She him instructed with great industry.
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,
 That, from the first unto the last degree,
 His mortal life he learned had to frame,
 In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward by that painful way they pass
 Forth to an hill, that was both steep and high ;
 On top whereof a sacred chapel was,
 And eke a little hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
 That day and night said his devotion,
 Ne other worldly business did apply ;
 His name was Heavenly Contemplation ;
 Of God and goodness was his meditation.

Great grace that old, old man to him given had,
 For God he often saw from Heaven's height :
 All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
 As eagle's eye, that can behold the sun.
 That hill they scale with all their power and might,
 That his frail limbs, nigh weary and fordone,
 Gan fail ; but by her help the top at last he won.

There they do find that godly aged sire,
 With snowy locks adown his shoulders shed ;
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy branches of an oak half dead.
 Each bone might through his body well be red
 And every sinew seen, through his long fast ;
 For nought he cared his carcass long unfed ;
 His mind was full of spiritual repast,
 And pined his flesh to keep his body low and chaste.

Who, when these two approaching he espied,
 At their first presence grew aggrieved sore,
 That forced him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ;
 And had he not that dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
 He would not once have moved for the knight.
 They him saluted, standing far afore ;
 Who, well them greeting, humbly did requite,
 And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height ?

'What end,' quoth she, 'should cause us take such pain,
 But that same end, which every living wight
 Should make his mark, high Heaven to attain ?
 Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
 To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
 With burning stars and ever-living fire,
 Whereof the keys are to thy hand behight
 By wise Fidelia ? She doth thee require
 To show it to this Knight, according his desire.'

'Thrice happy man,' said then the father grave,
 'Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
 And shows the way his sinful soul to save!
 Who better can the way to heaven aread,
 Than thou thyself, that was both born and bred
 In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
 Thou doest the prayers of the righteous seed
 Present before the majesty divine,
 And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be done.
 Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,
 That never yet was seen of Faries' son;
 That never leads the traveller astray,
 But, after labours long and sad delay,
 Brings them to joyous rest and endless bliss.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
 And have her strength recured from frail infirmities.'

That done, he leads him to the highest mount;
 Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
 (That blood-red billows, like a walled front,
 On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,)
 Dwelt forty days upon; where, writ in stone,
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doom of death and baleful moan
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire around him shone.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full high,
 Adorned with fruitful olives all around,
 Is, as it were for endless memory
 Of that dear Lord, who oft thereon was found,
 Forever with a flowering girlond crown'd:
 Or like that famous mount, that is for ay
 Through famous poets' verse each where renowned,
 On which the thrice three learned ladies play,
 Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

From thence far off he unto him did show
 A little path, that was both steep and long,
 Which to a goodly city led his view;
 Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong,
 Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly tongue
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
 Too high a ditty for my simple song!
 The city of the Great King hight it well,
 Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed angels to and fro descend,
 From highest Heaven in gladsome company,
 And with great joy into that city wend,
 As commonly as friend does with his friend ;
 Whereat he wondered much, and gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her lofty towers into the starry sphere,
 And what unknownen nation there empeopled were.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Born 1564—Died 1617.

SHAKSPEARE's father was a dealer in wool at Stratford upon Avon. With a family of ten children he was able to give his eldest son, the poet, only a limited education. Shakspeare was early taken from the free school at which he had been placed, and marrying very young, followed the same occupation with his father. He continued for some time in his native village, till, having engaged with his young associates in robbing the park of a neighbouring baronet, he was prosecuted for this misdemeanor, and wrote in revenge a satirical ballad upon his prosecutor. This piece, probably his first attempt in poetry, was so bitter, that the prosecution was renewed against him, and he was compelled to fly from his business and family, and shelter himself in London.

Here commenced his acquaintance with the stage, both as a writer and an actor. In the latter character, his highest performance is said to have been the part of the Ghost in his own Hamlet. He was favored by Queen Elizabeth, and generously patronized by the Earl of Southampton, who, it is related, presented him at one time with a thousand pounds.

The latter part of his life was spent in ease, retirement, and plenty at his native Stratford, amidst the conversation of his friends and the society of the gentlemen in his neighbourhood. It was passed, however, without any additional effort of his genius, and perhaps, without any preparation for that future existence, in which his allotment was to be final and eternal.

Ben Jonson, his contemporary, thus characterizes him. 'I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature: had an excellent fancy, brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues; there was ever more in him to be praised than pardoned.'

Shakspeare seems to have been totally unconscious of his own powers. He never wrote for display, but from the natural impulse of his genius, which was so unbounded, that he is placed by the common consent, not only of his own countrymen, but of foreign nations, at the head of all dramatic writers, and in many respects of all poets in the world. While in the developement of human character his skill is completely alone and unequalled, we can scarce name a single characteristic of exquisite poetry in all its varieties which his works do not somewhere exhibit in a striking degree. Dryden has portrayed the genius of Shakspeare in the following concise and admirable paragraph:—

‘To begin then with Shakspeare. He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps all ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him; and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those, who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clinches; his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.**

Of the moral tendency of Shakspeare’s dramatic writings it is extremely difficult to speak with justice. Perhaps their general, predominating influence may with truth be called pure and elevated, and sometimes the whole drama is a continued burst of moral sublimity. Yet there are some entire plays, whose moral effect upon the mind of the reader must be positively injurious; and there are scenes and passages and sentences too often scattered through his most exquisitely poetical productions, of such a nature as to wound the refinement of the soul and disgust its healthy sensibilities. His works are therefore to be studied with very great caution and with much judgment in the selection. In their entire form they should never be put into the hands of children; but it gives pleasure to be able to state that the pupil may be referred with safety to ‘Bowdler’s Family Shakspeare,’—an edition which retains all that is truly beautiful, while it excludes everything injurious in its tendency.

* As the cypresses are wont to do among the slender shrubs.

ARIEL'S MUSIC HEARD BY FERDINAND.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?

It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it.
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL SINGS.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
[*Burden, ding-dong.*]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

SCENE FROM 'AS YOU LIKE IT.'

Scene.—*The forest of Arden. Duke Senior, and Jaques.*
Enter Orlando with his sword drawn.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have looked on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;

* Shakspeare writes *owes* for *owns*.

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
In the which hope, I blush and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days ;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;
And sat at good men's feasts ; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,—
(Oppress'd with two great evils, age and hunger,)
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good comfort !

Exit.

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

KING JOHN DIRECTING HUBERT TO THE MURDER OF
 PRINCE ARTHUR.

King John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert
 We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love :
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

King John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet :
 But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say,—But let it go :
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;
 (Which, else, runs tick'ling up and down the veins ;
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes ;)
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts ;
 But ah, I will not :—Yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake.
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I'd do't.

King John. Do not I know, thou would'st ?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,

He is a very serpent in my way ;
 And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me : Dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

King John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

King John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

King John. Enough.

I could be merry, now : Hubert, I love thee ;
 Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee :
 Remember.

HUBERT PREVENTED FROM DOING THE MURDER, BY THE
 INNOCENCE AND ENTREATIES OF THE CHILD.

Northampton.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT and two ATTENDANTS.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot : and, look thou stand
 Within the arras : when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth :
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

1st Attend. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : Look to't.—
 [*Exeunt ATTENDANTS.*]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
 To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I :
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long ;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me :
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :
 Is it my fault that I was Jeffrey's son ?
 No, indeed, is 't not ; And I would to heaven,
 I were your son, 'so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day :
In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

How now, foolish rheum ! [*Aside*]
Turning spiteous torture out of door !
I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
Out of mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again :
And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning ; Do, an if you will :
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
Those eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence :
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believed no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

[*Stamps.*

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with Cord, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1st Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt ATTENDANTS.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. . Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

REMORSE OF KING JOHN.

King John and Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night :
Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news :
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent :
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ! Why, did you not provoke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life :
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My Lord——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name —
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Hadest not thou been by.
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful notion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers.
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made

Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 Oh, answer not ; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

THE FALLEN KING RICHARD.

Duke and Duchess of York.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
 When weeping made you break the story off
 Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave ?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
 Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window-tops,
 Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke !
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know—
 With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
 While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Bolingbroke !
 You would have thought, the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eye
 Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,
 With painted imagery,* had said at once—
 Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespoke them thus—I thank you, countrymen :
 And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard ! where rides he the while ?

York. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard ; no man cry'd, God save him !
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.

*Tapestry hung from the windows.

NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

FROM camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll ;
And the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praise and glory on his head !
For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile ;
And calls them, brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
Unto the weary and all-watched night ;
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear.

SOLILOQUY OF KING HENRY VI. ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

THIS battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light :
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forc'd to retire, by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered.
So is the equal poise of the fell war.
Here on this mole-hill, will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret, my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours-must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau;
So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherds homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

THE DREAM OF CLARENCE.

A room in the Tower. Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to day ?

Clar. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;
And, in my company, my brother Glos'ter :
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Glos'ter stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
What sights of ugly death, within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought, I had ; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty vast, and wand'ring air ;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul !
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
 Who cry'd aloud, *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanish'd : Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud,
Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury :
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell :
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake, and, see, how he requites me !
 O, God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !
 —I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord ; God give your grace good rest !

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

REFLECTIONS OF CARDINAL WOLSEY AFTER HIS FALL FROM THE FAVOUR OF HENRY VIII.

Wol. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him :
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honor :
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have ; I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :

But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on 'em !
 What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
 Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down O
Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : Seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not, make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord.

Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord—
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty,
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
And silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny ; 'tis the king's ; my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Katharine. Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st
 me,

That the great child of honor, cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead ?

Griffith. Yes, madam ; but, I think, your grace,
 Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
 If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
 For after the stout earl Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
 (As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
 He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas ! poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
 Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honorably receiv'd him ;
 To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state.
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !

So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
 Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honors to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity.—He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion
 Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;
 His own opinion was his law : I'the presence

He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
 Both in his words and meaning : He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honor. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely : Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford : one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little :
 And, to add greater honors to his age
 Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honor from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honor : Peace be with him !

SOLOQUY OF KING HENRY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! O gentle sleep !
 Nature's soft nurse ! How have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god! Why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st a kingly couch,
 A watchcase to a common larum bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the shipboy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the tops,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafning clamors in the slipp'ry shrouds,
 That with the hurly, death itself awakes;
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then happy, lowly clown!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC.

Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young ey'd cherubims:
 Such harmony is in immortal souls!
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter MUSICIANS.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music. [*Music.*]

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music : Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for a time doth change his nature :
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affection dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall :—
 How far that little candle throws his beams !
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,
 Until a king be by ; and then his state
 Empties itself as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters.—Music ! hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
 When neither is attended ; and, I think,
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the wren.
 How many things by season season'd are
 To their right praise, and true perfection !
 —Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion.
 And would not be awak'd !

[Music ceases.]

Lor. That is the voice,
 Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
 By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
 Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
 Are they return'd ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet ;
 But there is come a messenger before,
 To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
 Give order to my servants, that they take
 No note at all of our being absent hence.—
 Nor you, Lorenzo ;—Jessica, nor you. *[A trumpet sounds.]*

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet :
—We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick,
It looks a little paler ; 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

MERCY.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strained :
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath : It is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings :
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice : Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : We do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

EARLY FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Helena. Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us.—O, and is all forgot ?
All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence ?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower ;
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion ;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.

CESAR'S FUNERAL.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of CITIZENS.

Cit. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cesar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

Exit CASSIUS, with some of the CITIZENS. BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ? hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honor ; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe ; censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cesar, this is my answer.—Not that I loved Cesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cesar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cesar were dead to live all freemen ? As Cesar lov'd me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him : There are tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honor for his valor ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol : his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CESAR'S Body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart ; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live ! live !

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statute with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cesar.

4 *Cit.* Cesar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace ; silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :

Do grace to Cesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cesar's glories ; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;

We'll hear him : Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cesar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Cesar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cesar ! The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cesar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cesar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honorable man ;

So are they all, all honorable men)

Come I to speak in Cesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cesar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cesar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And sure he is an honorable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause witholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me :
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cesar,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cesar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the
 crown :

Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it

2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cesar might
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honorable men :

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go and kiss dear Cesar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it; It is not meet you know how Cesar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will; Cesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cesar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honorable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?—

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cesar,

And let me shew you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cesar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cesar follow'd it!

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cesar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cesar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Cesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,

Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;

And in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cesar!

3 *Cit.* O woeful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honorable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cesar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

BURIAL OF IMOGEN BY THE PEASANTS, BELARIUS, ARVIRAGUS, AND GUIDERIUS.

Enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes !
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty ;
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbor in ?—Thou blessed thing !
Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made ; but I,
Thou dy'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy !——
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark, as you see ;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laughed at : his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor,
His arms thus leagu'd. I thought he slept ; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that 's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azur'd hair-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom, not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.——

Guid. Pr'ythee have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave.

Arr. Say, where shall we lay him?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arr. Be 't so:

And let us Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,

I cannot sing; I 'll weep and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr. We 'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arr. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the East;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arr. 'T is true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Guid. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. No exorciser harm thee!
Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Guid. Ghost, unlaid, forbear thee!
Arr. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have!
 And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Guid. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.
Bel. Here 's a few flowers, but about midnight, more:
 The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—
 You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
 These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strew.—
 Come on, away. Apart upon our knees.
 —The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

THE MISERY OF LEAR.

A part of the heath, with a hovel. Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.
 The tyranny of the open night's too rough
 For nature to endure. [storm.]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
 Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
 But where the greater malady is fix'd,
 The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
 But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
 Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's free
 The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
 Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand,
 For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home;
 No, I will weep no more.—In such a night,
 To shut me out:—Pour on; I will endure!—

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way, madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[*To the FOOL.*] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*FOOL goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heaven's more just.

SCENE FROM LEAR ON DOVER HILL.

The country near Dover. Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labor.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still—how
fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Best my brain turr, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse: in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O, you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!—

Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,

By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, Sir?—speak!

Thus might he pass indeed;—Yet he revives:

What are you sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou hadst shivered like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;

Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

JOHN MILTON.

Born 1608—Died 1674.

FROM his sixteenth year Milton was educated at the university of Cambridge. At the age of twentyfour he returned to the beautiful residence of his father, at Horton in Buckinghamshire, where he spent five years in the study of the Greek and Latin classics, and in the composition of his most beautiful minor poetry—the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, *Comus* and *Lycidas*. In 1638 he travelled in France and Italy, and after an absence of more than a year, returned to his native country, then agitated by the differences between the king and parliament, and on the eve of the most violent civil commotions. Milton took part with the Puritans and the people of England, and applied his mind to the contest in his controversial writings with a power and vigour that have seldom been equalled.

He was Latin Secretary to Cromwell till the death of the Protector in 1658. At the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, he was obliged to conceal himself, till the publication of the act of oblivion released him from danger. After this period, being retired from all public stations, he devoted himself exclusively to study, and especially to the composition of *Paradise Lost*, the idea of which he had conceived as early as 1642. It was finished in 1665.

The foundation of Milton's blindness was laid by his imprudent and incessant devotion to study in his earlier years; but this misfortune was immediately occasioned in 1651 by too great intensity of application in the performance of his *Defensio Populi Anglicani*, or *Defence of the People of England*.

Milton's life, in connexion with the age in which he lived, forms one of the very finest subjects of biographical and historical study. In the unjust and defective representation of Dr Johnson, his character appears exceedingly unamiable; in reality it was noble and delightful; obscured, indeed, by blemishes, but these not in themselves great, and rather reflected upon him by the circumstances in which he was placed, than growing out of the natural temper and constitution of his mind. His disposition was generous, equable, and cheerful, into whatever occasional harshness it might have been betrayed in the midst of external tumult and discord. And there was an habitual loftiness, a dignity, a virtuous severity in his spirit, and a grandeur in all his conceptions, which invests his general character with the attribute most peculiar to his poetry—that of the sublime.

Milton has diffused the spirit of piety over his writings, and he seems himself to have lived,

‘As ever in his great Taskmaster’s eye.’

To what *degree* of eminence or perfection he cultivated the in-

fluence of religion in his own bosom it is not in the power of human ignorance to decide. Dr Johnson observes that ‘Milton, who appears to have had full conviction of the truth of Christianity, and to have regarded the Holy Scriptures with the profoundest veneration, and to have been untainted with any heretical peculiarity of opinion, and to have lived in a confirmed belief of the immediate and occasional agency of Providence, yet grew old without any visible worship. In the distribution of his hours there was no hour of prayer either solitary or with his household; *omitting public prayers, he omitted all.*’ Who, but Omniscience, can speak thus? A more humble and charitable judgment would certainly hesitate an assent to this sweeping conclusion in regard to so excellent a man. Indeed, the rash critic himself afterwards adds, ‘That he lived without prayer can hardly be affirmed; his studies and meditations were a continual prayer.’

To remark upon Milton’s poetical excellence seems almost needless. Yet it is undoubtedly true that the great masterpiece of his genius is praised where it is not read; and by many, perhaps by most readers, he is even now known and admired only in some of his exquisite minor productions. *Paradise Lost* must be studied, before its sublimity and beauty can be truly relished. Whatever delightful qualities can be found in his shorter productions, their exceeding richness and melody of language, their sweetness of fancy, their picturesque epithets, their elegance, their paintings of natural scenery, are here combined in an equal or superior degree; while we meet also with a vivid grandeur of description which is sometimes almost terrific, magnificent imagery, intense energy both in thought and expression, perfect conception and delineation of character, genuine pathos, learning, stateliness, moral sublimity, and all in a style elaborate and powerful, a blank verse, though occasionally harsh and inverted, yet superior in harmony and variety to that of every other poet.

If the shorter poetry of Milton be often perused with attention till the mind is imbued with its spirit, the pupil may then come to the study of *Paradise Lost*, with the greatest benefit and delight.

SATAN’S APPROACH TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

THUS while he spake, each passion dimm’d his face
 Thrice chang’d with pale ire, envy, and despair;
 Which marr’d his borrow’d visage, and betray’d
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld:
 For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth’d with outward calm,
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first

That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge :
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd ; whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on the' Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort : his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied ; and over-head up grew
Insuperable heighth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene ; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung ;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round :
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colors mixt ;
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth ; so lovely seem'd
That landskip : and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair ; now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest ; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles :
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend,
Who came their bane.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

—————In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd ;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold ; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd : for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden : thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account ;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy' of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse, on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers : thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view ;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste :
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose :
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,

That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on th' eternal Spring.

EVENING CONVERSATION BETWEEN ADAM AND EVE.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
 Silence was pleased : now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : ' Fair Consort, th' hour
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
 Our eye-lids : other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest ;
 Man hath his daily work of body' or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labor, to reform
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
 That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;
 Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.'

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty' adorn'd :
 ' My author and Disposer, what thou bid'st

Unargued I obey ; so God ordains :
 God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time ;
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?”

To whom our general ancestor replied :
 “ Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
 These have their course to finish round the earth,
 By morrow evening, and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Ministering light prepar'd, they set and rise ;
 Lest total darkness should by night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things ; which these soft fires
 Not only' enlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain ; nor think, though men were none,
 That heaven would want spectators, God want praise :
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night : how often from the steep
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to others note,
 Singing their great Creator ! oft in bands

While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful bower: it was a place
 Chos'n by the sov'ran Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to man's delightful use; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic; under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem: other creatures here,
 Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
 Nor Faunus haunted.

THE REBEL ANGELS DRIVEN OUT FROM HEAVEN BY
 MESSIAH.

"So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right hand of glory where he sat;
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,
 Dawning through heaven: forth rush'd with whirlwind round
 The chariot of paternal Deity,
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
 Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
 Of beryl, and careering fires between;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showery arch.
 He in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire:

Attended with ten thousand thousand saints
 He onward came, far off his coming shone ;
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen :
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
 First seen ; them unexpected joy surpris'd,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven ;
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
 His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
 Under their head embodied all in one.
 Before him power divine his way prepar'd :
 At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
 Each to his place : they heard his voice, and went
 Obsequious ; heaven his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smil'd.

* * * * *

" So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld.
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
 At once the Four spread out their starry wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as night ; under his burning wheels
 The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
 Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
 Plagues ; they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
 All courage ; down their idle weapons dropt ;
 O'er shields and helms, and helmeted heads he rode
 Of thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the four-fold visag'd Four
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;
 One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant

Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven ;
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
 Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And crystal wall of Heav'n, which, opening wide,
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
 Into the wasteful deep ; the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urged them behind ; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge Heav'n ; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

SATAN ASSEMBLES HIS INFERNAL LEGIONS AFTER THEIR
 FALL FROM HEAVEN.

HE scarce had ceas'd, when the superior Fiend
 Was moving to'ward the shore ; his pond'rous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
 Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At evening from the top of Fesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps
 On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire :
 Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
 His legions, angel forms, who lay intranc'd
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
 High over-arch'd imbow'r ; or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
 Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld,
 From the safe shore, their floating carcasses
 And broken chariot wheels ; so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these, cov'ring the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resounded. " Princes, Potentates,

Warriors, the flow'r of Heaven ! once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal Spirits ; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven ?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To' adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
 The' advantage, and, descending, tread us down
 Thus drooping ; or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf ?
 Awake, arise, or be forever fall'n !

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing ; as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel ;
 Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd,
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod
 Of Amram's son in Egypt's evil day,
 Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile :
 So numberless were those bad angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires ;
 Till, as a signal given, the' uplifted spear
 Of their great sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain ;
 A multitude, like which the populous north
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.
 Forthwith from every squadron and each band
 The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
 Their great commander ; godlike shapes and form
 Excelling human ; princely dignities ;
 And powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones ;
 Though of their names in heavenly records now
 Be no memorial ; blotted out and ras'd
 By their rebellion from the book of life.

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks
Down-cast and damp ; yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to' have found their chief
Not in despair, to' have found themselves not lost
In loss itself ; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue : but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be up-rear'd
His mighty standard : that proud honor claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall ;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The' imperial ensign ; which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night :
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colors waving ; with them rose
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable : anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle ; and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow', and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil : and now
Advanc'd in view they stand : a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield ;
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose :—he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views ; their order due ;
Their visages and stature as of gods ;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart

Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
 Glories : for never since created man
 Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warr'd on by cranes.

* * * *

Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess yet observ'd
 Their dread commander : he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower : his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness ; nor appear'd
 Less than archangel ruin'd and the' excess
 Of glory obscur'd ; as when the sun, new risen,
 Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams : or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all the' archangel : but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd ; and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
 (Far other once beheld in bliss,) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain ;
 Millions of spirits for his fault amere'd
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory wither'd : as when heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
 With singed top to their stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
 To speak : whereat, their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his peers : attention held them mute.
 Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth : at last,
 Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

ADAM AND EVE COMMANDED BY THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL
 TO DEPART FROM PARADISE.

Meanwhile,
 To re-salute the world with sacred light,
 Leucothea wak'd and with fresh dews embalm'd

'The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
 Had ended now their orisons, and found
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd:

"Eve, easily may faith admit that all
 The good which we enjoy from heaven descends;
 But that from us ought should ascend to heaven
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high-bless'd, or to incline his will
 Hard to believe may seem; yet this will prayer
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
 Even to the seat of God. For since I sought
 By prayer th' offended Deity t' appease,
 Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart;
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,
 Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
 That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
 Home to my breast and to my memory
 His promise, that thy 'seed shall bruise our foe';
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
 Assures me that the bitterness of death
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
 Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
 Mother of all things living, since by thee,
 Man is to live, and all things live for man."

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek:
 "Ill worthy I such title should belong
 To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
 A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
 That I, who first brought death on all, am grac'd
 The source of life; next favourable thou,
 Who highly thus to' entitle me vouchsaf'st,
 Far other name deserving. But the field
 To labour calls us now, with sweat impos'd
 Though after sleepless night; for, see! the morn,
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
 Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth,
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
 Here let us live, though in fallen state, content."

So spake, so wish'd much humbled Eve, but fate
 Subscrib'd not; nature first gave signs, impress'd

On bird, beast, air ; air suddenly eclips'd
 After short blush of morn ; nigh in her sight
 The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour,
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove :
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
 First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind ;
 Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight.
 Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
 Pursuing, not unmov'd, to Eve thus spake.

“O Eve ! some further change awaits us nigh,
 Which heaven by these mute signs in nature shows,
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
 Us, haply too secure of our discharge
 From penalty, because from death releas'd
 Some days ; how long, and what 'till then our life,
 Who knows ? Or more than this that we are dust,
 And thither must return and be no more ?
 Why else this double object in our sight
 Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
 One way the self-same hour ? Why in the east
 Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends, with something heavenly fraught ?”

He err'd not, for by this the heavenly bands
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt ;
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear, that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright ;
 Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
 In Dothan, covered with a camp of fire,
 Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
 One man, assassin like, had levied war,
 War unproclaim'd. The princely hierarch
 In their bright stand there left his powers to seize
 Possession of the garden ; he alone,
 To find where Adam sheltered, took his way,
 Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
 While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake :

“Eve ! now expect great tidings, which perhaps
 Of us will soon determine, or impose
 New laws to be observ'd ; for I descry
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,

One of the heavenly host, and by his gait
 None of the meanest, some great potentate,
 Or of the thrones above ; 'such majesty
 Invests him coming ; yet not terrible,
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
 As Raphael, that I should much confide ;
 But solemn and sublime, whom not to' offend,
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire."

THE SAME CONTINUED.

He ended ; and the' archangel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man
 Clad to meet man ; over his lucid arms
 A military vest of purple flow'd,
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
 In time of truce ; Iris had dipp'd the woof ;
 His starry helm, unbuckled, show'd him prime
 In manhood where youth ended ; by his side,
 As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,
 Satan's dire dread ; and in his hand the spear.
 Adam bow'd low ; he kingly, from his state
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declar'd :

" Adam ! heaven's high behest no preface needs :
 Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
 Defeated of his seizure, many days
 Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 May'st cover : well may then thy Lord, pleas'd,
 Redeem the quite from death's rapacious claim ;
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not ; to remove thee I am come,
 And send thee from the garden forth, to till
 The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."

He added not, for Adam at the news
 Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 That all his senses bound ; Eve, who unseen,
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

" O unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
 Must I thus leave thee, paradise ? thus leave
 Thee, native soil ! these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend,

Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
 Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the' ambrosial fount?
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world: to this obscure
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits?"

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:—
 "Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
 What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
 Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
 Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
 Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
 To Michael thus his humble words address'd.

"Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
 Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
 Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us; what besides
 Of sorrow and dejection and despair
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes, all places else
 Inhospitable' appear and desolate,
 Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries:
 But pray'r against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
 His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
 With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd

Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
 'On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd :
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet smelling gums and fruits and flowers :
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or foot-step trace ?
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
 To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael with regard benign :
 "Adam, thou know'st Heav'n's his, and all the earth
 Not this rock only ; his omnipresence fills
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual pow'r and warm'd ;
 All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift ; surmise not then
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of Paradise or Eden : this had been
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
 All generations, and had hither come
 From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate
 And reverence thee, their great progenitor.
 But this preeminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
 God is as here, and will be found alike
 Present, and of his presence many a sign
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal love, his face
 Express, and of his steps the track divine."

DEPARTURE OF ADAM AND EVE FROM PARADISE.

He ended, and they both descend the hill :
 Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
 Lay sleeping, ran before : but found her wak'd ;
 And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd :—

"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know :
 For God is also' in sleep ; and dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress

Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
 In me is no delay; with thee to go,
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
 Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
 Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
 This further consolation yet secure
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
 By me the promised seed shall all restore."

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not: for now too nigh
 The archangel stood; and from the other hill
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground
 Gliding meteorous, as evening-mist
 Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd,
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat,
 In either hand the hastening angel caught
 Our lingering parents, and to the' eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain; then disappeared.

They, looking back, all the' eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand; the gate
 With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms.
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon:
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide!
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

SCENE FROM COMUS.

A wild wood. The Lady enters.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now. Methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill manag'd merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
 Stirs up among the loose, unletter'd hinds;
 When from their teeming flocks, and granges full,

In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers ; yet O ! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet,
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge,
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain :
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wandering steps too far ;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me : else, O thievish night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller ?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear ;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome, pure ey'd Faith, white handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity !
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To kept my life and honor unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
I did not err : there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.

I cannot hallo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make, to be heard farthest,
 I'll venture ; for my new-enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me ; and they, perhaps, are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st, unseen,
 Within thy aery shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere !
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment ?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven-down
 Of darkness, till it smil'd ! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs ;
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause :
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself :
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I neve heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder !
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that, in rural shrine,
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan ; by bless'd song
 Forbidding every bleak, unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lad. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise,
 That is address'd to unattending ears ;

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lad. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near ushering guides?

Lad. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lad. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lad. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lad. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports their loss, besides the present need?

Lad. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lad. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat.

I saw them under a green mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.

Their port was more than human, as they stood:

I took it for a faery vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colors of the rainbow live,

And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,

And, as I pass'd, I worship'd: if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to heaven,

To help you find them.

Lad. Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Com. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lad. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,

Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,

Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,

Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,

And every bosky bourn from side to side,

My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;

And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know

Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark

From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,

I can conduct you, Lady, to a low

But loyal cottage, where you may be safe

Till further quest.

Lad. Shepherd I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly shed,
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
 In courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended : in a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.—
 Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength.—Shepherd, lead on.

L'ALLEGRO. *

HASTE, thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleep ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe ;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And, if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free :
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And, singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine :
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :
 Some time walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

* L'Allegro is the cheerful, merry man.

Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale,
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
 Towers and battlements it sees,
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set,
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tan'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the checquer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play,
 On a sun-shine holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat:
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said;
 And he, by friar's lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl, duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,

His shadowy flail hath thrash'd the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end ;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves, by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on ;
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse ;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running.
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

COME, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing, with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation:
 And the mute silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak:
 Sweet bird, that shunnest the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar:
 Or, if the air will not permit,

Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room,
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshy nook:
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops's line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine;
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower!
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made hell grant what love did seek!
 Or call up him* that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride:
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not tricked and frownc'd as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,

* Chaucer.

But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring,
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye ;
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light :
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew :

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNET. ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF
TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

SONNET. ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my life is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning, chide;
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask: But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

SONNET. TO HIS FRIEND CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three-years-day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,

Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them overplied
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

SONNET. TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth;
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast: and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
 Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

ANDREW MARVELL.

Born 1620—Died 1678.

A CHARACTER in all respects, private, literary, and patriotic, so uncommonly excellent and noble as that of Marvell, can rarely be met with, either in the annals of history or the record of poetical biography.

He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards travelled over a considerable part of Europe, and for some time was secretary to the English Embassy at Constantinople. He was one of Milton's most intimate friends, the champion of his reputation, and his assistant for nearly two years in his office of Latin Secretary to the Protector.

He defended the principles of freedom in his prose writings with great vigor of eloquence and liveliness of humour. He mingled a playful exuberance of fancy and figure not unlike that of Burke, with a keenness of sarcastic wit, which has been imitated, but rarely equalled in the writings of Swift.

From the year 1660 till his death he sat in parliament as one of the representatives of his native city of Hull. "His atten-

dance in the House of Commons," says the poet Campbell, "was uninterrupted, and exhibits a zeal in parliamentary duty that was never surpassed. Constantly corresponding with his constituents, he was at once earnest for their public rights and for their local interests. After the most fatiguing attendances, it was his practice to send them a minute statement of public proceedings, before he took either sleep or refreshment. Though he rarely spoke, his influence in both houses was so considerable, that when Prince Rupert, who often consulted him, voted on the popular side, it used to be said that the prince had been with his tutor. He was one of the last members who received the legitimate stipend for attendance, and his grateful constituents would often send him a barrel of ale as a token of their regard.

"The traits that are recorded of his public spirit and simple manners give an air of probability to the popular story of his refusal of a court-bribe. Charles the second, having met with Marvell in a private company, found his manners so agreeable, that he could not imagine a man of such complacency to possess inflexible honesty; he accordingly, as it is said, sent his lord-treasurer Danby to him the next day, who, after mounting several dark stair-cases, found the author in a very mean lodging, and proffered him a mark of his majesty's consideration. Marvell assured the lord-treasurer that he was not in want of the king's assistance, and humorously illustrated his independence by calling his servant to witness that he had dined for three days successively on a shoulder of mutton; at the same time giving a dignified and rational explanation of his motives to the minister."

His poetical productions are few, but they display a fancifully, tender, and elegant; "there is much in them that comes from the heart warm, pure, and affectionate."

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied;
From a small boat, that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song.

What should we do but sing his praise,
That led us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs.
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;

And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night.
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet ;
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the land.
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast,)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast.
And in the rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound his name.
Oh ! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's high vault :
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may,
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Born 1631—Died 1700.

DRYDEN was educated at Westminster school, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He first exhibited his poetical powers in an eulogium on Oliver Cromwell ; and this was followed, in 1660, by a poem "On the happy restoration and return of his sacred majesty Charles II." In 1665 he married the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. At this period he became a writer for the stage, and in 1668 was appointed Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal, with a joint salary of 200 pounds.

Shortly after the accession of James II. to the throne in 1665, Dryden abjured his previous religion, and became a Roman Catholic. This was the religion of his monarch, and this change in his own sentiments probably procured for him the addition of 100 pounds to his former revenue. But at the Revolution in 1688 he was stripped of all his offices and pensions, and from that time till his death in 1700, was compelled to rely for subsistence on the immediate profits of his poetical productions, composed at a certain rate per line. Among these were his translations of Juvenal, Persius, and Virgil, and some of his most beautiful original poetry.

Dryden's poetry is very artificial, abounding in conceits and overstrained metaphors. But though he seldom writes twenty lines without something false and unnatural, his general conceptions are almost always noble, and he often exhibits in their execution an astonishing richness and sublimity of imagination. His great excellence lies in the mingled stateliness and harmony of his numbers. His versification is flowing and musical, and at the same time grand, energetic, and resounding, beyond that of any other English poet. He possessed great lyrical powers, as is evident from the few odes which he composed. His abilities as a satirist were likewise very admirable.

Yet he possessed no power of tenderness or pathos, very little wit or humour, and not much felicity in natural description. "The power that predominated in his intellectual operations," says Dr Johnson, "was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. Upon all occasions that were presented he studied rather than felt, and produced sentiments not such as nature enforces, but meditation supplies."

The moral character of a great part of Dryden's poetry deserves the severest censure. It is degraded and licentious in its tendency. For this there is no excuse in the assertion that he stooped to accommodate his writings to the depraved taste of the age in which he wrote. It is the characteristic of a virtuous mind not only to keep itself unspotted amidst the general corruption, but to send forth from its own purity a powerful counteracting and renovating influence. And Dryden possessed powers which might have enabled him to elevate and purify the moral sensibilities of the whole English nation. While he was a musing with his strains a sensual monarch and an immoral court, Milton was composing the *Paradise Lost*, in his own comparatively lonely, but virtuous and dignified retirement.

Dryden's prose is superior to his poetry. His style is exceedingly pure and beautiful; rich in the genuine idioms of his native tongue, chaste and regular in its flow, with full, but not superfluous ornament. It is often splendid, always musical, yet clear, easy, natural, and energetic.

His personal character presents much which is amiable and pleasant, but nothing noble or sublime. He was neither immoral nor religious.

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train;
 An awful, reverend, and religious man.
 His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor;
 (As God had clothed his own ambassador)

For such on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
 Of sixty years he seem'd ; and well might last
 To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast ;
 Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense,
 And made almost a sin of abstinence.
 Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere :
 Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see,
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity ;
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.
 With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd,
 Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd.
 For, letting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky :
 And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,
 (A music more melodious than the spheres :)
 For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre ; and, after him, he sung the best.
 He bore his great commission in his look,
 But sweetly temper'd awe, and softened all he spoke.
 He preach'd the joys of Heaven, and pains of hell,
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal ;
 But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
 He taught the gospel rather than the law,
 And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw :
 For fear but freezes minds ; but love, like heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime to seek her native seat.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard :
 Wrapt in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd ;
 But when the milder beams of mercy play,
 He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away
 Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
 As harbingers before the' Almighty fly :
 Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;
 The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there !

The tithes his parish freely paid, he took,
 But never sued, or curs'd with bell and book :
 With patience bearing wrong, but offering none,
 Since every man is free to lose his own.
 The country churls, according to their kind,
 (Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)
 The less he sought, his offerings pinch'd the more :
 And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had some to spare,
 To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare ;
 For mortified he was to that degree,
 A poorer than himself he would not see.
 "True priests," he said, "and preachers of the word.

Were only stewards of their Sovereign Lord ;
 Nothing was theirs, but all the public store,
 Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor ;
 Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
 He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief."

Wide was his parish, not contracted close
 In streets, but here and there a straggling house ;
 Yet still he was at hand, without request,
 To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd,
 Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
 The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this the good old man perform'd alone,
 Nor spar'd his pains ; for curate he had none :
 Nor durst he trust another with his care ;
 Nor rode himself to Paul's the public fair,
 To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
 Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold :
 But duly watch'd his flock by night and day,
 And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey,
 And hungry sent the wily fox away.
 The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd,
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
 (A living sermon of the truths he taught :)
 For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
 That all might see the doctrine which they heard :
 "For priest," he said, "are patterns for the rest,
 (The gold of heaven, who bear the God impress'd :)
 But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
 The Sovereign's image is no longer seen,
 If they be foul on whom the people trust,
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust."

The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd ;
 The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
 His Saviour came not with a gaudy show,
 Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
 These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
 And living taught, and dying left behind.
 The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn ;
 In purple he was crucified, not born.
 They who contend for place and high degree,
 Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Such was the saint, who shone with every grace,
 Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.
 God saw his image lively was express'd,
 And his own work, as in creation, bless'd

FROM THE EPISTLE TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

SURE some propitious planet then did smile,
 When first you were conducted to this isle :
 Our Genius brought you here, to' enlarge our fame ;
 For your good stars are every where the same.
 Thy matchless hand, of every region free,
 Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
 To thee the' examples of their wond'rous art,
 Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
 With generous emulation fir'd thy blood ;
 For what, in Nature's dawn, the child admir'd,
 The youth endeavor'd and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,
 'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
 Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
 Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design
 A more exalted work, and more divine.
 For what a song, or senseless opera,
 Is to the living labour of a play ;
 Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
 Such is a single piece to history.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live :
 Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give ;
 And they who pay the taxes bear the rule :
 Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool ;
 But so his follies in thy posture sink,
 The senseless idiot seems at last to think.
 How strange ! that sots and knaves should be so vain,
 To wish their vile resemblance may remain !
 And stand recorded, at their own request,
 To future days, a libel or a jest !

Else should we see your noble pencil trace
 Our unities of action, time, and place ;
 A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,
 With every various character exprest :
 Heroes at large, and at a nearer view ;
 Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew ;
 While all the figures in one action join,
 As tending to complete the main design.

More cannot be by mortal Art exprest ;
 But venerable Age shall add the rest :
 For Time shall with his ready pencil stand,
 Retouch your figures with his ripening hand,
 Mellow your colors, and imbrown the tint,
 Add every grace which Time alone can grant ;
 To future ages shall your fame convey,
 And give more beauties than he takes away.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Born 1672—Died 1719.

ADDISON's name is early and delightfully connected with all our ideas of whatever is easy, idiomatic, and delicately humorous in the English prose literature. His poetical celebrity rests exclusively on his letter from Italy, one or two devotional hymns, and his tragedy of *Cato*. The latter production, in Dr. Johnson's language, is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama, rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life.

His life was divided between literature and politics, and he is a solitary example of a poet rising so high in the favour of the court as to hold the office of Secretary of State. His death was triumphant in the hopes of the Christian religion, and afforded a most solemn and instructive scene. When he found life drawing to its close he sent for his step-son, the licentious Earl of Warwick, and when the youthful nobleman desired to receive his last injunction, "I have sent for you," he said, "that you may see how a Christian can die."

ODE FROM THE NINETEENTH PSALM.*

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the won'drous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

* The biographer of Andrew Marvell, has made it appear very probable that this beautiful Ode and the Hymn beginning "The Lord my pasture shall prepare," were written by that pleasant poet and excellent man. They were both inserted in the *Spectator*, without the name of the author, and have accordingly always passed as Addison's. The reader will see that they bear a great resemblance to the Hymn of the Emigrants, quoted from Marvell, on page 73.

What though, in solemn silence, all,
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid these radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

ODE.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves and gulfs on gulfs
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

ISAAC WATTS.

Born 1674—Died 1748.

WATTS was taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew at an early age, at the free school at Southampton, his native place. His proficiency was so great, that it was proposed to send him to the University ; but he resolved to take his lot with the dissenters. "Such he was," says Dr. Johnson, "as every Christian church would rejoice to have adopted." His education was therefore completed at an academy. He declares that he was a maker of verses from fifteen to forty.

He began to preach in his twenty-fourth year, being chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncey in Southampton, whom he afterwards succeeded. In 1712, he was attacked by a fever of such length and violence, that he never entirely recovered from the weakness to which it reduced him. In this state he found in Sir Thomas Abney a friend, such as is not often to be met with. That gentleman received him into his own house, where he remained an inmate of the family for thirty-six years, and was uniformly treated with the most unalterable friendship, kindness, and attentive respect.

He continued the associate pastor of his congregation through life ; for when, from the infirmities of age having become unable to perform the public duties of his office, he offered to remit the salary connected with it, his people affectionately refused to accept his resignation. In this calm and pious retreat, where every thing contributed to sooth his feelings and promote his restoration to health, he composed most of his voluminous and valuable works. And here he died, after a long life of the most devoted piety and extensive usefulness.

"By his natural temper," says Dr. Johnson, "he was quick of resentment ; but by his established and habitual practice he was gentle, modest, and inoffensive. His tenderness appeared in his attention to children and to the poor. To the poor, while he lived in the family of his friend, he allowed the third part of his annual revenue, though the whole was not a hundred a year ; and for children he condescended to lay aside

the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion, and systems of instruction, adapted to their wants and capacities, from the dawn of reason through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man acquainted with the common principles of human action will look with veneration on the writer, who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year. A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is perhaps the hardest lesson that humility can teach. With his theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekness of opposition, and his mildness of censure." Dr. Doddridge has likewise artlessly described the character and pursuits of his venerated friend, in an affectionate dedication to him of his "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul."

Amidst many things that were unnatural, or trite, Watts has displayed a very vivid imagination, and produced some of the most suitable devotional lyrics in the English language. His poetry is always religiously pure, and some of its shorter strains burn with the chastened sublimity of his pious emotions, expressed in language which could hardly have been rendered more appropriately beautiful. Considered as the work of one mind, his volume of Psalms and Hymns is a remarkable production, and if the best of its contents were selected and published together, such a book would alone entitle him to a high rank among the British poets. His hymns for infant minds display, likewise, a true poetical genius. Had he made poetry the business of his life, his success would doubtless have been eminent; it was only his relaxation. "He is one of the few poets," says Johnson, "with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased; and happy will be that reader, whose mind is disposed, by his verses or his prose, to copy his benevolence to man and his reverence to God."

THE DANGERS OF LIFE AND THE PLEASURES OF IMMORTALITY.

Every grief we feel,
Shortens the destin'd number: every pulse
Bears a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period: O celestial point,
That ends this mortal story! —
But if a glimpse of light, with flattering ray,
Break through the clouds of life; or wandering fire
Amidst the shades invite your unblest feet,
Beware the dancing meteor, faithless guide,
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray.

To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death.
 Should vicious pleasure take an angel form,
 And at a distance rise by slow degrees,
 Treacherous to wind herself into your heart,
 Stand firm aloof; nor let the gaudy phantom
 Too long allure your gaze, nor tempt your thoughts
 In slavery to sense. Still may our souls
 Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
 Our holier affections. ———

O, there are gardens of the immortal kind,
 That crown the heavenly Eden's rising hills
 With beauty and with sweets; no lurking mischief
 Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the bough.
 The branches bend, laden with life and bliss,
 Ripe for the taste. But 'tis a steep ascent:
 Hold fast the golden chain let down from Heaven;
 'T will help your feet and wings—I feel its force
 Draw upwards—fastened to the pearly gate,
 It guides the way unerring. Happy clue
 Through this dark wild! 'T was wisdom's noblest work,
 All join'd by power divine, and every link is love.

THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never withering flowers:
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand drest in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,—
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unbecclouded eyes.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
 Should fright us from the shore.

It is needless to multiply quotations from a book so familiarly known and so constantly used in public, social, and private worship, as the Psalms and Hymns of Watts. Though unequal, they are sometimes eminently beautiful. Let us take for example of their happiest and frequent excellence, the following stanza.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace;
 No wanton lips nor envious eye
 Can see or taste the bliss.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Born 1681—Died 1765.

THE father of Young was a pious and honored clergyman in the Church of England. The poet was educated principally at Oxford University, where he obtained a fellowship in law. In this profession he never practised, but seems to have made poetry his chief employment, till in 1728 he entered into orders, and was appointed chaplain to the king. In 1730 he was presented to a rectory of three hundred pounds, and in the year following married the lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the earl of Litchfield. This lady died in 1741, in which year he commenced his *Night Thoughts*.

In the early part of his life, Young is said to have been ambitious and profligate; but it is remarkable that his earliest poetry is of the most serious cast, and the following anecdote is related of his conversation. The infidel, Tindal, used to spend much of his time at the college where Young resided. "The other boys," said the atheist, "I can always answer, because I always know whence they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times; but that fellow, Young, is continually pestering me with something of his own."

As a clergyman, he was distinguished for his piety and eloquence. His turn of mind was solemn, and his conversation, as well as his writings, all had reference to a future state. Yet he seems always to have been greatly addicted to flattery, and he did not cease to seek for preferment, even till his death.

As a poet, he possessed a very strong and sublime imagination, unaccompanied to an equal degree by delicacy of judgment or refinement of taste. Hence his poems, while they

contain a great number of noble and powerful passages, abound likewise in false and meretricious ornament, unnatural thoughts, harsh expressions, and laboured conceits. The felicity and splendour of his conceptions is continually interrupted with false wit and antithesis. If at one moment he speaks from the heart, at the next his thoughts are evidently produced by a strained and exaggerated fancy.

"He has been well described in a late poem," says Campbell, "as one in whom

‘ Still gleams and still expires the cloudy day
Of genuine poetry.’

The reader most sensitive to his faults must have felt, that there is in him a spark of originality which is never long extinguished, however far it may be from vivifying the entire mass of his poetry. Many and exquisite are his touches of sublime expression, of profound reflection, and of striking imagery. It is recalling but a few of these, to allude to his description, in the eighth book, of the man, *whose thoughts are not of this world*; to his simile of the traveller, at the opening of the ninth book, to his spectre of the antediluvian world, and to some parts of his very unequal description of the conflagration; above all, to that noble and familiar image,

‘ When final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o’er creation.’

It is true, that he seldom, if ever, maintains a flight of poetry long free from oblique associations, but he has individual passages, which Philosophy might make her texts, and Experience select for her mottos."

The moral influence of his poetry is excellent in the highest degree. No person can arise from the perusal of his *Night Thoughts*, without feeling more deeply the value of time, the awful solemnity of death, and the unspeakable importance of a preparation for eternity.

REFLECTIONS AT MIDNIGHT.

THE bell strikes One. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity! how surely mine!

And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder He who made him such !
 Who center'd in our make such strange extremes,
 From different natures marvellously mix'd,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain !
 Midway from nothing to the deity !
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
 Though sullied and dishonor'd, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
 A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd aghast,
 And wondering at her own. How reason reels !
 O what a miracle to man is man !
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy ! what dread !
 Alternately transported and alarm'd ;
 What can preserve my life ! or what destroy !
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof.
 While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spread,
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields, or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods, or down the craggy steep
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
 Or scal'd the cliff, or danc'd on hollow winds
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain !
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;
 Active, ærial, towering, unconfin'd,
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal ;
 Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day !
 For human weal Heaven husbands all events :
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost ?
 Why wanders wretched Thought their tombs around
 In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire ?

They live ! they greatly live a life, on earth
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd, and from an eye

Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
 This is the desert, this the solitude:
 How populous, how vital is the grave!
 This is Creation's melancholy vault.
 The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
 The land of apparitions, empty shades!
 All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond.
 Is substance; the reverse is Folly's creed.
 How solid all, where change shall be no more!

DELAY IN THE BUSINESS OF RELIGION.

By Nature's law, what may be may be now;
 There's no prerogative in human hours.
 In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
 Where is to-morrow? In another world.
 For numbers this is certain; the reverse
 Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
 This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
 As on a rock of adamant we build
 Our mountain-hopes, spin out eternal schemes,
 As we the Fatal Sisters could outspin,
 And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud;
 Nor had he cause; a warning was denied.
 How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
 As sudden, though for years admonish'd home;
 Of human ills the last extreme beware;
 Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death;
 How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
 Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time:
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
 For ever on the brink of being born:
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise;
 At least their own; their future selves applauds,

How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails ;
 That lodg'd in Fate's to wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of Fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread :
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where past the shaft no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death :
 Ev'n with the tender tear which Nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

SOCIETY NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.

WISDOM, though richer than Peruvian mines,
 And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
 What is she but the means of happiness ?
 That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool ;
 A melancholy fool, without her bells.
 Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
 The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
 Nature, in zeal for human amity,
 Denies or damps an undivided joy.
 Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;
 Joy flies monopolists ; it calls for two :
 Rich fruit ! heaven-planted ! never pluck'd by one.
 Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
 To social man true relish of himself.
 Full on ourselves descending in a line,
 Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight :
 Delight intense is taken by rebound :
 Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

THE WORLD DANGEROUS TO VIRTUE.

VIRTUE, forever frail as fair below,
 Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
 Nor touches on the world without a stain.
 The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
 Something we thought, is blotted; we resolv'd,
 Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
 Each salutation may slide in a sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
 Nor is it strange; light, motion, concourse, noise,
 All scatter us abroad. Thought, outward-bound,
 Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

PICTURE OF A GOOD MAN.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
 What nothing less than angel can exceed,
 A man on earth devoted to the skies;
 Like ships in sea, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
 All the black cares and tumults of this life,
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
 A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
 Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
 His full reverse in all! What higher praise?
 What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present, all their care; the future, his.
 When public welfare calls, or private want,
 They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.
 Their virtues varnish nature; his, exalt.
 Mankind's esteem they court; and he, his own.
 Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities;
 His, the composed possession of the true.
 Alike throughout is his consistent peace;
 All of one colour, and an even thread;
 While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
 A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
 The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs. Where they
 Behold a sun, he spies a deity :
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees :
 An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
 They things terrestrial worship as divine ;
 His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
 Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
 Titles and honors (if they prove his fate,)
 He lays aside, to find his dignity :
 No dignity they find in aught besides.
 They triumph in externals (which conceal
 Man's real glory,) proud of an eclipse.
 Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
 And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
 Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect
 Another's welfare, or his right invade :
 Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong :
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe :
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
 A cover'd heart their character defends ;
 A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
 With nakedness his innocence agrees ;
 While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
 Their no joys end where his full feasts begins ;
 His joys create, theirs murder future bliss.
 To triumph in existence his alone ;
 And his alone triumphantly to think
 His true existence is not yet begun.
 His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;
 Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Born 1686—Died 1758.

ALLAN RAMSAY, a native of Scotland, received his early education at the parish school, and, at the age of fifteen, became apprentice to a wigmaker. On finishing his apprenticeship he left this business entirely, and married in his twentyfourth year the daughter of an attorney in Edinburgh, where he established a bookshop. In 1728, he published the drama of the Gentle Shepherd, which was soon admired and re-printed, even beyond the limits of Scotland, to which its obscure dialect would have seemed likely at first to confine

its reputation. So early as 1750 the tenth edition of this comedy was printed at Glasgow.

His disposition was naturally kind, shrewd, and good humoured. He never was seduced, either by his fondness for poetical composition, or by his intimacy with men of rank and talents, to whom his genius gave him access, from a quiet and diligent attention to his trade, which thus yielded him a happy competence.

Ramsay's claims to a lasting poetical celebrity rest exclusively on the merits of "The Gentle Shepherd." The moral tendency of this pastoral drama is generally excellent, though it contains some gross expressions and allusions, which detract much from the pleasure with which it may be perused. The plot is deeply interesting, and founded on occurrences growing out of the real state of the country, at the period in which it is laid; so that all its incidents are such as might have often happened in actual life. Nothing in it is foreign, imitated, or artificial, but every thing is national and unaffected. Its scenery is that of Scotland, and of Scotland alone; and it is drawn with so much freshness and truth to nature, that the peasants are said to delight in pointing out the very localities which it describes.

It possesses fine humour, and in some scenes a deep pathos. Its characters are all original, and depicted with the hand of a master. By a few artless and simple touches, they are made to stand out from the canvass with a verisimilitude and individuality, not inferior to those of Shakspeare. Its poetry, like that of Burns, has gone down into the heart of a whole nation. Its rural songs may be heard on every mountain-side and in every hamlet; and its sentences of practical wisdom have passed into proverbs among the Scottish peasantry.

THE PLEASURES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

Jenny. O, 't is a pleasant thing to be a bride !
 Synel¹ whining getts² about your ingle side,
 Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous³ din :
 To mak them brats, then, ye maun⁴ toil an' spin.
 Ane⁵ wean fa's⁶ sick, ane scalds itsell wi' broo,⁷
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines⁸ his shoe ;
 The *Deil* gues o'er Jock Wabster,⁹ hame grows hell,
 An' Pate misca's¹⁰ ye, waur¹¹ than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, it 's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle¹² edge, young sprouts are rife.¹³
 Gif¹⁴ I 'm so happy, I shall ha'e¹⁵ delight,
 To hear their little plaints and keep them right.

1 Afterwards. 2 Children, a term of contempt. 3 Vexatious. 4 Must.
 5 One. 6 Falls. 7 Broth. 8 Loses. 9 A proverb, meaning, *every thing*
goes wrong. 10 Miscalls. 11 Worse. 12 Fireside. 13 Plenty. 14 If
 15 Have.

Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic¹ wee² tots toolying³ at your knee;
When a' they ettle⁴ at, their greatest wish,
Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss.

Can there be toil in tenting,⁵ day and night,
The like o' them, when love makes care delight?

Jenny. But poortith,⁶ Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw;
For little love or canty⁷ cheer can come
Frae⁸ duddy⁹ doublets, an' a pantry toom.¹⁰
Your nowt¹¹ may die;—the spate¹² may bear away
Frae aff the howms¹³ your dainty rucks¹⁴ o' hay.
The thick blawn wreaths o' snaw, or plashy thows,¹⁵
May smoor¹⁶ your wethers an' may rot your ewes.
A dyvour¹⁷ buys your butter, woo',¹⁸ and cheese,
But, or the day o' payment, breaks an' flees.
Wi' glooman¹⁹ brow the laird seeks in his rent;
It's no to gie;²⁰ your merchant's to the bent:²¹
His honor maunna²² want; he poinds²³ your gear:²⁴
Syne,²⁵ driven frae house and hold, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, an' live a single life;
Troth, it's na mows²⁶ to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Who has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let folk bode²⁷ weel, an' strive to do their best;
Na mair²⁸ 's required; let Heaven mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle often say,
That lads should all, for wives that's virtuous pray;
For the most thrifty man could never get
A weel stored room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore, nought shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins I'll guide wi' canny care,
An' win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, an' some woo'
Shall first be sold, to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind 's our ain.—Thus without fear,
Wi' love and plenty, through the world we'll steer;
An' when my Pate in bairns²⁹ and years grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet³⁰ on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks, an' twa³¹ bewitching een,

1 Such. 2 Little. 3 Struggling. 4 Aim. 5 Attending. 6 Poverty.
7 Merry. 8 From. 9 Ragged. 10 Empty. 11 Cattle. 12 Inundations.
13 Plains on river sides. 14 Ricks or stacks. 15 Thaws. 16 Smother.
17 Bankrupt. 18 Wool. 19 Scowling. 20 Give. 21 Open field. 22 Must
not. 23 Seizes. 24 Property. 25 Then. 26 Sheaves of corn,
a proverb. 27 Predict. 28 More. 29 Children. 30 Laughing damsel.
31 Two.

Should gar¹ your Patie think his sober Meg,
An' her kend² kisses hardly worth a feg?³

Peggy. Nae mair o' that.—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There 's some men constanter in love than we :
Nor is the ferly⁴ great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.
They 'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad⁵ our peace beguile.
So, whensoe'er they slight their maiks⁶ at hame,
It 's ten to ane the wives are maist⁷ to blame.
Then I 'll employ wi' pleasure all my art,
To keep him cheerful and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I 'll ha'e all things made ready to his will :
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A blazing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane.
An' soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot 'll be ready to take aff ;
Clean hag-a-bag⁸ I 'll spread upon his board,
An' serve him wi' the best we can afford.
Good humour and white bigonets⁹ shall be
Guards to my face to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,¹⁰
And dosens¹¹ down to nane,¹² as folk grow auld.¹³

Peggy. But we 'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak, sure, a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms, that grow up side by side,
Suppose them, some years gone, bridegroom an' bride ;
Nearer and nearer ilka¹⁴ year they 've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increased,
An' in their mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That in return defends it frae the west.
Such as stand single, (state so liked by you,)
Beneath ilk storm, frae every earth, maun bow.

Jenny. I 've done.—I yield, dear lassie I maun yield ;
Your better sence has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae,¹⁵
Lies derved¹⁶ within my heart this mony a day.

1 Make. 2 Known, accustomed. 3 Fig. 4 Wonder. 5 Would.
6 Matches, wives. 7 Most. 8 Coarse table linen. 9 Linen caps or coifs.
10 Cold. 11 Dwindles. 12 None. 13 Old. 14 Each. 15 Foe. 16 Hidden.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Born 1683—Died 1744.

POPE's father was a Roman Catholic, and his son inherited the paternal religion. He was educated till the age of twelve principally under the care of Romish priests, but from that period he formed for himself a plan of study, which he appears to have pursued with diligence. From his earliest years he fixed upon poetry as his profession, and some of his pieces composed at the age of fourteen are remarkable proofs of his youthful proficiency. His pastorals, though not published till 1709, were written at the age of sixteen in 1704, from which period his life as an author, may be dated.

In 1712 he published the *Rape of the Lock*, the most truly poetical of all his productions, and the one on which his claim to the power of invention principally rests. In 1712, at the age of twentyfive, he commenced, and in 1720 finished his translation of the *Iliad* of Homer, the success of which was so great, that the produce of the subscription enabled him to purchase a residence at Twickenham, whither he removed with his father and mother. In 1728 appeared the *Dunciad*, a poem intended to cover his antagonists with ridicule, and distinguished for its polished versification, and for the gross and offensive nature of its imagery, together with the irritability, malignity, injustice and strength of its satire.

In 1733 and 34 appeared the *Essay on Man*, as a whole perhaps in the first class of ethical poems, though its philosophy is scarcely christian, and many of its thoughts would appear exceedingly trite, were they not concealed in the point, antithesis, and beauty of the style. He died at the age of fiftysix, in the final ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, but apparently with neither that anxiety so suitable to the awful close of nature, nor with those calm and glorious anticipations of eternity, which rendered the dying hours of Addison the sublimest period of his existence.

Johnson's life of Pope is one of the most interesting and instructive sketches in the annals of poetical biography. While it displays his literary fame with great prominence, it exhibits his personal character under an aspect for the most part unpleasant and humiliating; though his filial piety is almost sufficient to redeem its defects. His excessive desire of applause brought along with it an unhappy degree of its concomitant passions, pride, envy, and jealousy, and engaged him in an almost uninterrupted series of vexatious literary quarrels. The mind can hardly help reflecting what a different aspect his life would have worn, had it been calmed, elevated, and dignified by the spirit of forbearance and piety.

As a poet, Pope stands the first in what has been called the second class of poetry, that which consists in the description of artificial life and manners. Invention and fancy are exhibited in the *Rape of the Lock*, beauty of natural description in *Windsor Forest*, and a tender pathos of feeling in some of his other productions. He possessed likewise, great powers of satire, and often exhibits an admirable felicity, acuteness, and delicacy of discrimination in the delineation of character. Elegance, elaborate ease, and the utmost refinement of taste characterise all his compositions; and his style and versification are polished, smooth, and harmonious, almost to a fault of monotony.

Together with the extreme smoothness and polish of his style, good sense is likewise a quality which peculiarly distinguishes his writings. He has been called, indeed, "the most sensible of poets." There is great wisdom and shrewdness of observation in many of his didactic essays, in his *Moral Epistles*, and generally in his remarks on the characters and manners of the gay world in which he had mingled so much.

The moral character of his poetry is often pure, but not uniformly so, and seldom elevated to the highest degree. He has embalmed in his singular beauty of style and language many false and corrupt principles, and some of his productions contain much, which no man of true piety, benevolence and purity of feeling would have ever written. He sometimes writes in what is merely a strain of refined epicureanism; and his *Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate lady*, which has been so long admired and so often quoted, exhibits sentiments in extenuation and even in praise of the crime of suicide, equally unworthy of the Christian and the man.

SCENES FROM WINDSOR FOREST.

SEE! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With slaughtering guns the' unwearied fowler roves,

When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves,
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :
 Oft as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death :
 Oft as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
 And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

THE SYLPHS.

BUT now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die :
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smil'd and all the world was gay.
 All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppressed,
 The' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of air ;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;
 Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While every beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd ;
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun ;—

"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear,
 Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
 Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
 By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest ether play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky:
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide;
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne.

"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care,
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let the' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a founce, or add a furbelow."

FROM THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
 His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast:
 Our sons their father's failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give;

And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away !

FROM THE ESSAY ON MAN.

HEAVEN forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign ;
Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy, nature to explore,
The fool is happy, that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy, in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd, the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
See some fit passion every age supply ;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw ;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile, opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy ;

One prospect lost, another still we gain,
 And not a vanity is given in vain :
 Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
 See ! and confess one comfort still must rise ;
 'Tis this,--Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

ROBERT BLAIR.

Born 1699—Died 1747.

BLAIR's father was one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and chaplain to King Charles I. The poet, after the usual preparatory studies, was ordained the minister of Athelstaneford, in the county of East Lothian, and resided there till his death. He is said to have been assiduous and zealous in the performance of his pastoral duties, and distinguished for his fervid eloquence. Among his friends, by whom he was warmly beloved, he numbered Colonel Gardiner, Dr. Watts, and Dr. Doddridge.

"The eighteenth century," says Campbell, "has produced few specimens of blank verse of so powerful and simple a character as that of the Grave. It is a popular poem, not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery are free, natural, and picturesque. Blair may be a homely and even a gloomy poet in the eye of fastidious criticism ; but there is a masculine and pronounced character even in his gloom and homeliness, that keeps it most distinctly apart from either dulness or vulgarity. His style pleases us like the powerful expression of a countenance without regular beauty."

THE GRAVE.

SEE yonder hallow'd fane ;—the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
 And buried midst the wreck of things which were ;
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! Methinks
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary :
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud : the gloomy aisles,
 Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horribly, and obstinately sullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.

Again the screech-owl shrieks : ungracious sound !
I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude win'ls. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks ; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here :
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs :
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about ;
And the great bell has to'ld, unring, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near the witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine checquering through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels ;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave ; and (strange to tell)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

FRIENDSHIP.

INVIDIOUS grave !—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one !
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul ;
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh ! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,

Sweet murmuring ; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
 Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note :
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep ; whilst every flower
 Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress.—Oh ! then the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste : still the full heart
 Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

DEATH, THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH TO ETERNAL BLESSEDNESS.

It was Christ's royal will,
 That where he is, there should his followers be ;
 Death only lies between.—A gloomy path !
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears :
 But not untrod, nor tedious : the fatigue
 Will soon go off.—Besides, there's no by-road
 To bliss.—Then, why, like ill-condition'd children,
 Start we at transient hardships in the way,
 That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
 And a ne'er-setting sun?—Fools that we are !
 We wish to be where sweets unwithering bloom ;
 But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
 So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
 Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play :
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide !
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd :
 At last he dips his foot ; but as he dips,
 His fears redouble, and he runs away
 From the' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
 Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
 And smil'd so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome death !
 That after many a painful bleeding step
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe,
 On the long wish'd-for shore.—Prodigious change ;
 Our bane turn'd to a blessing !—Death disarm'd,
 Loses its fellness quite.—All thanks to Him
 Who scourg'd the venom out.—Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace !—How calm his exit !
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the evening tide of life,
 A life well-spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green :
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away ;
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.

High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
 After the prize in view ! and, like a bird
 That's ham, er'd, struggles hard to get away :
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast coming harvest.—Then, oh, then !
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh ! how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd !
 'Tis done ! and now he's happy !—the glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd.

* * * * *

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
 Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
 Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day ;
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

JAMES THOMSON.

Born 1700—Died 1743.

THOMSON was the son of a minister in Scotland. He was partly educated at the University of Edinburgh, and upon the death of his father, was persuaded by his friends to enter on a course of theological studies. As a previous exercise, one of the Psalms was given him for explanation, and his language is said to have been so splendid, that he was reprov'd for employing a diction, which none of his future audience would be able to understand. This reproof, united with the dislike which he felt to the profession of divinity, determined him to abandon it, and to seek his fortune in London.

Thither he went in 1725, with his poem of Winter, which was published the following year, and after a short neglect, admired and applauded. Summer appeared in 1727, Spring in 1728, and Autumn in 1730. After this, he travelled on the European continent with the son of the Lord Chancellor of England, and on his return, employed himself in the composition of his various tragedies and his poem on Liberty. In 1746, he published the Castle of Indolence, a poem, which is perhaps the most finished of all his productions.

Thomson is said to have been naturally amiable and benevolent, and perfectly free from all literary jealousies ; reserved in mingled company, but cheerful and social with his particular friends, and beloved by them all in a degree quite uncommon and singular. It is no where recorded that he was

religious, though some of his poetical compositions might be supposed to have emanated from a mind impressed with a deep reverence for the Deity, as well as an ardent admiration of his works.

The moral character of his poetry is exalted and excellent; though the declaration of Lord Lyttleton, that his works contained

“No line which, dying, he could wish to blot,”

would not, perhaps, have proceeded from the poet's own lips at that last solemn hour.

In his boyhood he used regularly to burn all his verses, as fast as he composed them—a conduct, which proved the strength of his judgment, and probably contributed to his succeeding eminence. It would be well for the world were it oftener imitated.

Thomson is superior in nature and originality to all the descriptive poets except Cowper. He looked upon nature with a view at once comprehensive and minute. Like a skilful limner of the human countenance, he seized upon some of the expressive features in each Season, and the portraiture of these communicated individuality and verisimilitude to the whole picture. His subject had before been comparatively untouched, and his own delineation of it is rather sparing than full. He displays not only beauty and accuracy, but great sublimity in his description of the torrid and frigid zones; and his sketch of the traveller lost in the snows, is full of pathos. “His diction,” Dr. Johnson observes, “is in the highest degree florid and luxuriant, such as may be said to be to his images and thoughts both their lustre and their shade; such as invest them with splendour, through which perhaps they are not always easily discerned. It is too exuberant, and sometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.”

The *Castle of Indolence* is the finest effort of his genius. In that poem he seems to have imbibed the very spirit of Spenser. His style preserves all its richness and copiousness, without the florid splendour, which marks it in *The Seasons*, and his versification combines a softness and melody of flow, with a harmony which holds the mind in enchantment. His imagery is remarkable for its luxuriance and adaptation to his subject.

SHOWERS IN SPRING.

THE north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of Heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,

Scarce staining ether ; but by swift degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom :
 Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
 Forgetful of their course. 'T is silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry-sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off :
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests, seem impatient to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields ;
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
 In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander through the forest walks,
 Beneath the' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap ?
 Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth ;
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life ;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain ; through the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.

Full swell the woods ; their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red,
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism ;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy ;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory ; but, amaz'd,
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away.

SUMMER MORNING.

SHORT is the doubtful empire of the night ;
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east ;
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown Night retires : young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward : while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;
 And from the crowded fold, in order drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

SUMMER EVENING.

CONFESS'D from yonder slow extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air ;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye,
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail :
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk and unfrequented ; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd ; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow worm lights his gem ; and, through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night ; not in her winter-robe
Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld.

AUTUMN.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty black. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse:
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground.

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;

Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits, falls from the naked tree;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around,
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

THE PLEASURES OF RURAL RETIREMENT.

THE rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, through the revolving year;
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young spring protrudes the bursting germ,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the muse, of these
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

When autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throes; and, through the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
 Even winter wild to him is full of bliss.
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried ear h,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of kindred too and love he feels :
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities never knew ; the life,
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself with man.

 SNOW.

THE keener tempests rise : and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
 And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
 Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.
 'T is brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods
 Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that burns wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
 Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth ; then hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
 Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds

Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad-dispers'd ;
 Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

TRAVELLER PERISHING IN THE SNOWS.

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darken'd air ;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and bless'd abode of man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,

With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

EFFECTS OF FROST.

— Hence at eve,
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven
 Cemented firm ; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,
 The village dog deters the nightly thief ;
 The heifer lows ; the distant water-fall
 Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;
 Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night :
 Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair,
 Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise :
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

* * * *

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon :
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray :
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

MORAL OF THE SEASONS.

'T is done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
 How dumb the tuneful ! horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
 See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
 Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
 All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see !
 'T is come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth ! awakening Nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,

And died, neglected : why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude ; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil is no more :
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
 And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks :
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, and falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, and hollow-whispering gales
 THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter awful THOU ! with clouds and storms
 Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;

Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join'd ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :
Oh, talk of HIM in solitary glooms !
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound HIS stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM ; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints,
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM !
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy CREATOR, ever pouring wide,
From world to world the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam HIS praise.
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world :
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm

The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn ; in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll !—
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams ;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles ; 't is nought to me :
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;
 From seeming Evil still educing Good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in Light ineffable !
 Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THE rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale ;
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortur'd heart,
 Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale

And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart,
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed :
Blest sons of Nature they ! true golden age indeed !

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :
Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies :
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease ;
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind ;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well tun'd instrument reclin'd,
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight,
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?
Who up the lofty diapasen roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul ?
Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, thro' the heart ;

And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands a hymn impart;
 Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
 Of caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,
 In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
 And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
 When Sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
 Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
 Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
 And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
 Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
 And sobbing breezes sigh'd and oft began
 (So work'd the wizzard) wintry storms to swell,
 As heaven and earth they would together mell:
 At doors and windows threat'ning seem'd to call
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
 Yet the least entrance found they none at all,
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,
 O'er which was shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
 That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
 And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
 So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space.

A CHARACTER IN THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

OF all the gentle tenants of the place,
 There was a man of special grave remark:
 A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
 Pensive, not sad; in thought involv'd, not dark;
 As soot this man could sing as morning lark,
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
 But these his talents were yburied stark;
 Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
 Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
 Where purls the brook with sleep inviting sound;
 Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
 Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
 Where the wild thyme and chamomile are found:

There would he linger, till the latest ray
 Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound ;
 Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray
 Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past ;
 For oft the heavenly fire that lay conceal'd
 Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
 And all its native light anew reveal'd ;
 Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
 And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
 Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
 Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind ;
 But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

JOHN DYER.

Born 1700—Died 1753.

DYER published *Grongar Hill* in his twenty-seventh year, and afterwards made the tour of Italy and composed a poem on the ruins of Rome. On his return to England he married, retired into the country, and became a clergyman of the Established church. *Grongar Hill* is a very beautiful descriptive and moral poem ; elegant and easy in its style and versification.

GRONGAR HILL.

GRONGAR Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landscape bright and strong
 Grongar ! in whose mossy cells,
 Sweetly musing, quiet dwells ;
 Grongar ! in whose silent shade,
 For the modest muses made,
 So oft I have, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill
 Sat upon a flowery bed,
 With my hand beneath my head,
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves and grottos where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day.
 Wide and wider spreads the vale,

As circles on a smooth canal :
 The mountains round, unhappy fate !
 Sooner or later, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise :
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landscape lies below !
 No clouds, no vapours intervene ;
 But the gay the open scene
 Does the face of nature show
 In all the hues of heaven's bow,
 And, swelling to embrace the light,
 Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
 Proudly towering in the skies ;
 Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires ;
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain heads,
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
 And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me, trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes ;
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,
 The slender fir, that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs ;
 And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !
 Gaudy as the opening dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wandering eye :
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below ;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps ;
 So both a safety from the wind
 On mutual dependence find.

'T is now the raven's bleak abode ;
 'T is now the' apartment of the toad ;

And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While ever and anon there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls,
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state :
But transient is the smile of Fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun !
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep !
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought ;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view !
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky !
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass ;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,

Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
 Still we tread the same coarse way ;
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see !
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passion's tam'd, my wishes laid ;
 For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul :
 'T is thus the busy beat the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

Born (probably) 1707—Died 1788.

COTTON was a physician, remarkable for his success and humanity in the treatment of mental disorders. He kept an asylum for insane patients in the town of St. Albans, and called it the College. Cowper was for some time under his care. Few particulars of his life have been preserved, but there are many testimonies to the excellence of his character. Among these is the following affectionate tribute to his memory from one of the letters of Cowper. "I reckon it one instance of the Providence that has attended me throughout this whole event, that instead of being delivered into the hands of one of the London physicians, who were so much nearer that I wonder I was not, I was carried to Dr. Cotton. I was not only treated by him with the greatest tenderness while I was ill, and with the utmost diligence, but when my reason was restored to me, and I had so much need of a religious friend to converse with, to whom I could open my mind upon the subject without reserve, I could hardly have found a fitter person for the purpose. My eagerness and anxiety to settle my opinions on that long neglected point made it necessary that while my mind was yet weak, and my spirits uncertain, I should have some assistance. The Doctor was as ready to administer relief to me in this article likewise, and as well qualified to do it, as in that which was more immediately his province. How many physicians would have thought this an irregular appetite and a symptom of remaining madness! But if it were so, my friend was as mad as myself, and it is well for me that he was so."

Mr Hayley observes of Dr. Cotton, that he was "a scholar and a poet, who to many accomplishments added a peculiar sweetness of manners in very advanced life."

His writings do not display an original genius, but are full of good sense, benevolence, and piety. The Fireside is a beautiful domestic picture.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance ;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies ;
And they are fools who roam ;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below !

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise :
We'll form their mind with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs ;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys ! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :
Monarchs ! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few !
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'T is prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour,

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours given :
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Born 1709—Died 1779.

ARMSTRONG was a physician. He published many prose and poetical miscellanies, though none of them display either the fire of genius or the elevation of pure moral sentiment, and his literary fame rests almost exclusively upon his *Art of Preserving Health*.

This poem has given him deserved celebrity. He is original, both in the choice of his subject and the manner of treating it. His moral associations are dignified and sometimes sublime, and his versification, though it wants strength and nervous harmony, is yet free from harshness, and is uniform in its flow.

"On the whole," says Campbell, "he is likely to be remembered as a poet of judicious thoughts and correct expression; and, as far as the rarely successful application of verse to subjects of science can be admired, an additional merit must be ascribed to the hand, which has reared poetical flowers on the dry and difficult ground of philosophy."

BENEFIT OF AN AIRY SITUATION.

MEANTIME, the moist malignity to shun
Of burden'd skies; mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the cynorrhodon with the rose
For fragrance vies: for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
And let them see the winter-morn arise,
The summer-evening blushing in the west;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blustering north,
And bleak affliction of the peevish East.
O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook forever shakes

The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes :
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

ADDRESS TO THE NAIADS.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;
 Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
 Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
 First springs the Nile ; here bursts the sounding Po
 In angry waves ; Euphrates hence devolves
 A mighty flood to water half the East ;
 And there, in gothic solitude reclin'd,
 The checrless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
 What solemn twilight ! What stupendous shades
 Enwrap these infant floods ! Through every nerve
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round ;
 And more gigantic still, th' impending trees
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
 Are these the confines of some fairy world ?
 A land of genii ? Say, beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations ? if indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
 That subterraneous way ? Propitious maids,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
 Your gifts, (so Pæon, so the powers of health
 Command) to praise your crystal element :
 The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works ;
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine ;
 The vehicle, the source of nutriment
 And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams ! with eager lips
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
 New life in you ; fresh vigour fills their veins.

No warmer cups the rural ages knew ;
 None warmer sought the sires of human kind.
 Happy in temperate peace ! their equal days
 Felt not th' alternate fits of feeverish mirth
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
 Bless'd with divine immunity from ails,
 Long centuries they liv'd ; their only fate
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
 Oh ! could those worthies, from the world of gods,
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
 With all our art and toil, improv'd to pain !

TENDENCY OF ALL THINGS TO DECAY.

WHAT does not fade ? The tower that long had stood
 The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
 Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
 This huge rotundity we tread, grows old ;
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
 The sun himself, shall die ; and ancient Night
 Again involve the desolate abyss :
 Till the great FATHER through the lifeless gloom
 Extend his arm to light another world,
 And bid new planets roll by other laws.
 For through the regions of unbounded space,
 Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
 Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
 Between creation and abhorr'd decay ;
 It ever did, perhaps, and ever will,
 New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;
 The old descending, in their turns to rise.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Born 1714—Died 1763.

SHENSTONE's youth was passed under the instruction of a clergyman, from whom he received a good knowledge of the classics and a taste for the best English literature. In 1732, at the age of eighteen, he entered Oxford University. In 1745,

his paternal estate, the Leasowes, devolved exclusively upon his care, and from this period his life was spent in improving its natural beauties, amusing himself with occasional compositions in prose and poetry, and cultivating the society of his neighbours and visitors. Dodsley, his friend and publisher, wrote an elaborate description of the Leasowes, which drew multitudes to inspect and admire the beauties of the place. Shenstone died in his fiftieth year, after a life, which, though free from crime, seems to have been filled up with trifles, and unadorned by the elevation, or the active benevolence of religion.

Both the moral and poetical character of his writings is generally correct, though not lofty. His Pastoral Ballad contains some fine stanzas, but his Schoolmistress is by far the best of his poetical compositions. It is a natural and pleasing sketch of some of those scenes and characters in childhood, which the mind always loves to retrace. Simplicity and artlessness of description, good sense, benevolent humour, and pathetic tenderness of feeling, are here blended together in a manner very rare and delightful.

"With all the beauties of the Leasowes in our minds," says Campbell, "it may still be regretted, that instead of devoting his whole soul to clumping beeches, and projecting mottos for summer-houses, he had not gone more into living nature for subjects, and described her interesting realities with the same fond and *naïve* touches, which give so much delightfulness to his portrait of the Schoolmistress."

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
 Embower'd in trees and hardly known to fame,
 There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
 They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
 Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame,
 And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

* * * * *

Near to his dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display,
 And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
 Do learning's little tenement betray,
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,
 As is the harebell that adorns the field ;
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 'Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

* * * * *

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;
 'T was simple russet, but it was her own ;
 'T was her own country bred the flock so fair ;
 'T was her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
 Through pious awe did term it passing rare,
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear ;
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere :
 For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
 Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came,
 Such favour did her past deportment claim ;
 And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
 That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,
 Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy streak,
 But herbs for use and physic, not a few
 Of gray renown, within those borders grew ;
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
 Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
 And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound.
 And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posy found,
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
 Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
 And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
 Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
 A sacred shelter for its branches here,
 Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear.
 Oh wassal days! O customs meet and well!
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
 If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,
 But in her garden found a summer-seat:
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
 All for the nonce untuning every string,
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
 And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
 The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
 And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That n' ould on wooden image place her creed;
 And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
 Ah! dearest lord! forfend, thilk days should e'er return.

* * * * *

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise,
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise,
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
 Forewar'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo, now with state she utters the command !
 Eftsoon the urchins to their tasks repair,
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,
 To save from finger wet the letters fair ;
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
 St. George's high achievements does declare,
 On which thilk wight that has y'gazing been
 Kens the forth coming rod ; unpleasing sight, I ween !

THE SCHOOL LET OUT.

BUT now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
 And Liberty unbars her prison-door,
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
 With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar ;
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
 Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastime, I implore !
 For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
 For never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !
 But most in courts, where proud Ambition towers ;
 Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring
 Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !
 These rudely carol, most incondite lay ;
 Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
 Salute the stranger passing on his way ;
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay,
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;
 'Thilk to the huckster's savoury cottage tend,
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here as each season yields a different store,
 Each season's stores in order ranged been,
 Apples with cabbage-net y'cover'd o'er,
 Gallling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen,
 And gooseberry, clad in livery red or green ;
 And here of lovely dye the catherine pear,
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween !
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
 With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
 Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
 With pimper'd look draw little eyes aside,
 And must be bought, though penury betide;
 'The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
 And here, each season, do those cakes abide,
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
 Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

THOMAS GRAY.

Born 1716—Died 1771.

GRAY was born at London, and was educated at the University of Cambridge, which he entered at the age of eighteen. After remaining here five years, he travelled through France and Italy in company with Horace Walpole, but at Florence the two friends having parted, Gray afterwards continued his journey alone. He returned to England in 1741, and became bachelor of civil law in Cambridge, where, except a short residence at London, he passed the remainder of his life.

Poetry was with him only an occasional study, for he believed he could not write but at particular times and in happy moments. He published in 1742 the *Ode to Spring*, the *Prospect of Eton*, and the *Ode to Adversity*. In 1750 he wrote the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, and in 1757 published *The Progress of Poetry* and *The Bard*. In 1768 he was made professor of Modern History in Cambridge, but never delivered any lectures, for after some additional study, with alternate travelling to restore his decaying health, he died in 1771, aged 55.

Except a volume of admirable letters and a few pieces of exquisite poetry, Gray, who has been called the most learned man in Europe, has left to posterity no record of his extensive literary acquisitions, his refined taste, and his lofty genius. His odes are remarkable for their sublimity, their mingled majesty, softness and melody of versification, and for the elaborate manner in which they seem to have been wrought and polished. He was accustomed to finish every line before committing it to paper. His elegy is a combination of simple beauties, both in natural description and pathetic sentiment, which deeply affect the heart of every reader. His poetry is all pure in its moral influence, and abounds in the richest personifications, the noblest images, and often in the sweetest thoughts.

"In order to distinguish the positive merits of Gray from the loftier excellence ascribed to him by his editor," (Mr. Mathias,

who speaks of him as "second to none,") "it is unnecessary to resort to the criticisms of Dr. Johnson. Some of them may be just, but their general spirit is malignant and exaggerated. When we look to such beautiful passages in Gray's odes, as his Indian poet amidst the forests of Chili, or his prophet bard scattering dismay on the array of Edward and his awe-struck chieftains, on the side of Snowdon—when we regard his elegant taste, not only gathering classical flowers from the Arno and Ilyssus, but revealing glimpses of Barbaric grandeur amidst the darkness of Runic Mythology—when we recollect his '*thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,*' his rich personifications, his broad and prominent images, and the crowning charm of his versification, we may safely pronounce that Johnson's critical fulminations have passed over his lyrical character with more noise than destruction." (Campbell.)

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of Grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murm'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty :
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
 Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
 And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom
 The little victims play !
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day :
 Yet see, how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murd'rous band !
 Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
 And shame that skulks behind ;
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly knows the secret heart :
 And envy wan, and faded care,
 Grim visag'd comfortless despair,
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning infamy.
 The stings of falsehood those shall try,
 And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;

And keen remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of death,
More hideous than their queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

EXTRACT FROM THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and generous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilyssus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rins creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute but to the voice of anguish !
Where each old poetic mountain

Inspiration breath'd around ;
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant power,
 And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time,
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed fancy hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
 But ah ! 't is heard no more——

Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ! Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :

Yet shall he mount and keep his distant way,
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

EXTRACT FROM THE “BARD, A PINDARIC ODE.”*

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,†
Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!
Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowden’s shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch’d his quivering
lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
Rob’d in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood:
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream’d, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master’s hand, and prophet’s fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
“Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath!
O’er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they wave,

* This ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the first, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

The original argument of this ode, as its author had set it down on one of the pages of his common-place book, was as follows: “The army of Edward I. as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares, that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting, to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at his foot.

† The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hush'd the stormy main :
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail :
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by,
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries——
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line."

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their his'try in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

* Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

* Between this and the preceding stanza, in Mr. Gray's first MS. of the Poem, were the four following:—

The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than Pow'r or Genius e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou who, mindful of th' unhonor'd Dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself a strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

And here the Poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed swain, &c. suggested itself to him.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate :

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,
 Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH. *

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune, and to Fame unknown :

* Before the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Born 1721—Died 1756.

COLLINS was educated at Oxford University; and while at college he published a poetical epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and his *Oriental Eclogues*—both of them far superior to any poetry, which had appeared for many years. In 1744, he went to London as a literary adventurer, and formed various literary projects, which irresolution or immediate want hindered him from accomplishing. In 1746, he published a volume of odes, now esteemed the finest lyrical productions in the English language, but which, at that time, found so few admirers, that their sale was not sufficient to pay for the printing. Collins, in the indignation with which he viewed their cold reception, burned all the remaining copies, and restored to the publisher the money he had received for the manuscript. Not long afterwards a legacy of two thousand pounds was left him by an uncle, which kept him in opulence during the remainder of his life.

This period was not long, and was clouded by a fearful depression of spirits, which at times amounted to actual madness. "Collins," says Johnson, "who, while he studied to live, felt no evil but poverty, no sooner lived to study, than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity." Dr. Johnson visited him but a short time before his death, at an interval when the melancholy disorder of his mind was visible to no one but himself; found him "withdrawn from

place. The lines, however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

study, and with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school; when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but that is the best.'" He died at the age of thirty-five.

All that Collins ever wrote, exhibits a poetical genius of the highest and purest order. Campbell's remarks upon this exquisite poet, are written in a strain of refined and discriminating criticism, equally rare and delightful.

"Collins published his *Oriental Eclogues* while at college, and his lyrical poetry at the age of twenty-six. These works will abide comparison with whatever Milton wrote under the age of thirty. If they have rather less exuberant wealth of genius, they exhibit more exquisite touches of pathos. Like Milton, he leads us into the haunted ground of imagination; like him he has the rich economy of expression halved with thought, which, by single or few words, often hints entire pictures to the imagination. In what short and simple terms, for instance, does he open a wide and majestic landscape to the mind, such as we might view from Benlomond or Snowden, when he speaks of the hut,

'That from some mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods.'

And in the line, 'Where faint and sickly winds forever howl around,' he does not merely seem to describe the sultry desert, but brings it home to the senses.

"A cloud of obscurity sometimes rests on his highest conceptions, arising from the fineness of his associations, and the daring sweep of his allusions; but the shadow is transitory, and interferes very little with the light of his imagery, or the warmth of his feelings. The absence of even this speck of mysticism from his *Ode on the Passions*, is perhaps the happy circumstance that secured its unbounded popularity. Nothing is commonplace in Collins. The *Pastoral Eclogue*, which is insipid in all other English hands, assumes in his, a touching interest and a picturesque air of novelty.

"Had he lived to enjoy and adorn existence, it is not easy to conceive his sensitive spirit and harmonious ear descending to mediocrity in any path of poetry; yet it may be doubted if his mind had not a passion for the visionary and remote forms of imagination, too strong and exclusive for the general purposes of the drama. His genius loved to breathe, rather in the preternatural and ideal element of poetry, than in the atmosphere of imitation, which lies closest to real life; and his notions of poetical excellence, whatever vows he might address to the manners, were still attending to the vast, the undefinable, and the abstract. Certainly, however, he carried sensibility and tenderness into the highest regions of abstracted thought: his enthusiasm spreads a glow even amongst 'the shadowy tribes of mind,' and his allegory is as sensible to the heart, as it is visible to the fancy."

The moral character of Collins's poetry is as pure as his fancy is elevated. It could hardly have been farther removed from every thing like earthliness or sensuality, if the subjects, which exercised his genius, had been even exclusively devotional.

SELIM, OR THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL; AN ORIENTAL ECLOGUE.

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are bless'd whom Fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts; nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'T is virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd:
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
In forming morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind!

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

"Ye Persian dames," he said, "to you belong—
Well may they please—the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow;
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair;
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display:
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright;
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain!
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermine beautify the skin:

Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
 Each tender passion man delights to find ;
 The lov'd perfections of a female mind !

“ Bless'd were the days when Wisdom held her reign,
 And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;
 With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
 Immortal Truth ! and daughters bless'd their love.
 —O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues, come away !
 Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !
 The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
 By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

“ Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
 The dear deserter shall return again.
 Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
 To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear :
 Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen :
 With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
 Distrusting all ;—a wise suspicious maid ;
 But man the most :—not more the mountain-doe
 Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
 Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew ;
 A silken veil conceals her from the view.
 No wild desires amidst thy train be known ;
 But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :
 Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,
 And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;
 And Love the last : by these your hearts approve ;
 These are the virtues that must lead to love.”

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay :
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along ;
 The shepherds lov'd ; and Selim bless'd his song.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
 With all its shadowy shapes is shown ;
 Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
 While fancy lifts the veil between :

Ah, Fear ! ah, frantic Fear !

I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye ;
 Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly.
 For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear !
 Danger, whose limbs of giant mould

What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
 Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
 Howling amidst the midnight storm,
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
 And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
 Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
 And those, the fiends who, near allied,
 O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
 While vengeance in the lurid air
 Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
 On whom that ravening brood of fate,
 Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait.
 Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
 And look not madly wild, like thee?

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy rape and murder dwell?
 Or in some hollow seat,
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempest brought!
 Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
 Be mine, to read the visions old,
 Which thy awakening bards have told;
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true!
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
 And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
 O thou, whose spirit most possest
 The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke!
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel:
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day;

And many a nymph who wreaths her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin, midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,

Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE, SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS
OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew ;

The red-breast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell :

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

*The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the
Thames, near Richmond.*

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid ;
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

The maids and youths shall linger here ;
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest :
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And, oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah ! what will every dirge avail !
Or tears which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near ?
With him, sweet bard ! may Fancy die ;
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see, the fairy vallies fade ;
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu !

The genial meads, assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;
There hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :
O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies !

FROM AN ODE ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE
HIGHLANDS ; CONSIDERED AS THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

THESE, too, thou 'lt sing ! for well thy magic muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar ;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more !
Ah, homely swains ! your homeward steps ne'er lose ;
Let not dank Will * mislead you to the heath ;
Dancing in murky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake !

What though far off, from some dark dell espied
His glimmering mazes cheer the excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light :
For watchful, lurking, mid th' unrustling reed,
At those murky hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest'd, indeed !
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark, fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then !
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed :
On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with Pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return !
Or if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill, that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source !
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs ?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse !

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way !
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate !
Ah, ne'er shall he return ! alone, if night

* A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lantern, &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.

Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep!
 With drooping willows dress'd, his mournful sprite
 Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
 Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand
 Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
 And with his blue swoln face before her stand,
 And shivering cold these piteous accents speak :
 " Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue,
 At dawn or dusk, industrious as before ;
 Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
 While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
 Drown'd by the Kelpie's* wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more !"

Unbounded is thy range ; with varied skill
 Thy muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
 From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
 Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
 To that hoar pile† which still its ruins shows ;
 In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
 Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
 And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd ground !
 Or thither,‡ where beneath the showery west,
 The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid ;
 Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
 No slaves revere them, and no wars invade :
 Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
 In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
 And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.

But, oh ! o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
 Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
 Go ! just, as they, their blameless manners trace !
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
 And all their prospect but the wintry main.
 With sparing temperance, at the needful time,
 They drain the scented spring : or, hunger-press'd,
 Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading climb,
 And of its eggs despoil the solan's nest.||

* The water fiend.

† One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies ; it is reported, that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

‡ Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

|| An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

Thus, blest in primal innocence they live,
 Suffic'd and happy with that frugal fare
 Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give :
 Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare ;
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there !

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
 Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possess'd ;
 For not alone they touch the village breast,
 But fill'd, in elder time, the historic page.
 There, Shakspeare's self, with every garland crown'd,
 Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
 In musing hour, his wayward sisters found,
 And with their terrors dress'd the magic scene.
 From them he sung, when mid his bold design,
 Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast !
 The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
 Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.
 Proceed ! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
 Could once so well my answering bosom pierce ;
 Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
 The native legends of thy land rehearse ;
 To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
 From sober truth, are still to nature true,
 And call forth fresh delight to fancy's view,
 Th' heroic muse employ'd her Tasso's heart !
 How have I trembled, when, a t' Tancred's stroke,
 Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd !
 When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
 And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword ?
 How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
 To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung !
 Prevailing poet ! whose undoubting mind
 Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung ;
 Hence, at each sound, imagination glows !
 Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here !
 Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows !
 Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
 And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins the harmonious ear !

MARK AKENSIDE.

Born 1721—Died 1770.

AKENSIDE was educated at the University of Edinburgh with the view of becoming a dissenting minister, but after-

wards exchanged the study of theology for that of medicine. At the age of twenty-three he published the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, which conferred upon him at once a high reputation as a poet. In 1748 he established himself at London as a physician, and was assisted during the early and difficult part of his career with unexampled generosity by his friend Mr. Dyson, with an allowance of three hundred pounds a year. His reputation and practice continued to increase till his death, which took place in the 49th year of his age.

Akenside's poem is apparently the production of a mind well stored with philosophy and imagery collected from books, but possessing little acuteness, pathos, or originality of thought, and not accustomed to the observation of nature. Hence it is artificial and declamatory in its character. It has very little depth or tenderness of feeling, and its poetry rarely takes hold on the heart.

Both the thoughts and style are stately and imposing, but the former are too apt to degenerate into bombast, and the latter becomes superfluous in its pomp of expression.

His versification is regular and harmonious, his morality dignified, though rather cold, and his descriptions of the operations of genius, and of the intellectual abstract qualities, are beautiful.

"The sweetness which we miss in Akenside is that which should arise from the direct representations of life and its warm realities and affections. We seem to pass in his poem through a gallery of pictured abstractions rather than of pictured things. He reminds us of odours which we enjoy artificially extracted from the flower, instead of inhaling them from its natural blossom.

"In treating of novelty he is rather more descriptive; we have the youth breaking from domestic endearments in quest of knowledge, the sage over his midnight lamp, the virgin at her romance, and the village matron relating her stories of witchcraft. Short and compressed as these sketches are, they are still beautiful glimpses of reality, and it is expressly from observing the relief which they afford to his didactic and declamatory passages, that we are led to wish that he had appealed more frequently to examples from nature."

THE ATTRACTIONS OF NOVELTY.

CALL now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth

Her tender, blossom, choke the streams of life,
 And blast her spring ! Far otherwise design'd
 Almighty wisdom : Nature's happy cares
 Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline.
 Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
 Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
 To brisker measures : witness the neglect
 Of all familiar prospects though beheld
 With transport once ; the fond attentive gaze
 Of young astonishment ; the sober zeal
 Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
 For such the bounteous providence of Heaven,
 In every breast implanting this desire
 Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
 With unremitted labour to pursue
 Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
 In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
 To paint its power ? For this the daring youth
 Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
 In foreign climes to rove : the pensive sage,
 Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
 Hangs o'er the sickly taper : and untir'd
 The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
 The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
 From morn till eve ; unmindful of her form,
 Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
 The wi-hes of the youth, when every maid
 With envy pin'd. Hence finally, by night,
 The village matron round the blazing hearth
 Suspends the infant audience with her tales,
 Breathing astonishment ! of witching rhymes,
 And evil spirits ; of the death-bed call
 Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
 The orphan's portion ; of unquiet souls
 Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
 Of deeds in life conceal'd : of shapes that walk
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
 At every solemn pause the crowd recoil,
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
 With shivering sighs : till eager for th' event,
 Around the beldame all erect they hang ;
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

PLEASURES OF A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

Oh ! blest of Heave'n, whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the siren ! not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honor, can seduce to leave

Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd soul ! what though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life ; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Indows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds : for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only : for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight : her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye ; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power ?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
No ! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,

The elements and seasons : all declare
 For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
 The powers of man : we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine ; he tells the heart,
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being ; to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom nature's work can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions ; act upon his plan ;
 And form to his, the relish of their souls.

 JOHN HOME.

Born 1724—Died 1808.

It was to Mr. Home that Collins addressed his romantic ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands, predicting in the opening stanza the future exhibition of those tragic powers which were afterwards displayed so remarkably in Douglass. He was born in Scotland, studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was licensed to preach the gospel in 1747. In 1750 he became minister of the church at Athelstanford, over which the poet Blair had previously presided.

The tragedy of Douglass was first exhibited with great applause on the theatre in Edinburgh, and afterwards appeared with equal fame in London. It was attended in Scotland with consequences more unpleasant to the author. The Scottish presbytery esteemed it so great an outrage on the rules of propriety and religion for a clergyman to compose a tragedy for the stage, and be present at its performance, that Mr. Home judged it best to retire from his profession, and accordingly in 1758 took leave of his congregation in a deeply pathetic sermon. His own mind, it is to be feared, was more agitated by ambition, than obedient to the calls of duty.

He spent the remainder of his life, which was prolonged to the age of eighty five, at London, and published many tragedies, not one of which exhibited a glimpse of the genius that conceived and executed Douglass. It is upon this tragedy that Home's literary reputation rests exclusively ; and by this it will always be supported. He has displayed in it much power of the descriptive and pathetic, a good degree of fancy, a discriminating hand in the delineation, of his characters, and a style of versification, easy, regular, and sometimes strong. Its moral influence is also pure. As a whole it is simple, chaste, and grand ; like an ancient Grecian temple, severe in classic beauty, amidst the corruptions of the reigning taste.

SCENE FROM DOUGLASS.

Lord and Lady Randolph.

Lady R. Alas! my lord, I've heard unwelcome news;
The Danes are landed.

Lord R. Ay, no inroad this,
Of the Northumbrian, bent to take a spoil;—
No sportive war, no tournament essay,
Of some young knight, resolved to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed. We must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady R. Dreadful times!

Lord R. The fenceless villages are all forsaken;
The trembling mothers and their children lodged
In well girt towers and castles; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet like broken waves,
They but retire, more awful to return.

Lady R. Immense, as fame reports, the Danish host!

Lord R. Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,
An army knit like ours would pierce it through:
Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
And fond companions, fill our warlike files.
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
The husband and the fearless father arm,
In vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady R. Men's minds are tempered, like their swords,
for war.
Hence early graves; hence the lone widow's life,
And the sad mother's grief-embittered age.
Where is our gallant guest?

Lord R. Down in the vale
I left him, managing a fiery steed,
Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill
Of every rider.—But behold he comes,
In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter Glenalvon and Norval.

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale.
Private I travel to the royal camp.
Norval thou go'st with me. But say, young man,
Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
And in such terms as I o'erheard today?
War is no village science, nor its phrase
A language taught among the shepherd swains.

Norval. Small is the skill my lord delights to praise
In him he favours.--Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow the most remote

And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.
 I went to see him; and my heart was touch'd
 With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
 And entering on discourse, such stories told,
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
 For he had been a soldier in his youth;
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led
 Against the usurping Infidel, display'd
 The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters;
 Then, having show'd his wounds, he 'd sit him down,
 And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
 Of the deep column and the lengthen'd line:
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Unhappy man!

Returning homewards by Messina's port,
 Loaded with wealth and honors bravely won,
 A rude and boisterous captain of the sea
 Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought!
 The stranger fell; and with his dying breath
 Declar'd his name and lineage.
 The soldier cried, my brother! O my brother!
 They exchang'd forgiveness:
 And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
 For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
 In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
 Upon some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
 And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
 At times, alas! nor in his perfect mind,
 Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
 And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
 To make sad orisons for him he slew.

THE FOREST BY MIDNIGHT.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove;
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
 How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
 The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way,
 Through skies where I could count each little star.
 The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves.
 The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 Imposes silence with a still sound.
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,
 If ancestry in aught can be believed,
 Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.

STORY OF THE OLD MAN NORVAL.

SOME eighteen years ago, I rented land
 Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
 But falling to decay, his servants seized
 All that I had, and then turned me and mine,
 (Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
 Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
 A little hovel by the river's side
 Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
 In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
 Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
 One stormy night, as I remember well,
 The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:
 Red came the river down, and loud and oft
 The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
 At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
 Of one in jeopardy. I rose and ran
 To where the circling eddy of a pool
 Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
 My reach whatever floating thing the stream
 Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost:
 But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
 By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,
 A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
 And nestled curious there an infant lay.—

* * * * *

Within the cradle where the infant lay
 Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;
 Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,
 From all the world, this wonderful event,
 And like a peasant breed the noble child.
 That none might mark the change of our estate,

We left the country, travell'd to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But Heaven's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;
For nature will break out; mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent,
But all in vain.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Born 1728—Died 1774.

GOLDSMITH's father was a clergyman at Pallas, in Ireland, where the poet was born. He was educated at Dublin College, and afterwards studied the medical profession at the University of Edinburgh. His departure from this place was hastened on account of a debt contracted by becoming security for an acquaintance. He studied a year at Leyden, and then set out on foot to make the tour of Europe. After a variety of adventures, he returned to England in 1758, and for some years supported himself, though in comparative obscurity, by his prose writings. In 1765, the publication of *The Traveller* obtained for him a high poetical celebrity, with a circle of distinguished men of genius for his acquaintance and friends. From this period till his death, his personal history is that of his writings, which are numerous and well known. *The Deserted Village* was published in 1769, and the *Vicar of Wakefield* in 1767; his first comedy, *The Goodnatured Man*, in 1768, and his second, *She Stoops to Conquer*, in 1773. He died in his forty-sixth year.

His life and character are eccentric, but interesting. Generosity, carelessness, and imprudence, are the reigning features in his disposition. "There must have been something, however," says Campbell, (who has written an extremely beautiful sketch of his life and criticism of his poetry,) "with all his peculiarities, still endearing in his personal character."

Burke was known to recall his memory with tears of affection in his eyes. It cannot be believed that the better genius of his writings was always absent from his conversation. One may conceive graces of his spirit to have been drawn forth by Burke or Reynolds, which neither Johnson nor Garrick had the sensibility to appreciate."

Both the poetry and prose of Goldsmith are read with a more constant, steady, heartfelt, and quiet pleasure, than any other perhaps in the English language. In the former, he captivates the feelings with a power which is mild and gentle, but not less lasting and sure, than if he had been far more sublime in his design, and more magnificent and various in invention. Sweetness of fancy and tenderness of feeling are the peculiar features of his genius, and his pensive delicacy of thought is visible even in his humorous effusions. "His descriptions and sentiments all have the pure zest of nature." His expression is natural and idiomatic, yet in the highest degree select and refined. His manner is beautifully tender and playful, possessing likewise the easy, graceful union of unaffected simplicity with dignity and elegance.

He is chaste in his ornaments, and inimitably soft and sweet in the colouring of his language. His serene and contemplative sensibility, and his quiet enthusiasm for the joys of retired, rural, and domestic life, are mingled with philosophical reflection, and made to harmonize with dignified and manly sentiment. He delights the fancy and at the same time softens the heart and diffuses a purity over the moral feelings. His familiar pictures of the village life, enchant the imagination, and make us dwell fondly even on his most minute and simple recollections.

His delineations of character are original and exquisite. The Parish Schoolmaster and the Village Clergyman are portraits that have no rivals; and his humorous poem of Retaliation contains many delightful and characteristic touches. The national sketches in the Traveller are all admirable, and exhibit great power of observation in seizing on the most expressive features, and conveying the general likeness in a few easy, and gracefully concise, lines. The illustrations in this poem are eminently beautiful. It would scarcely be possible to point out a simile more sweet and appropriate than that of the child at the close of his character of the Swiss. His ballad of the Hermit is written in a style of pensive and gentle pathos, which is singularly touching; while the short description of the cheerful little fireside in the hermitage, around which the cricket chirrup, and the kitten tries its tricks, is artless and captivating. His versification has all the polished elegance without the monotony of Pope, and it flows with a spontaneous, unstudied ease, such as no other poet has ever exhibited. There are no couplets which betray ess art, and are at the same time more perfect, than those of

Goldsmith. He never wrote a bad line, and yet never sacrificed sense or feeling to the harmony of sound. He has so much nature that his very rhymes might almost be said to find an answer in the heart.

FROM THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies :
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee :
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire :
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care ;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view :
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend :
And, plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain

That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man ;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd ;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;
 For me your tributary stores combine ;
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er :
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies ;
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
 May gather bliss, to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own :
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease ;
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
 As different good, by art or nature given,
 To different nations makes their blessings even.

CHARACTER OF THE ITALIANS.

FAR to the right, where Appenine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side.

Woods over woods in gay theatric pride :
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state ;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form :
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a slave :
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade :
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd ;
The sports of children satisfy the child :
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;

While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes, where Cesars once bore sway,
 Defac'd by time, and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

CHARACTER OF THE SWISS.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
 No product here the barren hills afford
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword :
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loth his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His childrens' looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And, haply too, some pilgrim thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
 And ev'n those hills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sporting choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire,
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew ;
 And happily, though my harsh touch fault'ring still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze ;
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honor forms the social temper here.
 Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or even imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land :
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise :
 For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace ;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,

To boast one splendid banquet once a year
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

CONCLUSION OF THE TRAVELLER.

HAVE we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste:
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways:
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind;
 Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find.
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid
 And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd;
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
 How often have I paus'd on every charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
 And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd.
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out, to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn:
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
 His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose:
 And every want to luxury ally'd,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

FROM THE SAME.

SWEET Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose:

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
 And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly !
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep ;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way ;
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when, oft at ev'ning's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose :
 There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
 She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies ;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to bray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE VILLAGE INN.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace,
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in ought,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
 The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspin boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendour ! could not all
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall ?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart

THE EXILES.

WHERE, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way :
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !—
 Are these thy serious thoughts ? ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn
 Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,

And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When, idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Ming'ling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green;
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sire, the first, prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe:
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,

And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose ;
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.—
 O luxury ; thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own ;
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy wo ;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind connubial Tenderness, are there :
 And Piety with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady Loyalty and faithful Love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my wo,
 Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.

THOMAS WARTON.

Born 1728—Died 1790.

THOMAS WARTON was descended from an ancient and honorable family in England, and his father was a clergyman of the Established Church. The poet was educated at Oxford University, which he entered at the age of sixteen, and

of which he continued "a member and an ornament," for forty-seven years. He was elected Professor of Poetry in 1757, and Professor of History in 1785. His most important productions are his *Observations of Spenser*, in two volumes, and the *History of English Poetry*, first published in three volumes, which he did not live to complete according to his original plan.

He was a man of great and various erudition, an acute critic, an able antiquary, and a poet of considerable though not often original genius. A few of his compositions are very beautiful, exhibiting a refined taste, and affording some uncommonly natural and pleasing rural pictures. The moral influence of his poetry is always virtuous.

His personal character was gentle, friendly, and forgiving. He was equable in his temper, tender-hearted, peculiarly affectionate to children, and generally humane. He enjoyed broad humour and a hearty laugh, and in these respects exhibited some amusing eccentricities. "During his visits to his brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, the reverend professor became an associate and confidant in all the sports of the school boys. When engaged with them in some culinary operation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen, and has been dragged from thence by the Doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. He also used to help the boys in their exercises, generally putting in as many faults as would disguise the assistance."

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
 I soothe to peace my pensive mind ;
 And while to shade my lowly cave,
 Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;
 And while the maple dish is mine,
 The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine ;
 I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
 Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.
 Within my limits lone and still
 The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;
 Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
 The wren has wove her mossy nest ;
 From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
 To lurk with innocence, she flies ;
 Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
 Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.
 At morn I take my custom'd round,
 To mark how buds yon shrubby mound ;
 And every opening primrose count,

That trimly paints my blooming mount :
 Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
 That grace my gloomy solitude,
 I teach in winding wreaths to stray.
 Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.
 At eve, within yon studious nook,
 I ope my brass-embossed book,
 Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
 Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed :
 Then as my taper waxes dim,
 Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn ;
 And, at the close, the gleams behold
 Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
 Who but would smile at guilty statè ?
 Who but would wish his holy lot
 In calm Oblivion's humble grot ?
 Who but would cast his pomp away,
 To take my staff, and amice gray ;
 And to the world's tumultuous stage
 Prefer the blameless hermitage ?

THE HAMLET.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
 To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild ;
 Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
 For splendid care, and guilty gain !
 When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
 Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
 They rove abroad in ether blue,
 To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
 That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear :
 On green untrodden banks they view
 The hyacinth's neglected hue :
 In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
 They spy the squirrel's airy bounds :
 And startle from her ashen spray,
 Across the glen, the screaming jay :
 Each native charm their steps explore
 Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
 Mounts, to illume their homeward way :

Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er the glimmering hearth they share ;
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied-canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the broom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay :
Or quaintly braid the cowslip twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine ;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill ;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade imbowers :
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound :
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime :
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar ;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

WHEN in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bower to build :
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron mantle on,
And mists in spreading steams convey,
More fresh, the fumes of new-shorn hay ;
Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemp'tation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in useful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood ;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge.
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There through the dusk but dimly seen,

Sweet evening objects intervene :
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants,
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants their fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense ;
Nor tangled woodbines' balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume :
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet :
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell :
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot ;
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep embattled ears of corn :
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
Meantime, a thousand dies invest
The ruby chambers of the west !
That all aslant the village tower,
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze ;
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light :
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies ;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lap'd, nor heed the way ;
Wandering through the landscape, still
Till melancholy has her fill ;
And on each moss-wove border damp
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r ;
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess, lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead :
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath :

There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down ;
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil, that hums around ;
And see the team shrill tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer show'r,
When the bright Sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving Nature's form ;
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue :
There issuing forth, the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While, as I walk, from pearly bush
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush ;
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue :
And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe ;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivied oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock :
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone ;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around :
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its sides with mantling woodbines wove ;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
When Helicon's fresh fountain wells ;
Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps
Or hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day ;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath ;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve !
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands,

Smote with keen heat, the traveller stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn:
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Born 1731—Died 1800.

COWPER's biography is remarkable amidst that of all other poets, and indeed of all other men, for being almost exclusively the history of his feelings. It is a record, not so much of the changes in his external or even intellectual circumstances, as of those in the affections and emotions of his heart. Hence it is intensely interesting, without deriving that interest either from variety of incident or even from the progress and publication of his literary works. The events in his life are few, and those few such as cannot be understood, but in connexion with a full developement of the states of mind and feeling, which preceded, accompanied, and were occasioned by them. From his letters, which are the finest specimens of epistolary writing in the language, and from the affectionate and instructive biography of Hayley, the pupil may gain some adequate knowledge of that singular and sensitive being.

The personal character of Cowper, to those who could appreciate its merits, must have been in the highest degree attractive and interesting. His friends loved him, indeed, with a strength of attachment, and watched over him with a vigilance and an affectionate delicacy of attention, which it is rare to witness. His keen sensibilities,—so keen, that they shrunk instinctively from the slightest exposure,—did not prevent the stronger features of his mind from growing into full richness and maturity, but rather blended and harmonized with them into a beautifully original combination. His character wore all the softness and delicacy of a flower that has grown in the shade, without exhibiting its pallid sickliness of hue.

With a warm-hearted benevolence towards all mankind, and a peculiar tenderness of feeling even for the inferior orders of being, he united a rich humour, a delightful fund of pleasantry and wit. At the same time a fervent piety diffused its influence alike throughout his character and writings,

shedding its sweet radiance over his cheerful hours, and even in the deepest gloom of his despondency, supporting with its consolations and its precepts, a mind, which, but for that support, would have sunk into hopeless insanity.

“The nature of Cowper’s works makes us peculiarly identify the poet and the man in perusing them. As an individual, he was retired and weaned from the vanities of the world; and, as an original writer, he left the ambitious and luxuriant subjects of fiction and passion, for those of real life and simple nature, and for the developement of his own earnest feelings, in behalf of moral and religious truth. His language has such a masculine, idiomatic strength, and his manner, whether he rises into grace or falls into negligence, has so much plain and familiar freedom, that we read no poetry with a deeper conviction of its having come from the author’s heart; and of the enthusiasm, in whatever he describes, having been unfeigned and unexaggerated. He impresses us with the idea of a being, whose fine spirit has been long enough in the mixed society of the world to be polished by its intercourse, and yet withdrawn so soon as to retain an unworldly degree of purity and simplicity. He was advanced in years before he became an author, but his compositions display a tenderness of feeling so youthfully preserved, and even a vein of humour so far from being extinguished by his ascetic habits, that we can scarcely regret his not having written them at an earlier period of life. For he blends the determination of age with an exquisite and ingenuous sensibility; and though he sports very much with his subject, yet when he is in earnest, there is a gravity of long-felt conviction in his sentiments, which gives an uncommon ripeness of character to his poetry.”

At the same time he has exhibited in it, a greater variety of power than almost any other English poet. He has furnished “examples of the sublime, the pathetic, the descriptive, the moral, the satirical, so numerous that nothing seemed beyond his grasp, and so original, that nothing reminds us of any former poet.” His pathos frequently communicates a pensive tenderness to his whole train of thought, and sometimes deepens into the most affecting sketches. His satires are strong, natural, and characteristic. As a descriptive poet, he is in most respects unrivalled, and stands with Thomson at the head of this class of poetry; the latter being more comprehensive in his views, and the former more minute, graphic, and picturesque in his delineations.

“To his eye, the great and little things of this world were levelled into an equality, by his recollection of the power and purposes of Him who made them. They are, in his view, only as toys spread on the lap and carpet of nature, for the childhood of our immortal being. This religious indifference to the world is far, indeed, from blunting his sensibility to the genuine and simple beauties of creation; but it gives his taste

a contentment and fellowship with humble things. It makes him careless of selecting and refining his views of nature beyond their casual appearance. He contemplated the face of plain English rural life, in moments of leisure and sensibility, till its minutest features were impressed upon his fancy; and he sought not to embellish what he loved. Hence his landscapes have less of the ideally beautiful than Thomson's; but they have an unrivalled charm of truth and reality."

"There is no poet who has given us a finer conception of the amenity of female influence. Of all the verses that have been ever devoted to the subject of domestic happiness, those in his *Winter Evening* at the opening of the fourth book of the *Task* are perhaps the most beautiful. In perusing that scene of 'intimate delights,' 'fireside enjoyments,' and 'home-born happiness,' we seem to recover a part of the forgotten value of existence, when we recognize the means of its blessedness so widely dispensed, and so cheaply attainable, and find them susceptible of description at once so enchanting and so faithful."

The elevated devotional tendency of his poetry, is what constitutes its most ennobling feature. Connected with this his patriotism is indeed sublime. Expostulation, is written in a strain of solemn severity and truth, which makes it seem, addressed as it is to the nation, like the prophetic warnings of Isaiah: and the *Task*, has passages of moral sublimity which are scarce to be equalled in the language.

The influence which an intimacy with his writings is calculated to exert upon the soul, is truly delightful. The most religious mind may give itself away to the enjoyment of his fine poetry, and feel safe in the assurance that it is at the same time breathing the pure atmosphere of piety and truth, and that its thoughts will never be led where the remembrance of God and of heaven would not follow with delight. For the manner in which he has blended together devotional fervour and poetic genius, he stands perfectly alone, and is well entitled to be named by way of eminence the Christian Poet. The spirit, besides, which animates his pages, is one of quiet gentleness and benevolence amidst his fellow men, mingled often with touches of original familiar humour that are extremely fascinating.

THE DISCIPLES' WALK TO EMMAUS WITH THEIR UNKNOWN SAVIOUR.

It happen'd on a solemn eventide,
 Soon after He that was our surety died,
 Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,
 The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
 Sought their own village, busied as they went

In musings worthy of the great event :
 They spake of him they lov'd, of him whose life,
 Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,
 Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
 A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
 The recollection, like a vein of ore,
 The farther trac'd, enrich'd them still the more ;
 They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
 Sent to do more than he appear'd t' have done ;
 T' exalt a people, and to place them high
 Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.
 Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
 A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
 And ask'd them with a kind engaging air
 What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.
 Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,
 And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
 Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
 The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell,
 That reaching home, the night, they said, is near,
 We must not now be parted, sojourn here—
 The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
 And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
 He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
 And left them both exclaiming, 'T was the Lord !
 Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say,
 Did they not burn within us by the way ?

THE FALL OF THE JEWISH NATION.

Ask now of history's authentic page,
 And call up evidence from every age ;
 Display with busy and laborious hand
 The blessings of the most indebted land ;
 What nation will you find, whose annals prove
 So rich an int'rest in almighty love ?
 Where dwell they now, where dwelt in ancient day
 A people planted, water'd, blest as they ?
 Let Egypt's plagues and Canaan's woes proclaim
 The favours pour'd upon the Jewish name ;
 Their freedom purchas'd for them, at the cost
 Of all their hard oppressors valued most ;
 Their title to a country not their own
 Made sure by prodigies till then unknown ;
 For them the states they left made waste and void ;
 For them the states, to which they went, destroy'd ;
 A cloud to measure out their march by day,
 By night a fire to cheer the gloomy way ;
 That moving signal summoning when best,
 Their host to move, and when it stay'd, to rest.

For them the rocks dissolv'd into a flood,
 The dews condens'd into angelic food,
 Their very garments sacred, old yet new,
 And Time forbid to touch them as he flew ;
 Streams swell'd above the bank, enjoin'd to stand,
 While they pass'd through to their appointed land ;
 Their leader, arm'd with meekness, zeal, and love,
 And grac'd with clear credentials from above ;
 Themselves secur'd beneath th' Almighty wing ;
 Their God their captain, lawgiver, and king ;
 Crown'd with a thousand vict'ries, and at last
 Lords of the conquer'd soil, there rooted fast,
 In peace possessing what they won by war,
 Their name far publish'd, and rever'd as far ;
 Where will you find a race like theirs, endow'd
 With all that man e'er wish'd, or Heav'n bestow'd ?

They, and they only, amongst all mankind,
 Receiv'd the transcript of th' Eternal Mind ;
 Were trusted with his own engraven laws,
 And constituted guardians of his cause ;
 Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call,
 And theirs by birth the Saviour of us all.
 In vain the nations that had seen them rise
 With fierce and envious, yet admiring eyes,
 Had sought to crush them, guarded as they were,
 By pow'r divine, and skill that could not err.
 Had they maintain'd allegiance firm and sure,
 And kept the faith immaculate and pure,
 Then the proud eagles of all-conquering Rome
 Had found one city not to be o'ercome ;
 And the twelve standards of the tribes unfurl'd
 Had bid defiance to the warring world.
 But grace abus'd brings forth the foulest deeds,
 As richest soil the most luxuriant weeds.
 Cur'd of the golden calves, their father's sin,
 They set up self, that idol god within ;
 View'd a deliv'rer with disdain and hate,
 Who left them still a tributary state ;
 Seiz'd fast his hand, held out to set them free
 From a worse yoke, and nail'd it to the tree :
 There was the consummation and the crown,
 The flow'r of Israel's infamy full blown ;
 Thence date their sad declension and their fall,
 Their woes not yet repeal'd, thence date them all.

Thus fell the best instructed in her day,
 And the most favour'd land, look where we may.
 Philosophy indeed on Grecian eyes
 Had pour'd the day, and clear'd the Roman skies ;

In other climes perhaps creative art,
 With pow'r surpassing theirs, performed her part,
 Might give more life to marble, or might fill
 The glowing tablets with a juster skill,
 Might shine in fable, and grace idle themes
 With all th' embroidery of poetic dreams;
 'T was theirs alone to dive into the plan,
 That truth and mercy had reveal'd to man;
 And while the world beside, that plan unknown,
 Defied useless wood, or senseless stone,
 They breath'd in faith their well-directed pray'rs,
 And the true God, the God of truth, was theirs.

Their glory faded, and their race dispers'd,
 The last of nations now, though once the first:
 They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn,
 Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn:
 If we escap'd not, if Heav'n spar'd not us,
 Peel'd, scatter'd, and extirminated thus;
 If vice receiv'd her retribution due,
 When we were visited, what hope for you?
 When God arises with an awful frown
 To punish lust, or pluck presumption down;
 When gifts perverted, or not duly priz'd,
 Pleasure o'ervalued, and his grace despis'd,
 Provoke the vengeance of his righteous hand,
 To pour down wrath upon a thankless land;
 He will be found impartially severe,
 Too just to wink, or speak the guilty clear.

Oh Israel, of all nations most undone!
 Thy diadem displac'd, thy sceptre gone;
 Thy temple, once thy glory, fall'n and ras'd,
 And thou a worshipper e'en were thou may'st;
 Thy services, once only without spot,
 Mere shadows now, their ancient pomp forgot;
 Thy Levites, once a consecrated host,
 No longer Levites, and their lineage lost.
 And thou thyself o'er ev'ry country sown,
 With none on earth that thou canst call thine own;
 Cry aloud, thou, that sittest in the dust,
 Cry to the proud, the cruel, and unjust;
 Knock at the gates of nations, rouse their fears;
 Say wrath is coming, and the storm appears;
 But raise the shrillest cry in British ears.

THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL

And yet our lot is giv'n us in a land,
Where busy arts are never at a stand ;
Where science points her telescopic eye,
Familiar with the wonders of the sky ;
Where bold inquiry, diving out of sight,
Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light ;
Where nought eludes the persevering quest,
That fashion, taste, or luxury, suggest.

But above all in her own light array'd,
See mercy's grand apocalypse display'd ?
The sacred book no longer suffers wrong,
Bound in the fetters of an unknown tongue ;
But speaks with plainness, art could never mend,
What simplest minds can soonest comprehend.
God gives the word, the preachers throng around,
Live from his lips, and spread the glorious sound :
That sound bespeaks Salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day ;
'T is heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.
And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour it on the farthest north :
Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows.

O blest within th' enclosure of your rocks,
Not herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks ;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show revers'd the villas on their side ;
No groves have ye ; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard ;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those, that walk at ev'ning where ye dwell ;
But winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne ;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast ;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey ;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
—Yet truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle !
And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile ;
The pride of letter'd Ignorance, that binds

In chains of error our accomplish'd minds,
 That decks, with all the splendour of the true,
 A false religion, is unknown to you.
 Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
 The sweet vicissitudes of day and night :
 Soft airs and genial moisture, feed and cheer
 Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here ;
 But brighter beams, than his who fires the skies,
 Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,
 That shoot into your darkest caves the day,
 From which our nicer optics turn away.

 CHARITY.

THE soul, whose sight all-quickenng grace renews,
 Takes the resemblance of the good she views,
 As diamonds, stripped of their opaque disguise,
 Reflect the noonday glory of the skies.
 She speaks of him, her author, guardian, friend,
 Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,
 In language warm as all that love inspires,
 And in the glow of her intense desires,
 Pants to communicate her noble fires.
 She sees a world stark blind to what employs
 Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys ;
 Though Wisdom hail them, heedless of her call,
 Flies to save some, and feels a pang for all :
 Herself as weak as her support is strong,
 She feels that frailty she denied so long ;
 And, from a knowledge of her own disease,
 Learns to compassionate the sick she sees.
 Here see, acquitted of all vain pretence,
 The reign of genuine Charity commence.
 Though scorn repay her sympathetic tears,
 She still is kind, and still she perseveres ;
 The truth she loves a sightless world blaspheme,
 'Tis childish dotage, a delirious dream,
 The danger they discern not, they deny ;
 Laugh at their only remedy, and die.
 But still a soul thus touched can never cease,
 Whoever threatens war, to speak of peace.
 Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
 Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child :
 She makes excuses where she might condemn,
 Reviled by those that hate her, prays for them ;
 Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
 The worst suggested, she believes the best ;
 Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,
 And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased ;
 She rather waives than will dispute her right,

And, injured, makes forgiveness her delight.
 Such was the portrait an apostle drew,
 The bright original was one he knew;
 Heaven held his hand, the likeness must be true.

When one, that holds communion with the skies
 Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
 And once more mingles with us meaner things,
 'T is even as if an angel shook his wings;
 Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
 That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
 So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
 The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
 Has dropped her anchor, and her canvass furled,
 In some safe haven of our western world,
 'T were vain inquiry to what port she went,
 The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

MAN is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
 Each yielding harmony dispos'd aright;
 The screws revers'd (a task which if he please
 God in a moment executes with ease,)
 Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
 Lost, till he tune them, all their pow'r and use.
 Then neither healthy wilds, nor scenes as fair
 As ever recompens'd the peasant's care,
 Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
 Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
 Parks in which art preceptress nature weds,
 Nor gardens interspers'd with flow'ry beds,
 Nor gales that catch the scent of blooming groves,
 And wafts it to the mourner as he roves,
 Can call up life into his faded eye,
 That passes all he sees unheeded by;
 No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
 No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals;
 And thou sad suff'rer under nameless ill,
 That yields not to the touch of human skill,
 Improve the kind occasion, understand
 A father's frown, and kiss his chast'ning hand.
 To thee the day-spring, and the blaze of noon,
 The purple ev'ning and resplendant moon,
 The stars that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
 Seem drops descending in a shower of light,
 Shine not, or undesir'd and hated shine,
 Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine:
 Yet seek him, in his favour life is found,
 All bliss beside a shadow or a sound:

Then heav'n, eclips'd so long, and this dull earth,
 Shall seem to start into a second birth ;
 Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
 Borr'wing a beauty from the works of grace,
 Shall be despis'd and overlook'd no more,
 Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before,
 Impart to things inanimate a voice,
 And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice ;
 The sound shall run along the winding vales,
 And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

VANITY OF HUMAN PURSUITS.

I WAS a stricken deer, that left the herd
 Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd
 My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew,
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
 There was I found by one, who had himself
 Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
 And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
 With gentle force soliciting the darts,
 He drew them forth, and heal'd and bade me live.
 Since then, with few associates, in remote
 And silent woods I wander, far from those
 My former partners of the peopled scene ;
 With few associates, and not wishing more.
 Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
 With other views of men and manners now
 Than once, and others of a life to come.
 I see that all are wand'rers, gone astray
 Each in his own delusions ; they are lost
 In chase of fancied happiness, still woo'd
 And never won. Dream after dream ensues ;
 And still they dream, that they shall still succeed,
 And still are disappointed. Rings the world
 With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
 And add two thirds of the remaining half,
 And find the total of their hopes and fears
 Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay,
 As if created only like the fly,
 That spreads his motley wings in th' eye of noon,
 To sport their season, and be seen no more.
 The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,
 And pregnant with discov'ries new and rare.
 Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
 Of heroes little known ; and call the rant
 A history : describe the man, of whom
 His own coevals took but little note,
 And paint his person, character, and views,
 As they had known him from his mother's womb.

They disentangle from the puzzled skein,
 In which obscurity has wrapp'd them up,
 The threads of politic and shrewd design,
 That ran through all his purposes, and charge
 His mind with meanings that he never had,
 Or, having, kept conceal'd. Some drill and bore
 The solid earth, and from the strata there
 Extract a register, by which we learn,
 That he who made it, and reveal'd its date
 To Moses, was mistaken in its age.
 Some more acute, and more industrious still,
 Contrive creation: travel nature up
 To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
 And tell us whence the stars; why some are fix'd,
 And planetary some; what gave them first
 Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light.
 Great contest follows, and much learned dust
 Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
 And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
 The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
 In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
 To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.

THE NEWSPAPER.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And, while the bubbling, and loud hissing urn
 Throws up a steaming column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
 Not such his ev'ning, who with shining face
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
 And bor'd with elbow-points through both his sides,
 Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage:
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
 This folio of four pages, happy work!
 Which not even critics criticise; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concern?
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
 That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes;

He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ! At his heels,
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
 And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
 And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
 Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
 Meanders lubricate the course they take ;
 The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd,
 T' ingross a moment's notice ; and yet begs,
 Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise ;
 The dearth of information and good sense,
 That it fortells us, always comes to pass.
 Cat'racts of declamation thunder here ;
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,
 In which all comprehension wanders lost ;
 While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,
 And lillies for the brows of faded age,
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heav'n, earth and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
 Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,
 And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

'T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
 To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjur'd ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round
 With all its generations ; I behold
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ;
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
 And av'rice, that make man a wolf to man ;
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
 By which he speaks the language of his heart,
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee
 From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land ;

The manners, customs, policy, of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans ;
 He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return—a rich repast for me.
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

THE DOMESTIC WINTER EVENING.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun
 A pris'nér in the yet undawning east,
 Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gath'ring at short notice, in one group
 The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
 Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;
 No powder'd pert proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
 Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
 The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :
 But here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
 And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;

A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs, that blow
 With most success when all besides decay.
 The poet's or historian's page by one
 Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
 The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out :
 And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
 And in the charming strife triumphant still,
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
 On female industry : the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
 The volume clos'd, the customary rites
 Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal ;
 Such as the mistress of the world once found
 Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
 Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
 And under an old oak's domestic shade,
 Enjoy'd spare feast, a radish and an egg.
 Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
 Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth :
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
 That made them, an intruder on their joys,
 Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing wand,
 That calls the past to our exact review,
 The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snar
 The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
 Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace restor'd,
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
 O ev'nings worthy of the gods ! exclaim'd
 The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply,
 More to be prized and coveted than yours,
 As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,
 That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

EVENING FIRESIDE REVERIE, WHILE IT SNOWS OUT OF
 DOORS.

JUST when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
 With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
 From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
 Goliah, might have seen his giant bulk
 Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,
 My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
 The glowing hearth may satisfy a while

With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.
Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers,
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious and confess
Fearless a soul, that does not always think.
Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
The sooty films, that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach.
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and lost.
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected powers; and snapping short
The glassy threads, with which the fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The silence and the warmth enjoyed within!
I saw the woods and fields at close of day,
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturned so lately by the forceful share.
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently performed,

And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy shower ; the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle ; and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

'Tis morning ; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the horizon ; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From every herb and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular proportioned limb
Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they designed to mock me, at my side
Take step for step ; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plastered wall,
Preposterous sight ! the legs without the man.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge ; and the bents,
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder ; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied ; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the accustomed load,
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass :
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away ; no needless care,

Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a flisk
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ;
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark : nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
That fumes beneath his nose : the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighbouring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossiped side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves
To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye
The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved
To escape the impending famine, often scared
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut ; and wading at their head
With well-considered steps, seems to resent
His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer
The hills and vallies with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now ?
Earth yields them nought ; the imprisoned worm is safe
Beneath the frozen clod ; all seeds of herbs
Lie covered close ; and berry-bearing thorns
That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

THE night was winter in his roughest mood ;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ;
And through the trees I view th' embattled tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed ;
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give an useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and Wisdom far from being one,
Have oftimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them, by a tune entranced.

While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
 The insupportable fatigue of thought,
 And swallowing therefore without pause or choice,
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
 But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
 And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
 And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
 Peeps through the moss, that clothes the hawthorn root,
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
 Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
 By slow solicitation, seize at once
 The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

THE HAPPINESS OF ANIMALS.

HERE unmolested, through whatever sign
 The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
 Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
 Nor stranger, intermeddling with my joy.
 Even in the spring and playtime of the year,
 That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
 With all her little ones, a sportive train,
 To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
 And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
 A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook,
 These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
 Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
 Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove unalarmed
 Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
 His long love-ditty for my near approach.
 Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
 That age or injury has hollowed deep,
 Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
 He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
 To frisk a while, and bask in the warm sun,
 The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play;
 He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
 Ascends the neighbouring beech; there whisks his brush,
 And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,
 With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
 And anger, insignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
 For human fellowship, as being void
 Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
 To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
 With sight of animals enjoying life,
 Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
 The bounding fawn, that darts along the glade

When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,
 And spirits buoyant with excess of glee ;
 The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
 That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
 Then stops, and snorts, and, throwing high his heels,
 Starts to the voluntary race again ;
 The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
 The total herd receiving first from one,
 That leads the dance, a summons to be gay,
 Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
 Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent
 To give such act and utterance, as they may
 To ecstasy too big to be suppressed—
 These, and a thousand images of bliss,
 With which kind Nature graces every scene,
 Where cruel man defeats not her design,
 Impart to the benevolent, who wish
 All that are capable of pleasure pleased,
 A far superior happiness to theirs,
 The comfort of a reasonable joy.

ANTICIPATION OF THE MILLENIUM.

THE groans of Nature in this nether world,
 Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
 Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
 Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
 The time of rest, the promised sabbath, comes.
 Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
 Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
 Over a sinful world ; and what remains
 Of this tempestuous state of human things
 Is merely as the working of the sea
 Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest :
 For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
 The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
 When sin hath moved him, and his wrath is hot,
 Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend
 Propitious in his chariot paved with love ;
 And what his storms have blasted and defaced
 For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet
 Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch :
 Nor can the wonders it records be sung
 To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
 But when a poet, or when one like me,
 Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
 Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last,

On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
 Such is the impulse and the spur he feels
 To give it praise proportioned to its worth,
 That not t'attempt it, arduous as he deems
 The labour, were a task more arduous still.

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
 Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who can see,
 Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
 His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
 Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
 And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
 Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
 Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
 Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
 Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.
 The various seasons woven into one,
 And that one season an eternal spring,
 The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
 For there is none to covet, all are full.
 The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
 Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon
 Together, or all gambol in the shade
 Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
 Antipathies are none. No foe to man
 Lurks in the serpent now; the mother sees,
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
 Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
 To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
 The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
 All creatures worship man, and all mankind
 One Lord, one Father. Error has no place:
 That creeping pestilence is driven away;
 The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
 No passion touches a discordant string,
 But all is harmony and love. Disease
 Is not; the pure and uncontaminate blood
 Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
 One song employs all nations; and all cry,
 "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!"
 The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
 Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
 From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
 Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
 Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
 Behold the measure of the promise filled;
 See Salem built, the labour of a God!
 Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;
 All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
 Flock to that light; the glory of all lands

Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,
 And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
 Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there :
 'The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
 And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
 Praise is in all her gates ; upon her walls,
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
 Kneels with the native of the farthest west ;
 And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
 And worships. Her report has travelled forth
 Into all lands. From every clime they come
 To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
 O Sion ! an assembly such as earth
 Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

O THOU, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
 Back to the season of life's happy spring,
 I pleas'd remember, and, while mem'ry yet
 Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget ;
 Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told tale
 Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail ;
 Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
 May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile ;
 Witty, and well-employ'd, and, like thy Lord,
 Speaking in parables his slighted word ;
 I name thee not, lest so despis'd a name
 Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame ;
 Yet even in transitory life's late day,
 That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
 Revere the man, whose pilgrim marks the road,
 And guides the progress of the soul to God.
 'T were well with most, if books, that could engage
 Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper age ;
 The man, approving what had charmed the boy,
 Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy ;
 And not with curses on his heart, who stole
 The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.

ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
 The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me ;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles 'Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorr'wing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
 Thy maidens griev'd themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
 By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
 Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor ;
 And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
 'T is now become a history little known,
 That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.

Shortliv'd possession! but the record fair,
 That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
 A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interpos'd too often makes;
 All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
 And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
 Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distress'd—

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
 Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
 Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth,
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
 And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done,
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
 To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine ;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me left.

CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON.

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—
 And meet perhaps never again ;
 The sun of that moment is set,
 And seems to have risen in vain.
 Catharina has fled like a dream—
 (So vanishes pleasure, alas !)
 But has left a regret and esteem,
 That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,
 Catharina, Maria, and I,
 Our progress was often delayed
 By the nightingale warbling nigh.
 We paused under many a tree,
 And much she was charmed with a tone
 Less sweet to Maria and me,
 Who so lately had witnessed her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
 And gave them a grace so divine,
 As only her musical tongue
 Could infuse into numbers of mine.
 The longer I heard, I esteemed
 The work of my fancy the more,
 And even to myself never seemed
 So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
 In number the days of the year,
 Catharina, did nothing impede,
 Would feel herself happier here :
 For the close woven arches of limes
 On the banks of our river, I know,
 Are sweeter to her many times
 Than aught that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endued
 With a well-judging taste from above,
 Then, whether embellished or rude,
 'T is nature alone that we love.
 The achievements of art may amuse,
 May even our wonder excite,
 But groves, hills, and vallies, diffuse
 A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
 Catharina alone can rejoice,
 May it still be her lot to possess
 The scene of her sensible choice !
 To inhabit a mansion remote
 From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
 And by Philomel's annual note
 To measure the life that she leads :

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
 To wing all her moments at home,
 And with scenes that new rapture inspire
 As oft as it suits her to roam.
 She will have just the life she prefers,
 With little to hope or to fear,
 And ours would be pleasant as hers,
 Might we view her enjoying it here.

THE COLUBRIAD.

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nail'd fast
 Three kittens sat; each kitten look'd aghast.
 I passing swift, and inattentive by,
 At the three kittens cast a careless eye;
 Not much concern'd to know what they did there;
 Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
 But presently a loud and furious hiss
 Caused me to stop, and to exclaim "what's this?"
 When lo! upon the threshold met my view,
 With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
 A viper, long as Count de Grasse's cue

Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose ;
Who, having never seen, in field or house,
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse :
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whisker'd face, she ask'd him, " who are you ?"
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe :
With which well arm'd, I hasten'd to the spot,
To find the viper, but I found him not ;
And turning up the leaves, and shrubs around,
Found only, that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
" I hope," said I, " the villain I would kill,
Has slipp'd between the door, and the door sill ;
And if I make despatch, and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard ;"
For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
'T was in the garden that I found him first.
Even there I found him, there the full-grown cat
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat ;
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean,
Fill'd with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of our only cat,
That was of age to combat with a rat ;
With outstretch'd hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him never to come there no more.

JAMES BEATTIE.

Born 1735—Died 1803.

BEATTIE, whose father was a respectable Scottish farmer, was educated at the university of Aberdeen. In 1754 at the age of nineteen he commenced the study of Divinity, supporting himself at the same time by teaching an obscure school. Not long afterwards he was appointed one of the instructors in the high school of Aberdeen. In 1761 he published a volume of poems which were then highly commended, but which he afterwards, and perhaps rightly, judged were not worthy of preservation. At the age of twenty-six he was appointed professor of Moral Philosophy in Aberdeen University, and held this office forty years. In 1770 appeared his *Essay on Truth*, the most extensively popular of his prose works, and a year after he published the first part of *The Minstrel*. The second part appeared in 1774.

He was unfortunate in his family, whose peace was destroyed by the insanity of his wife ; and the last years of his existence were peculiarly calamitous. The loss of his two sons, both youths of extraordinary promise, and one for a short period associate professor with his father, injured his health, and depressed his spirits, even to the temporary derangement of his reason. "Yet amidst the depth of his melancholy he would sometimes acquiesce in his childless fate, and exclaim 'how could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled with madness.'"

It is upon the Minstrel that the poetical celebrity of Beattie exclusively rests ; and this poem displays a sweet fancy, and abounds in passages of great beauty, both in description and sentiment. A vein of pathetic moral reflection runs through the whole of it, which is of the purest kind, and very elevating in its influence. We have a fine instance of his descriptive power in the stanzas upon morning, especially in the line "*Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings*,"—a very striking circumstance, and expressed in the most vivid language possible. In the romantic character of Edwin he has exhibited the youthful meditation and fancies of genius, as it unfolds in retirement, and is afterwards strengthened by study, in a manner which is not only interesting but instructive.

EDWIN.

THERE liv'd in gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady.
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie :
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms ;
Zealous, yet modest : innocent, though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene, amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;
An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
His drink the living water from the rock :
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went

From labour health, from health contentment springs,
Contentment opes the source of every joy ;
He envied not, he never thought of, kings ;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,

That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy :
 Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguil'd ;
 He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
 For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smil'd,
 And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
 Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;
 Each season, look'd delightful, as it past,
 To the fond husband, and the faithful wife ;
 Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
 They never roam'd ; secure beneath the storm
 Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
 Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
 Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tales these artless lines unfold,
 Was all the offspring of this humble pair :
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold :
 No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
 Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
 You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth ;
 The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;
 The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth ;
 And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye :
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
 Silent, when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
 And now his look was most demurely sad,
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why ;
 The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad ;
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
 Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled ;
 Nor car'd to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head ;
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
 There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring :
 His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd, would bleed
 To work the woe of any living thing,

By trap or net, by arrow or by sling;
 These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield;
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field:
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
 And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
 While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
 Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
 And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn;
 Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil.—
 But lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost:
 What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour tost
 In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene:
 In darkness, and in storm, he found delight;
 Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
 The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling shene,
 Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul:
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

EDWIN'S MEDITATIONS IN AUTUMN.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"
 (The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)

"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!
Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders; and with wasteful sway,
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth;
So flourishes and fades majestic man!
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan:
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span:
Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?—
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive,
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?—
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught,
In sooth, 't was almost all the shepherd knew,

No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
 Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue :—
 " Let man's own sphere" (quoth he) " confine his view ;
 Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
 And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
 By pleasure uneduc'd, unaw'd by lawless might.

" And from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
 O never, never turn away thine ear ;
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah ! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear !
 To others do (the law is not severe)
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done :
 Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
 And friends, and native land ; nor those alone ;
 All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own."

MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell ?
 The wild-brook babbling down the mountain side.
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
 The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings ;
 Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirling wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her ærial tour.

EDWIN'S FANCIES AT EVENING.

WHEN the long-sounding curfew from afar
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
 Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
 Lingered and listening wander'd down the vale.
 There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale ;
 And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
 And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,

Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles along.

Or when the setting moon, in crimson died,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of Night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth a host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire.
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance:
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigourous spring, then glance
Rapid along; with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

THE HUMBLE WISH.

LET vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where the green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

And thither let the village swain repair;
And, light of heart the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May;

There let the shepherd's pipe the livelong day,
 Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
 And when mild evening comes with mantle gray,
 Let not the blooming band make haste to go,
 No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

FANCY AND EXPERIENCE.

I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)
 For soft and smooth are fancy's flowery ways.
 And yet even there, if left without a guide,
 The young adventurer unsafely plays.
 Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays,
 In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
 And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
 That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
 More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined?

Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
 And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
 To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
 But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
 And often, where no real ills affright,
 Its visionary fiends, and endless train,
 Assail with equal or superior might,
 And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
 And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

And yet, alas! the real ills of life
 Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
 Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
 Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
 We fare on earth as other men have fared:
 Were they successful? Let not us despair.
 Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
 Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
 How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd to bear.

POETIC LEGENDS IN EARLY CHILDHOOD.

BUT hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
 Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
 O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide!
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;
 For well I know, wherever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide.

Ah me! abandon'd on the lonesome plain,
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
 Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door:
 Then as instructed by tradition hoar,
 Her legends when the beldam 'gan impart,
 Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
 Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
 Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
 And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd;
 Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale;
 And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
 The moonlight revel of the fairy glade;
 Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
 'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
 A gentler strain the bedlam would rehearse,
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
 The orphan-babes,* and guardian uncle fierce.
 O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
 That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone!
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
 Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
 The babes now famish'd lay them down to die,
 'Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn,
 Folded in one another's arms they lie;
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:
 "For from the town the man returns no more."
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
 This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
 When Death lay waste thy house, and flames consume thy
 store.

BE HUMBLE AND BE WISE.

SHALL he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
 Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
 Shall the poor knat with discontent and rage
 Exclaim, that nature hastens to decay,
 If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
 If but a momentary shower descend?

* See the fine old ballad, called "The Children in the Wood."

Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end?

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem,
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O, then renounce that impious self esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

Born 1746—Died 1767.

BRUCE's father was a weaver in Scotland, but out of his humble earnings afforded his beloved son, whose poetical talents were developed even in childhood, an education at the University of Edinburgh. After the usual classic course, the youthful poet entered on the study of Divinity; but while teaching a small school at no great distance from his native place he was seized with a deep consumption, in the midst of which he composed his poem on Lochleven. He toiled patiently onwards awhile through his day and evening school, till at length the progress of disease compelled him to resign his sanguine hopes, and return to his father's house, where he expired in his twentyfirst year.

Lochleven contains much that is beautiful in itself, and as a whole, gave promise of great poetical excellence in future. The Elegy written on the prospect of his own dissolution is deeply pathetic;—"a most interesting relic of his amiable feelings and fortitude."

EXTRACT FROM LOCHLEVEN.

I KNEW an aged swain, whose hoary head
Was bent with years, the village-chronicle,
Who much had seen, and from the former times
Much had receiv'd. He, hanging o'er the hearth
In winter evenings, to the gaping swains,
And children circling round the fire, would tell
Stories of old, and tales of other times.
Of Lomond and Levina he would talk;
And how of old in Britain's evil days,
When brothers against brothers drew the sword

Of civil rage, the hostile hand of war
Ravag'd the land, gave cities to the sword,
And all the country to devouring fire.
Then these fair forests and Elysian scenes,
In one great conflagration, flam'd to heav'n.
Barren and black, by swift degrees arose
A murish fen ; and hence the labouring hind,
Digging for fuel, meets the mouldering trunks,
Of oaks, and branchy antlers of the deer.

Now sober Industry, illustrious pow'r !
Hath rais'd the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy : now, sweating, guides
The shining ploughshare ; tames the stubborn soil ;
Leads the long drain along th' unfertile marsh ;
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
The haunt of flocks ; and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests, and the golden grain.

Fair from his hand behold the village rise,
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees !
Above whose aged tops the joyful swains,
At even-tide, descending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high-curling to the clouds.
The streets resound with Labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
The village hope. All in a reverend row,
Their gray-haired grandsires, sitting in the sun,
Before the gate, and, leaning on the staff,
The well-remembered stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.

How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
Where Beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
Forever pleasant, and forever new !
Swell the exulting thought, expands the soul,
Drowning each ruder care : a blooming train
Of bright ideas rushes on the mind.
Imagination rouses at the scene ;
And backward, through the gloom of ages past,
Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,
Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
The mazy dance conducting on the green.
Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales
Thine, gentle Leven ! Green on either hand
Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice

With all the riches of the golden year.
 Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side,
 Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,
 Feed undisturb'd ; and fill the echoing air
 With music, grateful to the master's ear.
 The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
 O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart
 With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,
 Bowbent with age, that on the old gray stone,
 Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
 Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

FROM AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN SPRING.

THUS have I walk'd along the dewy lawn ;
 My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn ;
 Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
 And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when Winter chill'd the aged year,
 I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain :
 Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
 Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then, sleep, my nights, and quiet bless'd my days ;
 I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store ;
 No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease ;
 Heav'n gave content and health—I ask'd no more.

Now, Spring returns ; but not to me returns
 The vernal joy my better years have known ;
 Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
 And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
 And count the silent moments as they pass :

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
 No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate ;
 And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true :
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
 Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
 Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
 Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
 When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes ;
 The world and all its busy follies leave,
 And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
 When death shall shut these weary aching eyes !
 Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

JOHN LOGAN.

Born 1748—Died 1788.

LOGAN was a native of Scotland, and was educated for the church at the University of Edinburgh. His sermons, published under the care of Dr Robertson, possess much excellence. His poetry is distinguished for its chaste and simple style, and contains some natural and pleasing touches of description. His Ode to the Cuckoo must always be admired. It obtained, when published, a testimony to its excellence which the highest genius might be proud to acknowledge. "Burke was so much pleased with it, that when he came to Edinburgh he made himself acquainted with its author." The moral tendency of his poems is pure, and in his hymns, elevated to devotion.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear ;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

ODE WRITTEN IN SPRING.

No longer hoary winter reigns,
No longer binds the streams in chains,
Or heaps with snow the meads;
Array'd with robe of rainbow-dye,
At last the spring appears on high,
And, smiling over earth and sky,
Her new creation leads.

The snows confess a warmer ray,
The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray,
And echo down the dale;
The hills uplift their summits green,
The vales more verdant spread between,
The cuckoo in the wood unseen
Coos ceaseless to the gale.

The rainbow arching woos the eye,
With all the colours of the sky,
With all the pride of spring;
Now heaven descends in sunny showers,
The sudden fields put on the flowers,
The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
And birds begin to sing.

The cattle wander in the wood,
And find the wanton verdant food,
Beside the well-known rills ;
Blithe in the sun the shepherd swain,
Like Pan attunes the pastoral strain,
While many echoes send again
The music of the hills.

At eve, the primrose path along,
The milkmaid shortens with a song
Her solitary way ;
She sees the fairies, with their queen,
Trip hand in hand the circled green,
And hears them raise at times unseen,
The ear-enchancing lay.

Maria, come ! Now let us rove,
Now gather garlands in the grove,
Of every new-sprung flower ;
We 'll hear the warblings of the wood,
We 'll trace the windings of the flood ;
O come, thou fairer than the bud
Unfolding in a shower.

ROBERT BURNS.

Born 1758—Died 1796.

BURNS was born in a clay cottage near the town of Ayr. He was instructed in reading and English grammar, by a teacher named Murdoch, from the age of seven to nine. For a long time after this period, all that he learned consisted of a few lessons in arithmetic and writing, received during the winter evenings by the cottage fireside, from his father. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to the parish school, during a part of the summer, to learn penmanship. At the age of fourteen, he studied French a few weeks with his old master, and made a wonderful proficiency in that language. At the age of nineteen, he was instructed for a few months in land surveying, and this, with the mention of his very narrow circle of reading, makes up the whole history of his education.

The songs and superstitions of his native land formed the chief aliment of his genius. He learned a multitude of songs, from hearing them sung by his mother at her busy wheel in the cottage ; and an old beldame taught him the tales and wonders of Scottish superstition. He declares that the song book was his *Vade Mecum*, for he pored over it "even when driving his cart or walking to labour."

"He was the eldest of a family, buffeted by misfortunes, toiling beyond their strength, and living without the support of animal food. At thirteen years of age he used to thresh in his father's barn; and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm. After the toils of the day, he usually sunk in the evening into dejection of spirits, and was afflicted with dull headaches, the joint result of anxiety, low diet, and fatigue. 'This kind of life,' he says, 'the cheerless gloom of a hermit and the toil of a galley slave, brought me to my sixteenth year, when love made me a poet.' The object of his first attachment was a Highland girl named Mary Campbell, who was his fellow reaper in the same harvest field. She died very young; and when Burns heard of her death, he was thrown into an ecstasy of suffering, much beyond what even his keen temperament was accustomed to feel."

From the age of seventeen to twentyfour, he lived partly with his father, and partly laboured with his brother for the support of the family, which became entirely dependent upon them after their father's death. All his schemes, from unavoidable causes, proved unfortunate, and in 1786 he determined to cross the Atlantic, and "push his fortune" in Jamaica. The want of money to procure his passage compelled him to publish an edition of his poems, by which he gained about twenty pounds, and which proved the means of detaining him in his native land. He had taken leave of his friends, and written that farewell song so strongly expressive of the gloom and intensity of his melancholy feelings, *The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast*, and was just upon the point of embarking, when the contents of a letter from Dr. Blacklock to one of his friends, describing the probable success of his poems in Edinburgh, lighted up his prospects, and induced him to proceed immediately to the Scottish capital.

With the exception of a tour through Scotland in 1787, he remained here two years, "the fashion and the idol" of the city, caressed and distinguished in the highest and most refined society, but especially courted by men of conviviality, to whom his natural eloquence and wit, and his warm social feelings rendered him as a companion peculiarly enchanting. Their admiration of his genius was altogether selfish, which he discovered but too cruelly, when he was at length obliged to return to his plough, with no other appointment than the petty office of a gauger, or exciseman, and with habits of convivial excess and a taste for the brilliant and excited life he was quitting, peculiarly unfortunate in his future employments.

From this period, 1789, his existence was harrassed with cares, irregularities, and passions, though illumined at times with the most brilliant gleams of poetry and eloquence. In 1795, he fell into a rapid decline, and died early in the summer.

The character of Burns has been pourtrayed with much

enthusiasm of genius in the Edinburgh Review. Its virtues have had many eulogists, its vices too many apologists. Neither our admiration of his genius, nor our sympathy with his sufferings, should ever make us forget that the obligations of religion and morality rested upon him as upon all other men, and that he violated them. The rule of his fortune was not, indeed, in his power; but it *was* in his power to have kept his own moral character and the moral character of his poetry perfectly unsullied. He could not escape the external misery with which he struggled, but he might have risen superior to it, not in the pride of a false independence, but in the strength of virtuous principle, and the consolations of religious feeling. His passions were undoubtedly strong, yet there was no fatality laid upon his soul, either in the ardour of his temperament or the fire of his genius, to hurry him into vicious excess, or debar him from the common refuge for weak, suffering, and tempted man. Above all, there can be no apology for a single instance of degradation in his poetical genius, for the vices of his poetry were not the consequence of sudden temptation, but the productions of deliberate thought.

These remarks are made not without a heartfelt admiration of what is truly excellent in Burns, both personal and poetical, but because it is so customary to excuse the faults of his conduct, to disguise what is most certainly immoral in the spirit of his poetry, and to praise the *generous independence* of his feelings. "He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free;" and therefore true independence is a noble quality. Yet if we examine that which existed in his character, by the light of the New Testament, we shall be very likely to find it at least visionary and defective, as proceeding from a wrong estimate of human life, if not absolutely criminal, as having its foundation, notwithstanding its generous appearance, in a contracted, selfish pride. The law of Christianity recognizes no independence, but that which is combined with humility; none which will render us superior in anything but virtue to our fellow-men, or exempt us from the common necessity of mutual assistance.

The *pure* poetry of Burns is so full of the eloquence of nature, that it commands a just appreciation of its beauties in every heart. For short, hasty effusions of strong feeling, for characteristic humour, for deep pathos, for the forcible description of natural objects and the power of connecting them with moral interest, for the simple expression of natural sentiment, for condensed energy and sublimity in his patriotic odes, for the faithful delineation of native customs, and for the decided national spirit which the patriotism of his own feelings has communicated to all his poetry, he stands perfectly unrivalled.

It cannot be doubted that the moral tendency of many of

his pieces is injurious; while comparatively few are elevated, like his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, to a degree of moral sublimity sufficient to redeem this defect, if anything could do it. A volume might be selected from his works, (and this service ought long since to have been performed, for the cause of virtue, and the reputation of Burns,) which would include all his best poetry, and yet reject every sentiment and every allusion, which the imagination could not safely pursue with pleasure. At present the gleams of sensuality and of an earthly mind are so mingled with the flashes of his better genius, that the most ardent admirer of his poetry dare not put its volumes into the hands of youth.

THE POETIC SCENERY OF SCOTLAND.

THE Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!

But Willie, set your fit¹ to mine,

An' cock your crest,

We 'll gar² our streams an' burnies³ shine

Up wi' the best.

We 'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,⁴

Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,

Her banks an' braes,⁵ her dens and dells,

Where glorious Wallace

Aft bure the gree,⁶ as story tells,

Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood

But boils up in a spring-tide flood!

Oft have our fearless fathers strode

By Wallace' side,

Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,⁷

Or glorious dy'd.

O, sweet are Coila's haughs⁸ an' woods,

When lintwhites chant amang the buds,

And jinkin⁹ hares, in amorous whids,¹⁰

Their loves enjoy,

While thro' the braes the cushat croods¹¹

With wailfu' cry!

Even winter bleak has charms to me

When winds rave through the naked tree;

Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree

Are hoary gray;

1 Foot. 2 Make. 3 Rivulets. 4 Level fields. 5 Precipices. 6 To bear the gree, to be decidedly victor. 7 Walking in blood over the shoe-tops. 8 Valleys. 9 Dodging. 10 Running about. 11 To coo as a dove.

Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,
ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURYSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft delighted stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,*
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

 JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,

* Bank.

But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

THE POSIE.

O LUVE will venture in, where it daur na weel be seen,
O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the evening star is near,
And, the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her e'en sae clear:
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd wi' the courses of clear, winding rills;

There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow :
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

EVAN BANKS.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires ;
To Evan banks with temperate ray
Home of my youth, it leads the day.
Oh ! banks to me forever dear !
Oh ! stream whose murmurs still I hear !
All, all my hopes of bliss reside,
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast ;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye !
Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in thy vocal bowers recline ?
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde.

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound !
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below ;
What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs ?
Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side :
Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost ;

Return, ye moments of delight,
 With richer treasures bless my sight !
 Swift from this desert let me part,
 And fly to meet a kindred heart !
 Nor more may aught my steps divide
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

TO A MOUSE,
 ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH IN
 NOVEMBER.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic 's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !¹
 I wad be laith² to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murdering pattle !³

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has bracken nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 A daimen-icker⁴ in a thrave⁵
 'S a sma' request :
 I 'll get a blessing wi' the lave,⁶
 And never miss 't.

Thy wee bit housie, too in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the wins are strewin !
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell⁷ and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !

1 Hurry. 2 Loth. 3 Plough staff. 4 Ear of corn. 5 Twenty-four sheaves. 6 The rest. 7 Biting.

Now thou 's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch¹ could!

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,²
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gly,³
 An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

NOVEMBER chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;⁴
 The short'ning winter day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh:
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin,⁵ stacher⁶ thro'
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin⁷ noise and glee.
 His wee bit ingle,⁸ blinkin⁹ bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve¹⁰ the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out amang the farmers roun':
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie¹¹ rin
 A cannie¹² errand to a neebor town:

1 Hoar frost. 2 Thysel' alone. 3 Wrong. 4 Rushing noise of the wind. 5 Tottering. 6 Stagger. 7 Fluttering. 8 Fire. 9 Blazing.
 10 By and by. 11 Considerate. 12 Dexterous.

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw¹ new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-worn penny-fee,
 T' help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers :²
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears ;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars³ auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new ;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The youngers a' are warn'd to obey ;
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent⁴ hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out of sight, to jauk⁶ or play :
 " An' O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 An' mind your duty duly, morn an' night !
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore his counsel and assisting might :
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright ! "

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins⁵ is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it 's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
 A strappan⁶ youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit 's not ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye ⁷.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But, blate⁸ and laithfu',⁹ scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn 's respected like the lave.¹⁰

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide,

1 Fine. 2 Inquire. 3 Makes. 4 Diligent. 5 Almost. 6 Tall and handsome. 7 Cows. 8 Bashful. 9 Backward. 10 Others.

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'¹ Bible ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart² haffets³ wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales⁴ a portion with judicious care ;
 And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.

'They chaunt their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;
 Or noble Elgin beats the heav'n-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed,
 How he, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's com-
 mand.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal king,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

1 Hall. 2 Gray. 3 Temples of the head. 4 Chooses.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace except the heart!
 The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
 That he who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts, with grace divine preside.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,
 ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou 's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure¹
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem

Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!²
 Wi' spreckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted³ forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,

¹ Dust. ² Wetness. ³ Peeped.

But thou beneath the random bield¹
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie² stibble³ field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n,
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Even thou, who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

FAREWELL SONG.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;

1 Shelter. 2 Barren. 3 Stubble.

The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd covies meet secure,
While here I wander prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'T is not the surging billow's roar,
'T is not that fatal deadly shore ;
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! Farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH
OF SPRING.

Now nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,

Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae ;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been ;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And monie a traitor there ;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

Oh ! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME, WHICH A FELLOW
HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye :
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains :

No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains,
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

JAMES GRAHAME.

Born 1765—Died 1811.

GRAHAME was born in Glasgow, and enjoyed from his parents the invaluable privileges of an early religious education. From the grammar school he entered the University of Glasgow, and after passing through the usual course of study, devoted himself to the profession of the law. In his practice as a lawyer he exhibited the virtuous singularity of being unwilling to advocate any cause which was without foundation in equity and truth ; when it was manifestly unjust he would return both his brief and fee, and positively refuse to undertake it.

In 1804 he published his poem of the Sabbath, with so much secrecy and caution, that for a long time no individual suspected the author, and he had the satisfaction of hearing its praises repeated in all companies, and of finding his own wife among its warmest admirers. He was so delighted with the enthusiasm of her applause, and with the manner in which she would point out to him its beautiful passages, that at length on one of these occasions he could not avoid confessing himself its author. The Sabbath was followed at different intervals with various other poems.

On the death of his father, Grahame, who had entered the profession of the law chiefly out of respect to the wishes of that parent, turned his attention to the study of Divinity, on which his predilections had always rested, and resolved to give himself up to the service of religion. He was accordingly ordained and appointed to a curacy by the Bishop of Norwich in 1809. After pleasantly describing the situation of his parish in a letter to his friends, he declares himself as happy as he could be at a distance from them, and at the close of a short account of his "temporalities," adds "The church is very ancient and crazy. In the steeple there are three sweet toned bells and an owl."

He died but two years afterwards, enjoying in his last moments the strong consolations of that religion by which his life had been regulated.

Much of Grahame's finest poetry is devotional and religious in its character, and it is all delightful for its excellent moral tendency. The Sabbath is one of the most pleasing poems in the English language. The subject itself, in its very nature, is all poetry, and Grahame has displayed a soft and sweet fancy, a mild enthusiasm for its rural and domestic attractions, and a refined, discriminating taste generally, in the selection and exhibition of its most interesting scenes. The morning of the Sabbath, its progress, its various services and some of its beautiful rites, the feelings with which it is hailed by different classes of men and in various circumstances, its romantic solemnity and sacred power amidst the persecuted covenanters, the Sabbath jubilee of the Jews, the Sabbath evening in Scotland, and many other scenes are pourtrayed with deep feeling and appropriate colouring and imagery.

Many of his minor pieces are excellent. He is simple and unaffected both in thought and language, and his descriptions are natural and just. He exhibits great tenderness of sentiment, which runs through all his writings, and sometimes deepens into a very affecting pathos.

SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
 The ploughboy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
 That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze.
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating midway up the hill.
 Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale ;
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals,
 The voice of psalms—the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, Peacé o'er yon village broods ;
 The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
 Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.
 Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
 Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,

Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screen'd from the winter's cold
And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of from,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With cover'd face and upward earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While, wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

THE SCOTTISH SERVICE AT CHURCH.

BUT now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground,
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave well pleased;
These mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God; these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in. A placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Arise and read the annointed shepherd's lays.
His locks of snow, his brow serene, his look
Of love, it speaks, "Ye are my children all;
The gray-hair'd man, stooping upon his staff,
As well as he, the giddy child, whose eye

Pursues the swallow flitting thwart the dome."
 Loud swells the song : O how that simple song,
 Though rudely chanted, how it melts the heart,
 Commingling soul with soul in one full tide
 Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble trust !
 Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,
 Breathed from the inmost heart, in accents low,
 But earnest.—Alter'd is the tone ; to man
 Are now address'd the sacred speaker's words.
 Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace,
 Flow from his tongue : O chief let comfort flow !
 It is most needed in this vale of tears :
 Yes, make the widow's heart to sing for joy ;
 The stranger to discern the Almighty's shield
 Help o'er his friendless head ; the orphan child
 Feel, 'mid his tears, I have a father still !
 'Tis done. But hark that infant querulous voice
 Plaint not discordant to a parent's ear ;
 And see the father raise the white-robed babe
 In solemn dedication to the Lord :
 The holy man sprinkles with forth-stretch'd hand
 The face of innocence ; then earnest turns,
 And prays a blessing in the name of Him
 Who said, Let little children come to me ;
 Forbid them not : The infant is replaced
 Among the happy band : they, smilingly,
 In gay attire, hie to the house of mirth,
 The poor man's festival, a jubilee day,
 Remember'd long.

THE WORSHIP OF GOD, IN THE SOLITUDE OF THE WOODS.

It is not only in the sacred fane
 That homage should be paid to the Most High ;
 There is a temple, one not made with hands—
 The vaulted firmament : Far in the woods,
 Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
 At intervals heard through the breezeless air ;
 When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
 Save where the linnet lights upon the spray ;
 When not a floweret bends its little stalk,
 Save where the bee alights upon the bloom ;—
 There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
 The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon ;
 Silence his praise ; his disembodied thoughts,
 Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
 Beyond the empyrean—
 Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
 The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy,

In some lone glen, where every sound is lull'd
 To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
 Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
 Stretch'd on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son ;
 Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
 And wonders why he weeps ; the volume closed,
 With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
 The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conn'd
 With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
 Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
 Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
 Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
 The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
 Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
 Returning homeward from the house of prayer.

PERSECUTION AND SABBATH OF THE COVENANTERS.

With them each day was holy, every hour
 They stood prepared to die, a people doom'd
 To death ;—old men, and youths, and simple maids.
 With them each day was holy ; but that morn
 On which the angel said, See where the Lord
 Was laid, joyous arose ; to die that day
 Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
 O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
 The upland muirs, where rivers, there but brooks,
 Dispart to different seas : Fast by such brooks
 A little glen is sometimes scoop'd, a plat
 With green sward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
 Amid the heathery wild, that all around
 Fatigues the eye ; in solitudes like these,
 Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foil'd
 A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws :
 There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array,
 Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
 On England's banner, and had powerless struck
 The infatuate monarch and his wavering host,)
 The lyart veteran heard the word of God
 By Cameron thunder'd, or by Renwick pour'd
 In gentle stream ; then rose the song, the loud
 Acclaim of praise. The wheeling plover ceased
 Her plaint ; The solitary place was glad,
 And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear
 Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
 But years more gloomy follow'd ; and no more
 The assembled people dared, in face of day,
 To worship God, or even at the dead
 Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
 And thunder-peals compell'd the men of blood

To couch within their dens ; then dauntlessly
 The scatter'd few would meet, in some deep dell
 By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
 Their faithful pastor's voice : He by the gleam
 Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
 And words of comfort spake : Over their souls
 His accents soothing came,—as to her young
 The heathfowl's plumes, when at the close of eve,
 She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
 By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
 Fondly her wings ; close nestling 'neath her breast,
 They, cherish'd, cower amid the purple blooms.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

BUT wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
 The house of prayer itself,—no place inspires
 Emotions more accordant with the day,
 Than does the field of graves, the land of rest :—
 Oft at the close of evening-prayer, the toll,
 The solemn funeral-toll, pausing, proclaims
 The service of the tomb : the homeward crowds
 Divide on either hand ; the pomp draws near ;
 The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing,
 I am the resurrection and the life.
 Ah me ! these youthful bearers robed in white,
 They tell a mournful tale ; some blooming friend
 Is gone, dead in her prime of years :—'T was she,
 The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
 With angel tongue pleaded to those who could :
 With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,
 That ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd
 For longer life, with heart resign'd to die,—
 Rejoiced to die ; for happy visions bless'd
 Her voyage's last days, and hovering round
 Alighted on her soul, giving presage
 That heaven was nigh :—O what a burst
 Of rapture from her lips ! what tears of joy
 Her heaven-ward eyes suffused ! Those eyes are closed ;
 But all her loveliness is not yet flown :
 She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
 Retains that smile ; as when a waveless lake,
 In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
 Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
 Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
 Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.
 Again that knell ! The slow procession stops :
 The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thick emboss'd
 With melancholy ornaments—(the name,

The record of her blossoming age,)—appears
 Unveil'd, and on it dust to dust is thrown,
 The final rite. Oh! hark that sullen sound!
 Upon the lower'd bier the shovell'd clay
 Falls fast, and fills the void.—

AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

WHEN homeward bands their several ways disperse,
 I love to linger in the narrow field
 Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
 And think of some who silent sleep below.
 Sad sighs the wind, that from those ancient elms
 Shakes showers of leaves upon the wither'd grass:
 The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
 Fill up the furrows, 'tween the hillock'd graves.
 But list that moan! 't is the poor blind man's dog,
 His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
 The master and the friend—conjunction rare!
 A man indeed he was of gentle soul,
 Though bred to brave the deep: the lightning's flash
 Had dimm'd, not closed, his mild, but sightless eyes.
 He was a welcome guest through all his range!
 (It was not wide:) no dog would bay at him;
 Children would run to meet him on his way,
 And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
 His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
 Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
 The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship;
 And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
 Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
 Peace to thy spirit! that now looks on me
 Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
 To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.

But let me quit this melancholy spot,
 And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
 As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod
 That copes the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
 A second blow of many flowers appears;
 Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
 But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
 That circles Autumn's brow: the ruddy haws
 Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble bends
 Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs
 With auburn branches, dipping in the stream
 That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
 The leaf-strewn banks: Oft, statue-like, I gaze,
 In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,

And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam ;
Or rowan's cluster'd branch, or harvest sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene ! deep, deep,
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day,—
Not even a foot-fall heard.—Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain :
Hid are the bushes, save that, here and there,
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged, the whirled drift has almost reach'd
The powder'd key-stone of the church-yard porch.
Mute hangs the hooded bell : the tombs lie buried,
No step approaches to the house of prayer.

The flickering fall is o'er ; the clouds disperse
And show the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire ;
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretch'd far below !
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood.
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells, that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold !
There silence dwells profound ; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the calm,
The mantled echoes no response return.

But let me now explore the deep-sunk dell.
No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long : the wintry day
Soon closes ; and full oft a heavier fall
Heap'd by the blast, fills up the shelter'd glen.
While gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way. O ! then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift away :—

S the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
 From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
 Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
 Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
 Bedimm'd with showers : Then to the pastures green
 He brings them, where the quiet waters glide,
 The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

LITTLE CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

"SUFFER that little children come to me,
 Forbid them not : " Imboldened by his words,
 The mothers onward press ; but, finding vain
 The attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes
 To stranger's hands : The innocents alarmed,
 Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
 Shrink trembling,—till their wandering eyes discern
 The countenance of Jesus beaming love
 And pity ; eager then they stretch their arms,
 And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast.

THE LARK, THE MERLE* AND THE MAVIS.†

WITH earliest spring, while yet the wheaten blade
 Scarce shoots above the new-fallen shower of snow,
 The skylark's note, in short excursion, warbles :
 Yes ! even amid the day-obscurer fall,
 I've marked his wing winnowing the feathery flakes,
 In widely-circling horizontal flight.
 But, when the season genial smiles, he towers
 In loftier poise, with sweeter fuller pipe,
 Cheering the ploughman at his furrow end,—
 The while he clears the share, or, listening, leans
 Upon his paddle-staff, and, with raised hand,
 Shadows his half-shut eyes, striving to scan
 The songster melting in the flood of light.

On tree, or bush, no Lark was ever seen ;
 The daisied lea he loves, where tufts of grass
 Luxuriant crown the ridge ; there, with his mate,
 He finds their lowly house, of withered bents,
 And coarsest speargrass ; next, the inner work
 With finer, and still finer fibres lays,
 Rounding it curious with his speckled breast.
 How strange this untaught art ! it is the gift,
 The gift innate of Him, without whose will
 Not even a sparrow falleth to the ground.

* Blackbird. † Thrush.

And now the assiduous dam her red-specked treasure,
 From day to day increases, till complete
 The wonted number, blythe, beneath her breast,
 She cherishes from morn to eve,—from eve
 To morn shields from the dew, that globuled lies
 Upon her mottled plumes: then with the dawn
 Upsprings her mate, and wakes her with his song.
 His song full well she knows, even when the sun,
 High in his morning course, is hailed at once
 By all the lofty warblers of the sky:
 But most his downward-veering song she loves;
 Slow the descent at first, then, by degrees,
 Quick, and more quick, till suddenly the note
 Ceases; and, like an arrow-fledge, he darts,
 And, softly lighting, perches by her side.

* * * * *

When snowdrops die, and the green primrose leaves
 Announce the coming flower, the Merle's note,
 Mellifluous, rich, deep-toned, fills all the vale,
 And charms the ravished ear. The hawthorn bush,
 New-budded, is his perch; there the gray dawn
 He hails; and there, with parting light concludes
 His melody. There, when the buds begin
 To break, he lays the fibrous roots; and, see,
 His jetty breast embrowned; the rounded clay
 His jetty breast has soiled; but now complete,
 His partner, and his helper in the work,
 Happy assumes possession of her home;
 While he, upon a neighbouring tree, his lay,
 More richly full, melodiously renews.
 When twice seven days have run, the moment snatch,
 That she has flitted off her charge, to cool
 Her thirsty bill, dipt in the babbling brook,
 Then silently, on tip-toe raised, look in,
 Admire: five cupless acorns, darkly specked,
 Delight the eye, warm to the cautious touch.
 In seven days more expect the fledgeless young,
 Five gaping bills. With busy wing, and eye
 Quick-darting, all alert, the parent pair
 Gather the sustenance which heaven bestows.
 But music ceases, save at dewy fall
 Of eve, when, nestling o'er her brood, the dam
 Has stilled them all to rest; or at the hour
 Of doubtful dawning gray; then from his wing
 Her partner turns his yellow bill, and chaunts
 His solitary song of joyous praise.
 From day to day, as blow the hawthorn flowers,
 That canopy this little home of love,

The plumage of the younglings shoots and spreads,
Filling with joy the fond parental eye.

* * * * *

How much alike in habits, form, and size,
The Merle and the Mavis! how unlike
In plumage, and in song! The thrush's song
Is varied as his plumes; and as his plumes
Blend beauteous, each with each, so run his notes
Smoothly, with many a happy rise and fall.
How prettily, upon his paraded breast,
The vividly contrasted tints unite
To please the admiring eye; so, loud and soft,
And high and low, all in his notes combine,
In alternation sweet, to charm the ear.

Full earlier than the blackbird he begins
His vernal strain. Regardless of the frown
Which winter casts upon the vernal day,
Though snowy flakes melt in the primrose cup,
He, warbling on, awaits the sunny beam,
That mild gleams down, and spreads o'er all the grove.
But now his song a partner for him gains;
And in the hazel bush, or sloe, is formed
The habitation of the wedded pair:
Sometimes below the never-fading leaves
Of ivy close, that overtwisting binds,
And richly crowns, with clustered fruit of spring,
Some riven rock, or nodding castle wall;
Sometimes beneath the jutting root of elm,
Or oak, among the sprigs, that overhang
A pebble-chiding stream, the loam-lined house
Is fixed, well hid from ken of hovering hawk,
Or lurking beast, or schoolboy's prowling eye;
Securely there the dam sits all day long,
While from the adverse bank, on topmost shoot
Of odour-breathing birch, her mate's blythe chaunt
Cheers her pent hours, and makes the wild woods ring.
Grudge not, ye owners of the fruited boughs,
That he should pay himself for that sweet music,
With which, in blossom time, he cheers your hearts!
Scare, if ye will, his timid wing away,
But, O, let not the leaden viewless shower,
Vollied from flashing tube, arrest his flight,
And fill his tuneful, gasping bill with blood!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Born 1785—Died 1806.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE displayed from his childhood an ardent love of study, and an earnest desire for a literary life. But the circumstances of his family made it necessary to put him to a trade, and between fourteen and fifteen he spent a year of misery in the employment of weaving stockings. He was removed in 1800 to an attorney's office, and thenceforward applied himself with great diligence to the study of the law, acquiring likewise in his leisure hours a knowledge of the languages and of several of the sciences.

At length he seemed to have attained the object of his ardent desire and indefatigable exertion; he was released from his employment in 1804, and after a twelvemonth's preparatory study, in which his progress was truly astonishing, he entered the University of Cambridge. Here he at once obtained the highest academical honors, but his protracted and incessant intensity of devotion to his studies entirely destroyed his health and soon brought him to the grave. It was his intention to have devoted himself to the profession of divinity; an office which he seemed well fitted to dignify and render useful, by his piety and talents.

His poetry possesses uncommon beauties, and excited high hopes of his future excellence and celebrity. It is often remarkable for its pathos.

SONNET TO THE RIVER TRENT.

WRITTEN ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

ONCE more, O Trent! along thy pebbly marge
 A pensive invalid, reduced and pale,
 From the close sick-room newly let at large,
 Woos to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.
 O! to his ear how musical the tale
 Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat:
 And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail.
 How wildly novel on his senses float!
 It was on this that many a sleepless night,
 As lone, he watch'd the taper's sickly gleam,
 And at his casement heard, with wild affright,
 The owl's dull wing and melancholy scream,
 On this he thought, this, this his sole desire,
 Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland choir.

SONNET.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
 Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
 And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
 May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
 While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
 List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
 Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
 I shall not want the world's delusive joys :
 But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
 Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more ;
 And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
 I 'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
 And lay me down to rest, where the wild wave
 Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

SONNET IN HIS SICKNESS.

YES, 't will be over soon.—This sickly dream
 Of life will vanish from my feverish brain ;
 And death my wearied spirit will redeem
 From this wild region of unvaried pain.
 Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
 Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow,—
 Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
 When Henry's name is heard no more below.
 I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
 They laugh in health, and future evils brave ;
 Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
 While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
 God of the just—Thou gavest the bitter cup ;
 I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

SONNET TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head,
 Consumption, lay thine hand !—let me decay,
 Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
 And softly go to slumber with the dead.
 And if 't is true, what holy men have said,
 That strains angelic oft foretell the day,
 Of death to those good men who fall thy prey,
 O let the aerial music round my bed,
 Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
 Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear,
 That I may bid my weeping friends good by
 Ere I depart upon my journey drear :
 And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
 Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

I 'M PLEASED AND YET I 'M SAD.

WHEN twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my study window sit,
And, wrapp'd in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad,
The tear drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I 'm pleased, and yet I 'm sad.

The silvery rack that flies away
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
Does that disturb my breast?
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan,
Or pleasure's fading vest?

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top,
Must bend my lonely way?
No, surely no! for give but me
My own fireside, and I shall be
At home where'er I stray.

Then is it that yon steeple there,
With music sweet shall fill the air,
When thou no more canst hear?
Oh, no! Oh, no! for then forgiven
I shall be with my God in heaven,
Released from every fear.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I 'm glad;
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why,
Or wherefore I am sad.

THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG TO THE NIGHT.

THOU, spirit of the spangled night!
I woo thee from the watch tower high,
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,
The distant main is moaning low ;
Come, let us sit and weave a song—
A melancholy song !

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,
But sweeter far the solemn calm,
That marks thy mournful reign.

I 've pass'd here many a lonely year,
And never human voice have heard ;
I 've pass'd here many a lonely year
A solitary man.

And I have linger'd in the shade,
From sultry noon's hot beam ; and I
Have knelt before my wicker door,
To sing my evening song.

And I have hail'd the gray morn high,
On the blue mountain's misty brow,
And tried to tune my little reed
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet,
As when upon the ocean shore
I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,
The moon it whispers not of peace ;
But oh ! when darkness robes the heavens,
My woes are mixt with joy.

And then I talk, and often think
Aerial voices answer me ;
And oh ! I am not then alone—
A solitary man.

And when the blustering winter winds
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,
I lay me on my lonely mat,
And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife ;
And Fancy gives me back my child ;
She gives me back my little home,
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,
That calls me from the dream of bliss,
To find myself still lone, and hear
The same dull sounds again.

The deep-toned winds, the moaning sea,
The whispering of the boding trees,
The brook's eternal flow, and oft
The condor's hollow scream.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY. *

SWEET scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song:
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

COME, Disappointment, come !
 Not in thy terrors clad ;
 Come in thy meekest, saddest guise ;
 Thy chastening rod but terrifies
 The restless and the bad.
 But I recline
 Beneath thy shrine,
 And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away
 Before thy hollow tread,
 Yet Meditation, in her cell,
 Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell,
 That tells her hopes are dead ;
 And though the tear
 By chance appear,
 Yet she can smile, and say, " My all was not laid here."

Come, Disappointment, come !
 Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
 Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
 For thou severe wert sent from heaven
 To wean me from the world :
 To turn my eye
 From vanity,
 And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene ?
 A peevish April day !
 A little sun—a little rain,
 And then night sweeps along the plain,
 And all things fade away.
 Man (soon discuss'd)
 Yields up his trust,
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

O, what is beauty's power ?
 It flourishes and dies ;
 Will the cold earth its silence break,
 To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
 Beneath its surface lies ?
 Mute, mute is all
 O'er Beauty's fall ;
 Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth,
 Not long survives to-day ;
 So music past is obsolete,
 And yet 't was sweet, 't was passing sweet,

But now 't is gone away.
 Thus does the shade
 In memory fade,
 When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
 And volatile, and fleet,
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where dust corrupts, and moth destroys,
 And cares and sorrows eat?
 Why fly from ill
 With anxious skill,
 When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come !
 Thou art not stern to me ;
 Sad monitress ! I own thy sway,
 A votary sad in early day,
 To thee I bend my knee :
 From sun to sun
 My race will run,
 I only bow, and say, " My God, thy will be done ! "

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

BLOOMFIELD was the Farmer's Boy of his own poem at about the age of eleven, but soon afterwards became apprentice to a shoemaker in London. There, in a garret with five other workmen, and while at work upon his last, he composed the delightful description of his early rural occupations, and for want of leisure moments to write down regularly what he had mentally completed during the day, finished the whole of Winter and a part of Autumn, long before a line of it was committed to paper. The poem was introduced to public notice in the year 1800, through the refined taste and effectual kindness of Capel Lofft, Esq. and was soon read and applauded by all classes of people, while its author became equally the object of esteem. The narrative of his brother, together with his own description of his entrance to London, of his previous employments in the country, his habits of life while a shoemaker, the progress of his poem, its publication and the consequence to himself, making him " known to the literary and esteemed by the good," and causing a total change in his society and connexions, are full of interest.

The Farmer's Boy is an extremely natural and beautiful rural poem. For minute, accurate, and interesting delineation of particular scenes and objects in country life, it is unrivalled.

EMPLOYMENTS OF THE FARMER'S BOY IN SPRING.

FLED now the sullen murmurs of the North,
The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth;
Her universal green, and the clear sky,
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.
Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,
Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along
Thè mellow'd soil; imbibing fairer hues,
Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews;
That summon from their shed the slumb'ring ploughs,
While health impregnates every breeze that blows.
No wheels support the diving, pointed share;
No groaning ox is doom'd to labour there.
No helpmates teach the docile steed his road;
(Alike unknown the ploughboy and the goad;)
But, unassisted through each toilsome day,
With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way,
Draws his fresh parallels, and, wid'ning still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill:
Strong on the wing his busy followers play,
Where writhing earth-worms meet th' unwelcome day;
Till all is chang'd, and hill and level down
Assume a livery of sober brown:
Again disturb'd, when Giles with wearying strides
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides;
His heels deep sinking every step he goes,
Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes.
Welcome green headland! firm beneath his feet;
Welcome the friendly bank's refreshing seat;
There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse
Their shelt'ring canopy of pendent boughs;
Till rest, delicious, chase each transient pain,
And new-born vigour swell in every vein.
Hour after hour, and day to day succeeds;
Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads
To crumbling mould; a level surface clear,
And strew'd with corn to crown the rising year;
And o'er the whole Giles once transverse again,
In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain.
The work is done; no more to man is given;
The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.
Yet oft with anxious heart he looks around,
And marks the first green blade that breaks the ground;
In fancy sees his trembling oats uprun,
His tufted barley yellow with the sun;
Sees clouds propitious shed their timely store,
And all his harvest gather'd round his door.
But still unsafe the big swoln grain below,
A fav'rite morsel with the rook and crow;

From field to field the flock increasing goes ;
 To level crops most formidable foes ;
 Their danger well the wary plunderers know,
 And place a watch on some conspicuous bough ;
 Yet oft the skulking gunner by surprise
 Will scatter death amongst them as they rise.
 These, hung in triumph round the spacious field,
 At best will but a short-liv'd terror yield :
 Nor guards of property ; (not penal law,
 But harmless riflemen of rags and straw) ;
 Familiariz'd to these, they boldly rove,
 Nor heed such sentinels that never move.
 Let then your birds lie prostrate on the earth,
 In dying posture, and with wings stretch'd forth ;
 Shift them at eve or morn from place to place,
 And death shall terrify the pilfering race ;
 In the mid air, while circling round and round,
 They call their lifeless comrades from the ground ;
 With quick'ning wing and notes of loud alarm,
 Warn the whole flock to shun th' impending harm.

'This task had Giles, in fields remote from home :
 Oft has he wished the rosy morn to come ;
 Yet never fam'd was he nor foremost found
 To break the seal of sleep ; his sleep was sound :
 But when at day-break summon'd from his bed,
 Light as the lark that carol'd o'er his head.—
 His sandy way, deep-worn by hasty showers,
 O'er-arch'd with oaks that form'd fantastic bow'rs,
 Waving aloft their tow'ring branches proud,
 In borrow'd tinges from the eastern cloud,
 Gave inspiration, pure as ever flow'd,
 And genuine transport in his bosom glow'd.
 His own shrill matin join'd the various notes
 Of nature's music from a thousand throats :
 The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
 And echo answered from her close retreat ;
 The sporting white-throat on some twig's end borne,
 Pour'd hymns to Freedom and the rising morn ;
 Stopt in her song perchance, the starting thrush
 Shook a white shower from the blackthorn bush,
 Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,
 And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.
 Across his path, in either grove to hide,
 The timid rabbit scouted by his side ;
 Or pheasant boldly stalk'd along the road,
 Whose gold and purple tints alternate glow'd.

But groves no farther fenc'd the devious way ;
 A wide-extended heath before him lay,

Where on the grass the stagnant shower had run,
 And shone a mirror to the rising sun,
 Thus doubly seen to light a distant wood,
 To give new life to each expanding bud ;
 And chase away the dewy foot-marks found,
 Where prowling Reynard trod his nightly round ;
 To shun whose thefts 't was Giles's evening care,
 His feather'd victims to suspend in air,
 High on the bough that nodded o'er his head,
 And thus each morn to strew the field with dead.

DESCRIPTION OF A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

NEGLECTED now the early daisy lies ;
 Nor thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the only prize ;
 Advancing Spring profusely spreads abroad
 Flow'rs of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stor'd ;
 Where'er she treads, love gladdens every plain,
 Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train ;
 Sweet hope with conscious brow before her flies,
 Anticipating wealth from Summer skies ;
 All nature feels her renovating sway ;
 The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay ;
 And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding seen,
 Display the new-grown branch of lighter green ;
 On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,
 And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.
 Here, then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,
 For every day was Giles a shepherd too.

Small was his charge : no wilds had they to roam :
 But bright inclosures circling round their home.
 No yellow-blossom'd furze, nor stubborn thorn,
 The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn :
 Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,
 Enchanting spirit, dear variety !
 O happy tenants, prisoners of a day !
 Releas'd to ease, to pleasure, and to play ;
 Indulg'd through every field by turns to range,
 And taste them all in one continual change.
 For though luxuriant their grassy food,
 Sheep long confin'd but lothe the present good ;
 Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,
 And starve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.
 Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
 See, o'er yon pasture, how they pour along !
 Giles round their boundaries takes his usual stroll ;
 Sees every pass secur'd, and fences whole ;
 High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,

Where many a nestling first essays to fly ;
 Where blows the woodbine, faintly streak'd with red,
 And rests on every bough its tender head ;
 Round the young ash its twining branches meet,
 Or crown the hawthorn with its odours sweet.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen,
 Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enliv'ning green,
 Say, did you give the thrilling transport way ?
 Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
 Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
 Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side ?
 Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
 At the arch meaning of a kitten's face ;
 If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
 Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth ;
 In shades like these pursue your fav'rite joy,
 Midst nature's revels, sports that never cloy.

A few begin a short but vigorous race,
 And indolence abash'd soon flies the place ;
 Thus challeng'd forth, see thither one by one,
 From every side assembling playmates run ;
 A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
 A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
 Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
 Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed ;"
 Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
 The green turf trembling as they bound along ;
 Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
 Where every molehill is a bed of thyme,
 There panting stop ; yet scarcely can refrain ;
 A bird, a leaf, will set them off again :
 Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
 Scatt'ring the wild-briar roses into snow,
 Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
 Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.
 Ah, fallen rose ! sad emblem of their doom ;
 Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom !

FIELD KEEPING IN SUMMER.

SHOT up from broad rank blades that droop below,
 The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow,
 With milky kernels starting full, weigh'd down,
 Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with brown ;
 Whilst thousands in a flock, forever gay,
 Loud chirping sparrows welcome in the day,
 And from the mazes of the leafy thorn,
 Drop one by one upon the bending corn.

Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,
And round the grass-grown dewy border beats;
On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.
Green covert, hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here wisdom's placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires,
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting boughs' light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.
The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plaintain leaf, a spacious plain!
Thence higher still, by countless steps convey'd,
He gains the summit of a shivering blade,
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground.
The tender speckled moth here dancing seen,
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,
And all prolific Summer's sporting train,
Their little lives by various pow'rs sustain.
But what can unassisted vision do?
What, but recoil where most it would pursue;
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh,
When music waking speaks the sky-lark nigh!
Just starting from the corn he cheerly sings,
And trusts with conscious pride his downy wings;
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up; and calls on Giles to mark his way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wand'ring bird before his sight,
That oft beneath a light cloud sweeps along,
Lost for a while, yet pours the varied song:
The eye still follows, and the cloud moves by,
Again he stretches up the clear blue sky;
His form, his motion, undistinguish'd quite,
Save when he wheels direct from shade to light:
E'en then the songster a mere speck to deem,
Gliding like fancy's bubbles in a dream
The gazer sees; but yielding to repose,
Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.
Delicious sleep! From sleep who could forbear,
With no more guilt than Giles, and no more care?

Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
 Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting;
 He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,
 And takes his pole and brushes round again.

THE BIRD-BOY.

FAR weightier cares and wider scenes expand;
 What devastation marks the new sown land!
 "From hungry woodland foes, go Giles, and guard
 The rising wheat; ensure its great reward:
 A future sustenance, a Summer's pride,
 Demand thy vigilance: then be it try'd:
 Exert thy voice, and wield thy shotless gun;
 Go, tarry there, from morn till setting sun."

Keen blows the blast, or ceaseless rain descends;
 The half-stript hedge a sorry shelter lends.
 O for a hovel, e'er so small or low,
 Whose roof, repelling winds and early snow,
 Might bring home's comforts fresh before his eyes,
 No sooner thought, than see the structure rise!
 In some sequester'd nook, embank'd around,
 Sods for its walls, and straw in burdens bound:
 Dried fuel hoarded is his richest store,
 And circling smoke obscures his little door;
 Whence creeping forth, to duty's call he yields,
 And strolls the Crusoe of the lonely fields.
 On white-thorns tow'ring, and the leafless rose,
 A frost-nipt feast in bright vermillion glows:
 Where clust'ring sloes in glossy order rise,
 He crops the loaded branch; a cumb'rous prize;
 And o'er the flame the sputt'ring fruit he rests,
 Placing green sods to seat his coming guests;
 His guests by promise; playmates young and gay:
 But ah! fresh pastimes lure their steps away!
 He sweeps his hearth, and homeward looks in vain,
 Till feeling disappointment's cruel pain,
 His fairy revels are exchang'd for rage,
 His banquet marr'd, grown dull his hermitage.
 The field becomes his prison, till on high
 Benighted birds to shades and coverts fly.
 Midst air, health, day-light, can he prisoner be?
 If fields are prisons, where is liberty?
 Here still she dwells, and here her votaries stroll;
 But disappointed hope untunes the soul:
 Restraints unfelt whilst hours of rapture flow,
 When troubles press, to chains and barriers grow.
 Look then from trivial up to greater woes;

From the poor bird-boy with his roasted sloes,
 To where the dungeon'd mourner heaves the sigh;
 Where not one cheering sun-beam meets his eye.
 Though ineffectual pity thine may be,
 No wealth, no pow'r, to set the captive free;
 Though only to thy ravish'd sight is given
 The radiant path that Howard trod to heaven;
 Thy slights can make the wretched more forlorn,
 And deeper drive affliction's barbed thorn.
 Say not, "I'll come and cheer thy gloomy cell
 With news of dearest friends: how good, how well;
 I'll be a joyful herald to thine heart."
 Then fail, and play the worthless trifler's part,
 To sip flat pleasures from thy glass's brim,
 And waste the precious hour that 's due to him.
 In mercy spare the base unmanly blow;
 Where can he turn, to whom complain of you?
 Back to past joys in vain his thoughts may stray,
 Trace and retrace the beaten worn-out way,
 The rankling injury will pierce his breast,
 And curses on thee break his midnight rest.

APPEARANCE OF A WINTER SKY.

IN part these nightly terrors to dispel,
 Giles, ere he sleeps, his little flock must tell.
 From the fire-side with many a shrug he hies,
 Glad if the full-orb'd moon salute his eyes,
 And through th' unbroken stillness of the night
 Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.
 With saunt'ring step he climbs the distant stile,
 Whilst all around him wears a placid smile;
 There views the white-rob'd clouds in clusters driven,
 And all the glorious pageantry of heaven.
 Low, on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
 The rising vapours catch the silver light;
 Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
 Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
 Passing the source of light; and thence away,
 Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
 Far yet above these wafted clouds are seen
 (In a remoter sky, still more serene,)
 Others, detach'd in ranges through the air,
 Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;
 Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
 The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
 These to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim
 Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

IN describing some of the reminiscences of childhood, Rogers has displayed a chaste refinement and pensive delicacy of thought very nearly allied to that of Goldsmith; though his versification and style are far inferior. He is sometimes pathetic, as in the tale of Ginevra, but his genius is not vivid or powerful. Some of his smaller pieces display a captivating sweetness and softness of conception, and the moral tone of his poetry, though not elevated, is always pure.

FROM THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

TWILIGHT's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
 With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
 Still'd is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
 When round the ruins of their ancient oak
 The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
 And games and carols clos'd the busy day.
 Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
 With treasure'd tales, and legendary lore.
 All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
 To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
 All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
 What secret charms this silent spot endear?

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
 Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
 That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
 First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.
 The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
 Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
 When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
 Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptur'd shield,
 The martin's old, hereditary nest.
 Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
 Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
 That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
 The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
 Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
 When round yon ample board, in due degree,
 We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.

The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest ;
 And all was sunshine in each little breast.
 'T was here we chas'd the slipper by the sound ;
 And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
 'T was here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring ;
 And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.
 Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear ;
 And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
 Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
 Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood :
 Oft fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
 With startling step we scal'd the lonely tower ;
 O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
 Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye household deities! whose guardian eye
 Mark'd each pure thought, ere register'd on high ;
 Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
 And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
 Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
 The storied arras, source of fond delight,
 With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight ;
 And still, with heraldry's rich hues imprest,
 On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
 The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart.
 The clock still points its moral to the heart.
 That faithful monitor 't was heav'n to hear!
 When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near :
 And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
 Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of time ?
 That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
 Whence the caged linnet sooth'd my pensive thought ;
 Those muskets cas'd with venerable rust ;
 Those once-lov'd forms, still breathing through their dust,
 Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
 Starting to life—all whisper of the past !

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
 What fond illusions swarm in every grove !
 How oft, when purple evening ting'd the west,
 We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest ;
 Welcom'd the wild-bee home on weary wing,
 Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring !
 How oft inscrib'd, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
 The bark now silver'd by the touch of time ;
 Soar'd in the swing, half pleas'd and half afraid,
 Through sister elms that wav'd their summer shade ;
 Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
 To lure the red-breast from his lone retreat !

FROM THE SAME.

THE school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here!
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blaz'd
The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore;
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:
And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,
How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his prayer, "Long may such goodness live!"
'T was all he gave, 't was all he had to give.
Angels, when Mercy's mandate wing'd their flight,
Had stopt to catch new rapture from the sight.

THE PARTING FROM HOME.

THE adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home, with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;

And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
 The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
 The village common spotted white with sheep,
 The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep ;
 All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
 And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild Tupia dar'd explore
 Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
 And, with the sons of Science, woo'd the gale,
 That, rising, swell'd their strange expanse of sail ;
 So, when he breath'd his firm yet fond adieu,
 Borne from his leafy hut, his carv'd canoe,
 And all his soul best lov'd—such tears he shed,
 While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
 Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
 Long watch'd the streaming signal from the mast ;
 Till twilight's dewy tints deceiv'd his eye,
 And fairy forests fring'd the evening sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawn'd the day,
 Rose on her couch, and gaz'd her soul away.
 Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimmering height,
 That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light ;
 But now the morn with orient hues portray'd
 Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade :
 All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
 And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing !

FROM AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

STILL must my partial pencil love to dwell
 On the home-prospects of my hermit cell ;
 The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,
 Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen ;
 And the brown pathway, that, with careless flow,
 Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.
 Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
 Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.
 Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass—
 Browsing the hedge by fits, the pannier'd ass ;
 The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,
 Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight ;
 And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,
 With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.
 Far to the south a mountain vale retires,
 Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-spires ;
 Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,
 Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung :

And through the various year, the various day,
What scenes of glory burst, and melt away!

* * * * *

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,
And bids her berries blush, her carols flow;
His spangling shower when frost the wizard flings;
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,
And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves;
—Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,
What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,
Screen'd from the arrowy North; and duly hies
To meet the morning-rumour as it flies,
To range the murmuring market-place, and view
The motley groups that faithful Teniers drew.

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms through the vale,
And her wild music triumphs on the gale,
Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile;
Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,
Framing loose numbers, till declining day
Through the green trellis shoots a crimson ray;
Till the west-wind leads on the twilight hours,
And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,
(Where among other relics you may see
Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true one)
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statutes, cypresses,
Will long detain you—but, before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family;
He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot.

An emerald-stone in every golden clasp ;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
 An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent
 With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra,
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent father ;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
 Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the nuptial feast,
 When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting.
 Nor was she to be found ! Her Father cried,
 " 'Tis but to make a trial of our love !"
 And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
 'T was but that instant she had left Francisco,
 Laughing and looking back and flying still,
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas, she was not to be found ;
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
 But that she was not !

Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Orsini lived—and long might you have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,
 Something he could not find—he knew not what.

When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
“ Why not remove it from its lurking place ? ”
’T was done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a wedding-ring,
And a small seal, her mother’s legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
“ Ginevra.”

There then had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever !

VENICE.

THERE is a glorious City in the Sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o’er the sea,
Invisible ; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky ;
By many a pile in more than eastern splendour,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings ;
The fronts of some, though time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o’er.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE Gertrude of Wyoming, the Pleasures of Hope, the songs, and the odes of Campbell have given him a very high rank among the British Poets. In the first mentioned poem he has displayed great and varied powers; sublimity, pathetic tenderness, richness of natural description, nobleness and felicity in the conception of character, elevation and purity of moral sentiment, and a versification at once forcible, harmonious, and full of sweetness and melody. His odes exhibit a sublime fancy, vivid sternness of thought, striking imagery and intense energy of expression. Some of his songs are perhaps the finest in the language, and all his poetry is delightfully pure in its moral tendency.

THE VILLAGE OF WYOMING.

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming !
 Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
 And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
 Of what thy gentle people did befall,
 Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
 That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
 Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
 And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
 Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore.

Delightful Wyoming ! beneath thy skies,
 The happy shepherd swains had nought to do,
 But feed their flocks on green declivities,
 Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
 From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
 With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
 Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew :
 And aye those sunny mountains half way down
 Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
 His leave, how might you the flamingo see
 Disporting like a meteor on the lakes
 And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
 And every sound of life was full of glee,
 From merry mockbird's song, or hum of men,
 While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
 The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
 Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
 Heard but in transatlantic story rung,
 For here the exile met from every clime,
 And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue :
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
 Were but divided by the running brook ;
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
 The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
 Would sound to many a native roundelay—
 But who is he that yet a dearer land
 Remembers over hills and far away ?
 Green Albyn ! what though he no more survey
 Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
 The pellocks rolling from the mountain bay,
 Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
 And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar !

Alas poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
 That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
 Had forced him from a home he loved so dear !
 Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
 And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
 That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee ;
 And England sent her men, of men the chief,
 Who taught those sires of empire yet to be,
 To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair freedom's tree !

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
 Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom ;
 Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
 Nor sealed in blood a fellow-creature's doom,
 Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.
 One venerable man, beloved of all,
 Sufficed where innocence was yet in bloom,
 To sway the strife, that seldom might befall,
 And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
 He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
 Where all but kindly fervours were assuag'd,
 Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire :
 And though amidst the calm of thought entire,
 Some high and haughty features might betray
 A soul impetuous once, 't was earthly fire
 That fled composure's intellectual ray,
 As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

SCENE AT ALBERT'S HOME.

SCARCE had he utter'd—when heav'n's verge extreme
 Reverberates the bomb's descending star,—
 And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and scream,—
 To freeze the blood in one discordant jar,
 Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
 Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd ;
 As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar ;
 While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd :—
 And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail'd.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
 The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare ;
 Or swept, far seen, the tow'r, whose clock unring,
 Told legible that midnight of despair.
 She faints,—she falters not,—th' heroic fair,—
 As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.
 One short embrace—he clasp'd his dearest care—
 But hark ! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade ?
 Joy, joy ! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade !

Then came of every race the mingled swarm ;
 Far rang the groves, and gleam'd the midnight grass,
 With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm ;
 As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,
 Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
 Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines :
 And first the wild Moravian yargers pass,
 His plumed host the dark Iberian joins—
 And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

And in, the buskin'd hunters of the deer,
 To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng :—
 Rous'd by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
 Old Outalissi woke his battle song,
 And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
 Tells how his steep stung indignation smarts,
 Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
 To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
 And smile aveng'd ere yet his eagle spirit parts.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose.
 Pale on his venerable brow its rays
 Of martyr light the conflagration throws ;
 One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
 And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways ;
 While, though the battle flash is faster driv'n,—
 Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
 He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,—
 Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

DEATH OF GERTRUDE AND THE LAMENT OF OUTALISSI.

HUSH'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
 And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
 With love that could not die! and still his hand
 She presses to the heart no more that felt.
 Ah heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
 And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
 Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—
 Of them that stood encircling his despair,
 He heard some friendly words;—but knew not what they were.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
 A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
 'T was sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
 And in their deaths had not divided been.
 Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
 Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:—
 Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
 To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-lov'd shroud—
 While woman's softer soul in woe dissolv'd aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
 Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth;
 Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
 His face on earth;—him watch'd, in gloomy ruth,
 His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe
 The grief that knew not consolation's name:
 Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
 He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came
 Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

“And I could weep;” th' Oneyda chief
 His descant wildly thus begun;
 “But that I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of my father's son!
 Or bow his head in woe;
 For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
 To-morrow Areouski's breath,
 (That fires yon heav'n with storms of death),
 Shall light us to the foe:
 And we shall share, my Christian boy!
 The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!”

“But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
 By milder genii o'er the deep,
 The spirits of the white man's heaven
 Forbid not thee to weep:
 Nor will the Christian host,
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve

To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

“To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

“Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd;
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp—for there
The silence dwells of my despair!

“But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.”

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.
 Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
 'T was autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
 I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.
 Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.
 Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

 EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours.
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin my country! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But alas! in a fair foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
 Oh cruel fate! will thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
 Never again, shall my brothers embrace me?
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?
 Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it doat on a fast fading treasure!
 Tears like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!
 And thy harp striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
 Erin mavournin!—Erin go bragh!

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
 I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
 On the wind shaken weeds that embosom the bower,
 Where the home of my forefathers stood.
 All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
 And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;
 And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
 Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
 To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
 By the dial-stone aged and green,
 One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
 To mark where a garden had been.
 Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
 All wild in the silence of Nature, it drew,
 From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely embrace;
 For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place,
 Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
 That remains in this desolate heart!
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall;
 But patience shall never depart!
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
 In the days of delusion by fancy combined,
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
 Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
 And leave but a desert behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
 When the faint and the feeble deplore;
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
 A thousand wild waves on the shore!
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain
 May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate!
 Yea! even the name I have worshipped in vain
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again;
 To bear is to conquer our fate.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 't is true,
 Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you,
 For ye waft me to summers of old,
 When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
 And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
 Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
 Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
 And of broken glades breathing their balm,
 While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
 And the deep mellow crush of the wood pigeon's note
 Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:
 Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
 Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
 When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
 And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes;
 What loved little islands twice seen in their lakes,
 Can the wild water lily restore;
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
 And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
 In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
 Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear
 Had scathed my existence's bloom;
 Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
 With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
 And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

GEORGE CRABBE.

CRABBE is a powerful writer, but destitute of elegance or sweetness. He describes with great strength and truth the workings of the morbid passions, and the external appearances of nature and of human society, as it existed in his own "borough." His poetry is like a painting, of which the scene is exceedingly gloomy, and the colours coarsely and roughly applied; but in which every object is expressive, and protrudes strongly from the canvass. The moral lessons to be derived from his poems are very salutary.

 THE WINTER STORM AT SEA.

VIEW now the winter-storm! above, one cloud,
 Black and unbroken all the skies o'ershroud;
 Th' unwieldy porpus through the day before,
 Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore;
 And sometimes hid, and sometimes show'd his form,
 Dark as the cloud and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
 The breaking billows cast the flying foam
 Upon the billows rising—all the deep
 Is restless change; the waves so swell'd and steep,
 Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
 Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells:
 But nearer land you may the billows trace,
 As if contending in their watery chace;
 May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
 Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
 Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
 And then re-flowing, take their grating course,
 Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
 Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off the petril in the troubled way
 Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
 She rises often, often drops again,
 And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
 Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild ducks stretch;
 Far as the eye can glance on either side,
 In a broad space and level line they glide;
 All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
 Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.

In shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
 And drop for prey within the sweeping surge ;
 Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
 Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
 While to the storm they give their weak complaining cry ;
 Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
 And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

Darkness begins to reign ; the louder wind
 Appals the weak and awes the firmer mind ;
 But frights not him, whom evening and the spray
 In part conceal—yon prowler on his way :
 Lo ! he has something seen ; he runs apace,
 As if he fear'd companion in the chase ;
 He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
 Slowly and sorrowing—" Was your search in vain ? "
 Gruffly he answers, "'T is a sorry sight !
 A seaman's body : there 'll be more to-night ! "

Hark ! to those sounds ! they 're from distress at sea :
 How quick they come ! What terrors may there be !
 Yes, 't is a driven vessel : I discern
 Lights, signs of terror, gleaming from the stern ;
 Others behold them too, and from the town,
 In various parties seamen hurry down ;
 Their wives pursue, and damsels urg'd by dread,
 Lest men so dear be into danger led ;
 Their head the gown has hooded, and their call
 In this sad night is piercing like the squall ;
 They feel their kinds of power, and when they meet,
 Chide, fondle, weep, dare, threaten, or intreat.

See one poor girl, all terror and alarm,
 Has fondly seiz'd upon her lover's arm ;
 "'Thou shalt not venture ;" and he answers " No !
 I will not "—still she cries, " Thou shalt not go."

No need of this ; not here the stoutest boat
 Can through such breakers, o'er such billows float ;
 Yet may they view these lights upon the beach,
 Which yield them hope, whom help can never reach.

From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws
 On the wild waves, and all the danger shows ;
 But shows them beaming in their shining vest,
 Terrific splendour ! gloom in glory drest !
 This for a moment, and then clouds again
 Hide every beam, and fear and darkness reign.

But hear we now those sounds? Do lights appear?
 I see them not! the storm alone I hear:
 And lo! the sailors homeward take their way;
 Man must endure—let us submit and pray.

THE "FRENZIED CHILD OF GRACE."

SUCH were the evils, man of sin,
 That I was fated to sustain;
 And add to all, without—within,
 A soul defil'd with every stain,
 That man's reflecting mind can pain;
 That pride, wrong, rage, despair can make;
 In fact, they'd nearly touch'd my brain,
 And reason on her throne would shake.

But pity wilt the vilest seek,
 If punish'd guilt will not repine,—
 I heard a heavenly teacher speak,
 And felt the sun of mercy shine:
 I hail'd the light! the birth divine!
 And then was seal'd among the few;
 Those angry fiends beheld the sign,
 And from me in an instant flew.

Come hear how thus the charmers cry
 To wandering sheep, the strays of sin;
 While some the wicket-gate pass by,
 And some will knock and enter in:
 Full joyful 't is a soul to win,
 For he that winneth souls is wise;
 Now hark! the holy strains begin,
 And thus the sainted preacher cries:—

"Pilgrim, burthen'd with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate,
 There, till mercy let thee in,
 Knock and weep and watch and wait.
 Knock!—He knows the sinner's cry:
 Weep!—He loves the mourner's tears:
 Watch!—for saving grace is nigh:
 Wait,—till heavenly light appears.

Hark! it is the bridegroom's voice;
 Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe and seal'd and bought and blest!
 Safe—from all the lures of vice,
 Seal'd—by signs the chosen know,

Bought—by love, and life the price,
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

Holy Pilgrim! what for thee,
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee,
Fear and shame and doubt and pain.
Fear—the hope of Heaven shall fly,
Shame—from glory's view retire,
Doubt—in certain rapture die,
Pain—in endless bliss expire."

But though my day of grace was come,
Yet still my days of grief I find;
The former clouds' collected gloom
Still sadden the reflecting mind;
The soul, to evil things consign'd,
Will of their evil some retain;
The man will seem to earth inclin'd,
And will not look erect again.

Thus, though elect, I feel it hard,
To lose what I possess'd before,
To be from all my wealth debarr'd,—
The brave Sir Eustace is no more:
But old I wax and passing poor,
Stern, rugged men my conduct view,
They chide my wish, they bar my door,
'T is hard—I weep—you see I do:—

Must you, my friends, no longer stay?
Thus quickly all my pleasures end!
But I'll remember, when I pray,
My kind physician and his friend;
And those sad hours, you deign to spend
With me, I shall requite them all;
Sir Eustace for his friends shall send,
And thank their love at Greyling Hall.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE has published comparatively but little poetry, yet many of his pieces exhibit a poetical genius not inferior even to Milton's. The intense vividness of his fancy is oftentimes astonishing; and there is an eloquent majesty of thought and a lofty elevation of moral feeling in all his productions, which imparts to them a noble mein of intellectual

grandeur. There is no piece in the English language which is so truly sublime as his hymn before sunrise in the vale of Chamouny. When he speaks of the torrents that rush down the sides of the mountain, his sentences are so strong that they seem to the mind like something material, as if they were hewn out from the eternal adamant itself. But it is not his language, it is the spirit with which he has transfused it, the stupendous conceptions he has made it convey, which thrill through, and dilate the soul of the reader.

Besides this unrivalled power of sublimity, he has exhibited the qualities of tenderness and pathos in an almost equal degree. He is also unsurpassed in his descriptions of the loveliness of nature, especially in some of her most striking scenes.

He looks upon the universe with the enthusiastic fondness of a poet, but likewise with the eye of a philosopher and a Christian; and the thoughts with which he connects its appearances are of that eloquence which seems almost too deep and sacred for utterance. It is ennobling to the mind to converse with his exalted conceptions.

The rhyme of the *Ancient Mariner* combines in an extraordinary degree great wildness of fancy, richness of imagery and description, and gentleness of feeling; and the moral of that beautiful piece, though simple, is rendered truly sublime. Coleridge's writings, both prose and poetry, are peculiarly refined and elevated in their moral character, and rich in philosophy which seems to have been "baptised"

"In the pure fountain of eternal love."

Besides all this, the thoughts of domestic affection and intimate friendship—home, the husband, father, companion—have never been expressed with more endearing tenderness and delicious imagery than in some of his productions. His language is chaste, rich, and beautiful beyond description; and he adapts its character with remarkable facility to all the varieties of his subjects, be they pathetic, fanciful, or sublime.

FROM FEARS IN SOLITUDE.

BUT, O dear Britain! O my mother isle!
 Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
 To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
 A husband, and a father! who revere
 All bonds of natural love, and find them all
 Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
 O native Britain! O my mother isle!
 How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
 To me, who from thy lakes and mountain hills,
 Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
 Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
 All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,

All adoration of the God in nature,
 All lovely and all honorable things,
 Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
 The joy and greatness of its future being?
 There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
 Unborrow'd from my country. O divine
 And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
 And most magnificent temple, in the which
 I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
 Loving the God that made me!

May my fears,
 My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
 And menace of the vengeful enemy
 Pass like the gust, that roar'd and died away
 In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard
 In this low dell, bow'd not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
 The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze;
 The light has left the summit of the hill,
 Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful
 Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
 Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
 On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
 Homeward I wind my way; and, lo! recall'd
 From bodings that have well nigh wearied me,
 I find myself upon the brow, and pause
 Startled! And after lonely sojourning
 In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
 This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,
 Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
 Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
 And elmy fields, seems like society—
 Conversing with the mind, and giving it
 A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
 And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
 Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
 Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
 And close behind them, hidden from my view,
 Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
 And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
 And quicken'd footsteps thitherward I tend,
 Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
 And grateful, that by nature's quietness
 And solitary musings, all my heart
 Is soften'd, and made worthy to indulge
 Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

SUBLIME ILLUSTRATION.

O HENRY ! always striv'st thou to be great
 By thine own act—yet art thou never great
 But by the inspiration of great passion.
 The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up
 And shape themselves : from earth to heaven they stand,
 As though they were the pillars of a temple,
 Built by Omnipotence in its own honor !
 But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
 Is fled : the mighty columns were but sand,
 And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins !

LINES COMPOSED IN A CONCERT ROOM.

O GIVE me, from this heartless scene releas'd,
 To hear our old musician, blind and gray,
 (Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kist,)
 His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,
 By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
 The while I dance amid the tedded hay
 With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

Or lies the purple evening on the bay
 Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide
 Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees,
 Around whose roots the fisher's boat is tied,
 On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease,
 And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
 Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
 That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

But O, dear Anne ! when midnight wind careers,
 And the gust pelting on the out-house shed
 Makes the cock shrilly in the rain-storm crow,
 To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
 Ballad of ship-wreck'd sailor floating dead,
 Whom his own true love buried in the sands !
 Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice remeasures
 Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
 The things of nature utter ; birds or trees
 Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves,
 Or where the stiff grass 'mid the heath-plant waves,
 Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

Besides the rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the glaziers the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

HAST thou a charm to stay the Morning Star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of Pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gaz'd upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Did'st vanish from my thought: entranc'd in prayer
 I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
 Yea, with my Life, and Life's own secret Joy:
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfus'd,
 Into the mighty Vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
 Green Vales and icy Cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovran of the Vale!
 O struggling with the Darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
 Companion of the Morning-Star at Dawn,
 Thyself Earth's ROSY STAR, and of the Dawn
 Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
 Who fill'd thy Countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee Parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless Torrents! silent Cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full Moon? Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with Rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the Torrents, like a shout of Nations
Answer! and let the Ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye Pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of Snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye livery flowers that skirt the eternal Frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the Eagle's nest!
Ye Eagles, play-mates of the Mountain Storm!
Ye Lightnings, the dread arrows of the Clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the Hills with Praise!

Once more, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing Peaks,
Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure Serene,
Into the depth of Clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy Base
Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffus'd with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of Incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent Sky,
And tell the Stars, and tell yon rising Sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
 Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
 To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
 With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad-leaved Myrtle,
 (Meet emblems they of innocence and love!)
 And watch the clouds that late were rich with light,
 Slow sadd'ning round, and mark the star of eve
 Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
 Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
 Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world so hushed!
 The stilly murmur of the distant sea
 Tells us of silence.

And that simplest lute,
 Placed lengthways in the claspings casement, hark!
 How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
 It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs
 Tempt to repeat the wrong! and now, its strings
 Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
 Over delicious surges sink and rise,
 Such a soft floating witchery of sound
 As twilight Elfs make, when they at eve
 Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
 Where melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
 Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
 Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untam'd wing!
 Methinks it should have been impossible
 Not to love all things in a world like this,
 Where even the breezes, and the common air,
 Contain the power and spirit of harmony.

And thus, my love, as on the midway slope
 Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
 Whilst through my half closed eyelids I behold
 The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
 And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
 Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,
 And many idle flitting phantasies,
 Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
 As wild and various as the random gales
 That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature
 Be but organic harps diversely framed,
 That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
 Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
 At once the Soul of each, and God of all?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
 Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts,

Dim and uphallowed, dost thou not reject,
 And biddest me walk humble with my God.
 Meek daughter in the family of Christ!
 Well hast thou said, and holily disprais'd
 These shapings of the unregenerate mind
 Bubbles, that glitter as they rise and break
 On vain philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
 For never guiltless may I speak of him,
 Th' Incomprehensible ! save when with awe
 I praise him, and with Faith, that inly feels ;
 Who with his saving mercies healed me,
 A sinful and most miserable man,
 Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess
 Peace, and this Cot, and thee, heart-honored Maid !

REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Low was our pretty Cot : our tallest rose
 Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
 At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
 The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
 Our Myrtles blossom'd ; and across the porch
 Thick Jasmins twined ; the little landscape round
 Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
 It was a spot which you might aptly call
 The valley of Seclusion ! once I saw
 (Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
 A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
 Bristowa's citizen : methought it calmed
 His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
 With wiser feelings : for he paused and looked
 With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
 Then eyed our cottage and gazed round again,
 And sighed, and said it was a blessed place
 And we *were* blessed. Oft with patient ear
 Long-listening to the viewless skylark's note,
 (Viewless, or haply for a moment seen,
 Gleaming on sunny wing). In whisper'd tones
 I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet girl!
 The inobtrusive song of happiness,
 Unearthly minstrelsy ! then only heard
 When the soul seeks to hear ; when all is hush'd
 And the heart listens."

But the time, when first
 From that low dell, steep up the stony mount
 I clim'd with perilous toil and reach'd the top,
 Oh ! what a goodly scene ! *Here* the bleak mount,
 The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep ;

Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields ;
 And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,
 Now winding bright and full, with naked banks ;
 And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,
 And cots, and hamlets, and faint city spire :
 The channel *there*, the islands and white sails,
 Dim coasts and cloud-like hills and shoreless ocean,—
 It seem'd like Omnipresence ! God, methought,
 Had built him there a temple : the whole world
 Seem'd *imag'd* in its vast circumference.
 No wish profan'd my overwhelmed heart.
 Blest hour ! It was a luxury—to be !

Ah ! quiet dell ! dear cot ! and mount sublime !
 I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
 While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,
 That I should dream away the entrusted hours,
 On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
 With feelings all too delicate for use ?
 Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye,
 Drops on the cheek of one, he lifts from earth :
 And he, that works me good with unmov'd face
 Does it but half : he chills me while he aids ;
 My benefactor, not my brother man.
 Yet even this, this cold beneficence
 Seizes my praise, when I reflect on those,
 The Sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe !
 Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
 Nursing in some delicious solitude
 Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies,
 I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
 Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
 Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.

Yet oft when after honorable toil
 Rests the tired mind, and waking, loves to dream,
 My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot !
 Thy Jasmin and thy window-peeping rose,
 And Myrtles, fearless of the mild sea-air.
 And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode !
 Ah ! had none greater ! And that all had such !
 It might be so—but the time is not yet.
 Speed it, O Father ! Let thy kingdom come !

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

THIS Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
 Such tents the Patriarchs lov'd ! O long unharm'd
 May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy

The small round basin, which this jutting-stone
 Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the spring,
 Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
 Send up cold waters to the traveller
 With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
 Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance;
 Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's Page,
 As merry and no taller, dances still,
 Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount.
 Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
 A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
 Thou may'st toil for and find no second tree.
 Drink, pilgrim, here! Here rest! and if thy heart
 Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
 Thy spirit, list'ning to some gentle sound,
 Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees!

THIS LIME TREE BOWER MY PRISON.

IN the June of 1797, some long expected friends paid a visit to the author's cottage; and on the morning of their arrival, he met with an accident which disabled him from walking during the whole time of their stay. One evening, when they had left him for a few hours, he composed the following lines in the garden-bower.

WELL, they are gone, and here must I remain,
 This lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost
 Such beauties and such feelings, as had been
 Most sweet to my remembrance, even when age
 Had dimm'd mine eyes to blindness! they, meanwhile,
 My friends, whom I may never meet again,
 On springy heath, along the hill-top edge,
 Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,
 To that still roaring dell, of which I told;
 The roaring dell, o'er wooded, narrow, deep,
 And only speckled by the mid-day sun;
 Where its slim trunk the ash from rock to rock
 Flings arching like a bridge; that branchless ash,
 Unsun'd and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
 Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still
 Fann'd by the water-fall! And there, my friends,
 Behold the dark-green file of long lank weeds,
 That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)
 Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge
 Of the blue clay-stone.

Now my friends emerge
 Beneath the wide, wide heaven, and view again
 The many-steepled track magnificent

Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea
 With some fair bark perhaps whose sails light up
 The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles
 Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander on
 In gladness all; but thou, methinks most glad,
 My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pin'd
 And hunger'd after Nature many a year
 In the great city pent, winning thy way
 With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain,
 And strange calamity! Ah slowly sink
 Behind the western ridge, thou glorious Sun!
 Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb,
 Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds!
 Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
 And kindle, thou blue ocean!—So my friend
 Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,
 Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
 On the wild landscape, gaze till all doth seem
 Less gross than bodily, living thing,
 Which acts upon the mind—and with such hues
 As clothe the Almighty Spirit, when he makes
 Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight

Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad
 As I myself were there! Nor in this bower,
 This little lime-tree bower have I not mark'd
 Much that has sooth'd me. Pale beneath the blaze
 Hung the transparent foliage; and I watch'd
 Some broad and sunny leaf, and lov'd to see
 The shadow of the leaf and stem above
 Dappling its sunshine! And that walnut tree
 Was richly ting'd; and a deep radiance lay
 Full on the ancient ivy which usurps
 Those fronting elms, and now with blackest mass
 Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue
 Through the late twilight: and though now the bat
 Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,
 Yet still the solitary humble bee,
 Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know
 That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure.
 No scene so narrow but may well employ
 Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
 Awake to love and beauty! And sometimes
 'T is well to be bereft of promis'd good,
 That we may lift the soul and contemplate
 With lively joy the joy we cannot share.
 My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last rook
 Beat its straight path along the dusky air
 Homewards, I blest it! deeming its black wing

(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in the light)
 Had cross'd the mighty orb's dilated glory
 While thou stood'st gazing ; or when all was still,
 Flew creaking o'er thy head, and had a charm
 For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles ! to whom
 No sound is dissonant, which tells of life.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF REMORSE.

My Alvar loved sad music from a child.—
 Once he was lost ; and after weary search,
 We found him in an open place in the wood,
 To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
 Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
 Some strangely moving notes : and these, he said,
 Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw,
 Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank :
 And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
 His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me
 To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
 A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
 Methinks I see him now as he then looked—
 Even so !—He had outgrown his infant dress,
 Yet still he wore it.

FROM THE SAME.

In the presence of his brother, who once attempted to murder him, and supposed he had succeeded in the attempt, Alvar, unknown, and in the assumed character of a Moorish sorcerer, invokes himself as if he were a disembodied spirit.

ALVAR.

WITH no irreverent voice, or uncouth charm,
 I call up the departed ! Soul of Alvar,
 Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell !
 So may the gates of Paradise, unbarred,
 Cease thy swift toils ! Since haply thou art one
 Of that innumerable company,
 Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
 Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
 With noise too vast and constant to be heard :
 Fitliest unheard ! For oh, ye numberless,
 And rapid travellers ! what ear unstunned,
 What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
 The rushing of your congregated wings ? [Music.
 Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head !
 [Music expressive of the movements and images, that follow.
 Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
 That roar and whiten like a burst of waters,

A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion,
 To the parched caravan that roams by night!
 And ye build up on the becalm'd waves
 That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
 Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split
 The ice-mount! and with fragments many and huge
 Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulphs
 Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
 Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
 Till from the blue-swoll'n corse the soul toils out,
 And joins your mighty army.

[*Here, behind the scenes, a voice sings—
 the three words, Hear sweet Spirit.
 Soul of Alvar!*

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
 By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
 Of a half-dead, yet still undying hope,
 Pass visible before our mortal sense!
 So shall the church's cleansing rites be thine,
 Her knells and masses, that redeem the dead!

SONG,

Behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instruments as before.

HEAR, sweet Spirit, hear the spell,
 Lest a blacker charm compel!
 So shall the midnight breezes swell,
 With thy deep, long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
 In a chapel on the shore,
 Shall the chaunters, sad and saintly,
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
 Miserere Domine !*

Hark! the cadence dies away,
 On the yellow moonlight sea:
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,
 Miserere Domine !

* Shew pity, O Lord; words from a Roman Catholic Chaunt.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH and Coleridge are the two greatest poets of the modern age. In some respects their poetical character is similar; but the genius of Coleridge is more wild and energetic and on the whole of a higher order; that of Wordsworth is more still and contemplative. The language of the former combines richness and romance and splendour with its chasteness; that of the latter is severe in natural simplicity. Coleridge has more fancy and invention, and delineates objects that are in themselves beautiful or sublime, clothing them at the same time with associated intellectual and moral conceptions. Wordsworth's characteristic is "the power of raising the smallest things in nature into sublimity by the force of sentiment. His peculiarity is his combination of simplicity of subject with profundity and power of execution. He is sublime without the muse's aid, and pathetic in the contemplation of his own and man's nature."

He possesses great descriptive power, and delineates the varieties of natural scenery with minute accuracy of observation and appropriateness of colouring. It were easier to write an eulogy than to speak in calm admiration of the powerful manner in which he links universal human feeling with the loveliness of the external world. Passages come to view on every page in his volumes of which the spirit goes down into the stillest depths of the soul; and touches of exquisite tenderness are scattered abundantly with such simplicity and freedom, that they seem as if they had dropped unconsciously from the author in the pursuit of his silent musings.

The influence of his poetry is such that we cannot read it in a proper manner without having the understanding enlightened and the affections ameliorated. His are the thoughts which all mankind recognize as their most precious birthright. Every thing mean, passionate, and worldly, retires from their influence. All is purity, mildness, affectionate pathos; the lessons of experienced wisdom, noble philosophy, and pious reflection.

Amidst a multitude of minor poems, the most of which are beautiful, it were vain to point out the most exquisite; but the poem of *The Brothers* may be referred to among his pathetic pieces, as displaying, in his own words, "the strength of moral attachment, when early associated with the great and beautiful objects of nature." *The Excursion*, his longest poem, combines all the qualities of excellence which delight us in his shorter productions, and is the noblest effort of a great and comprehensive mind. He is indeed a mighty poet; possessed of an imagination grand and powerful, equalling perhaps what any writer has exhibited since the days of Shakspeare and Milton.

WE ARE SEVEN.

—————A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?”

Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God releas'd her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid ;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
If they two are in Heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!
'T was throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he is unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, Hearne's Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean. In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the Northern Lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise. This circumstance is alluded to in the first stanza of the following poem.

BEFORE I see another day,
O let my body die away!
In sleep I heard the northern gleams;
The stars were mingled with my dreams:
In rustling conflict, through tho skies,
I heard and saw the flashes drive;
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive.
Before I see another day,
Oh let my body die away!

My fire is dead: it knew no pain;
Yet is it dead, and I remain.
All stiff with ice the ashes lie;
And they are dead, and I will die.
When I was well, I wished to live,
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire;
But they to me no joy can give,
No pleasure now, and no desire.
Then here contented will I lie!
Alone I cannot fear to die.

Alas! ye might have dragged me on
Another day, a single one!
Too soon I yielded to despair;
Why did ye listen to my prayer?
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger;
And oh how grievously I rue,
That afterwards, a little longer,
My friends I did not follow you!
For strong and without pain I lay,
My friends, when ye were gone away.

My Child! they gave thee to another,
A woman who was not thy mother.
When from my arms my babe they took,
On me how strangely did he look!

Through his whole body something ran,
 A most strange working did I see ;
 —As if he strove to be a man,
 That he might pull the sledge for me.
 And then he stretched his arms, how wild !
 Oh mercy ! like a helpless child.
 My little joy ! my little pride !
 In two days more I must have died.
 Then do not weep and grieve for me ;
 I feel I must have died with thee.
 Oh wind, that o'er my heart art flying
 The way my friends their course did bend,
 I should not feel the pain of dying,
 Could I with thee a message send !
 Too soon, my friends, ye went away ;
 For I had many things to say.

I'll follow you across the snow ;
 Ye travel heavily and slow ;
 In spite of all my weary pain,
 I'll look upon your tents again.
 —My fire is dead, and snowy white
 The water which beside it stood ;
 The wolf has come to me to-night,
 And he has stolen away my food.
 Forever left alone am I,
 Then wherefore should I fear to die ?

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice :
 O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,
 Thy loud note smites my ear !
 It seems to fill the whole air's space,
 At once far off and near !

I hear thee babbling to the vale
 Of sunshine and of flowers ;
 But unto me thou bring'st a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird ; but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird ; the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for thee !

YEW TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths ; or those that crossed the sea
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary tree ! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay ;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;
Huge trunks !—and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved,—
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane ;—a pillared shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide—Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight—Death the Skeleton

And Time the Shadow,—there to celebrate,
 As in a natural temple scattered o'er
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
 United worship; or in mute repose
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
 Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

INFLUENCE OF THE LOVE OF NATURE.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay;
 For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
 My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear Sister! And this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 't is her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain winds be free
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor perchance,
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream

We stood together ; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
 Unwearied in that service : rather say
 With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.]

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND.

GLIDE gently, thus forever glide,
 O Thames ! that other bards may see
 As lovely visions by thy side
 As now, fair river ! come to me,
 O glide, fair stream ! forever so,
 Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
 Till all our minds forever flow,
 As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought !—Yet be as now thou art,
 That in thy waters may be seen
 The image of a poet's heart,
 How bright, how solemn, how serene !
 Such as did once the poet bless,
 Who, murmuring here a later ditty,
 Could find no refuge from distress
 But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
 For him suspend the dashing oar ;
 And pray that never child of song
 May know that poet's sorrows more.
 How calm ! how still ! the only sound,
 The dripping of the oar suspended !
 —The evening darkness gathers round
 By virtue's holiest powers attended.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS UPON THE MIND IN
 CHILDHOOD.

WISDOM and Spirit of the Universe !
 Thou Soul, that art the eternity of thought !
 And giv'st to forms and images a breath
 And everlasting motion ! not in vain,
 By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn

Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul ;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,—
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature ; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days
When vapours, rolling down the vallies, made
A lonely scene more lonesome ; among woods
At noon ; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, I homeward went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine :
'T was mine among the fields both day and night,
And by the waters all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons :—happy time
It was indeed for all of us ; for me
It was a time of rapture !—Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for its home.—All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud-bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle : with the din
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud ;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay,—or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cross the bright reflection of a star,
Image, that, flying still before me,—gleamed
Upon the glassy plain : and oftentimes,

When we had given our bodies to the wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
 The rapid line of motion, then at once
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
 Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
 Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
 With visible motion her diurnal round!
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1821.

High on her speculative tower
 Stood Science waiting for the hour
 When Sol was destined to endure
 That darkning of his radiant face
 Which Superstition strove to chase,
 Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
 Through regions fair as Paradise
 We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
 A silent and unlooked-for change,
 That checked the desultory range
 Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar
 The waves danced round us as before,
 As lightly, though of altered hue;
 'Mid recent coolness, such as falls
 At noon-tide from umbrageous walls
 That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud
 Cast far or near a murky shroud;
 The sky an azure field displayed;
 'T was sun-light sheathed and gently charmed
 Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
 And as in slumber laid:—

Or something night and day between,
 Like moon-shine—but the hue was green;
 Still moon-shine, without shadow, spread
 On jutting rock and curved shore,
 Where gazed the peasant from his door,
 And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay
Upon Lugano's ample bay ;
The solemnizing veil was drawn
O'er villas, terraces, and towers,
To Albogasio's olive bowers,
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy, with the speed of fire,
Hath fled to Milan's loftiest spire,
And there alights 'mid that aerial host
Of figures human and divine,
White as the snows of Appenine
Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the temple night and day ;
Angels she sees that might from heaven have flown ;
And virgin saints—who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown ;

Far-stretching files, concentric rings
Each narrowing above each ;—the wings—
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height,
All steeped in this portentous light !
All suffering dim eclipse !

Thus after man had fallen, (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throngs of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

See ! while I speak, the labouring Sun
His glad deliverance has begun :
The cypress waves its sombre plume
More cheerily ; and town and tower,
The vineyard and the olive bower,
Their lustre reassume !

Oh ye, who guard and grace my home
While in far distant lands we roam,
Inquiring thoughts are turned to you ;
Does a clear ether meet your eyes ?
Or have black vapours hid the skies
And mountains from your view ?

I ask in vain—and know far less
 If sickness, sorrow, or distress
 Have spared my dwelling to this hour :
 Sad blindness ! but ordained to prove
 Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love
 And all-controlling Power.

EVENING ODE,

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY

SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY.

HAD this effulgence disappeared
 With flying haste, I might have sent
 Among the speechless clouds, a look
 Of blank astonishment ;
 But 't is endued with power to stay,
 And sanctify one closing day,
 That frail Mortality may see,—
 What is ?—ah no, but what *can* be !
 Time was when field and watery cove
 With modulated echoes rang,
 While choirs of fervent Angels sang
 Their vespers in the grove ;
 Or ranged like stars along some sovereign height,
 Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
 Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,
 Methinks, if audibly repeated now
 From hill or valley, could not move
 Sublimier transport, purer love,
 Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—
 The shadow—and the peace supreme !

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
 And solemn harmony pervades
 The hollow vale from steep to steep,
 And penetrates the glades.
 Far-distant images draw nigh,
 Called forth by wondrous potency
 Of beamy radiance, that imbues
 Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues !
 In vision exquisitely clear,
 Herds range along the mountain side ;
 And glistening antlers are descried ;
 And gilded flocks appear.
 Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve !

But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
 Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
 That this magnificence is wholly thine!
 —From worlds not quickened by the sun
 A portion of the gift is won;
 An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
 On ground which British shepherds tread!

And, if there be whom broken ties
 Afflict, or injuries assail,
 Yon hazy ridges to their eyes,
 Present a glorious scale,
 Climbing suffused with sunny air,
 To stop—no record hath told where!
 And tempting fancy to ascend,
 And with immortal Spirits blend!
 —Wings at my shoulder seem play;
 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
 On those bright steps that heaven-ward raise
 Their practicable way.
 Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad
 And see to what fair countries ye are bound!
 And if some Traveller, weary of his road,
 Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,
 Ye Genii! to his covert speed;
 And wake him with such gentle heed
 As may attune his soul to meet the dower
 Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

Such hues from their celestial Urn
 Were wont to stream before my eye,
 Where'er it wandered in the morn
 Of blissful infancy.
 This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
 For, if a vestige of those gleams
 Survived, 't was only in my dreams.
 Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
 No less than Nature's threatening voice,
 If aught unworthy be my choice,
 From Thee if I would swerve,
 Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light,
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
 Which at this moment on my waking sight
 Appears to shine, by miracle restored!
 My soul though yet confined to earth,
 Rejoices in a second birth;
 —'T is past, the visionary splendour fades,
 And night approaches with her shades.

TO THE DAISY.

IN youth from rock to rock I went,
 From hill to hill, in discontent
 Of pleasure high and turbulent,
 Most pleased when most uneasy ;
 But now my own delights I make,—
 My thirst at every rill can slake,
 And gladly Nature's love partake
 Of thee, sweet Daisy !

When soothed awhile by milder airs,
 Thee winter in the garland wears
 That thinly shades his few gray hairs ;
 Spring cannot shun thee ;
 Whole summer fields are thine by right ;
 And autumn, melancholy wight !
 Doth in thy crimson head delight
 When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
 Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane ;
 If welcomed once thou coun'st it gain ;
 Thou art not daunted,
 Nor car'st if thou be set at nought :
 And oft alone in nooks remote
 We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
 When such are wanted.

Be Violets in their secret mews
 The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose ;
 Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews
 Her head impearling ;
 Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
 Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;
 Thou art indeed by many a claim
 The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
 Or, some bright day of April sky,
 Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
 Near the green holly,
 And wearily at length should fare ;
 He needs but look about, and there
 Thou art ! a friend at hand, to scare
 His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
 Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,

Have I derived from thy sweet power -
 Some apprehension;
 Some steady love ; some brief delight ;
 Some memory that had taken flight ;
 Some chime of fancy wrong or right ;
 Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
 And one chance look to thee should turn,
 I drink out of an humbler urn
 A lowlier pleasure ;
 The homely sympathy that heeds
 The common life our nature breeds ;
 A wisdom fitted to the needs
 Of hearts at leisure,

When smitten by the morning ray,
 I see thee rise, alert and gay,
 Then, cheerful flower ! my spirits play
 With kindred gladness :
 And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
 Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
 Hath often eased my pensive breast
 Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
 All seasons through, another debt,
 Which I, wherever thou art met,
 To thee am owing ;
 An instinct call it, a blind sense ;
 A happy, genial influence,
 Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
 Nor whither going.

Child of the Year ! that round dost run
 Thy course, bold lover of the Sun,
 And cheerful when the day 's begun
 As morning leveret,
 Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain ;
 Dear thou shalt be to future men
 As in old time ;—thou not in vain,
 Art Nature's favourite.

THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

" BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous elf,"
 Exclaimed a thundering voice,
 " Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
 Between me and my choice !"

A small cascade fresh swoln with snows
 Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,
 That, all bespattered with his foam,
 And dancing high and dancing low,
 Was living, as a child might know,
 In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to block ;
 Off, off ! or, puny thing !
 I 'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
 To which thy fibres cling."
 The flood was tyrannous and strong ;
 The patient Briar suffered long,
 Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
 Hoping the danger would be past :
 But, seeing no relief, at last
 He ventured to reply.

" Ah !" said the Briar, " blame me not ;
 Why should we dwell in strife ?
 We who in this sequestered spot,
 Once lived a happy life !
 You stirred me on my rocky bed—
 What pleasure through my veins you spread !
 The Summer long, from day to day,
 My leaves you freshened and bedewed ;
 Nor was it common gratitude
 That did your cares repay.

When Spring came on with bud and bell,
 Among these rocks did I
 Before you hang my wreaths, to tell
 That gentle days were nigh !
 And, in the sultry summer hours,
 I sheltered you with leaves and flowers ;
 And, in my leaves—now shed and gone,
 The Linnet lodged, and for us two
 Chaunted his pretty songs, when you
 Had little voice or none.

But now proud thoughts are in your breast—
 What grief is mine you see.
 Ah ! would you think, even yet how blest
 Together we might be !
 Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
 Some ornaments to me are left—
 Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
 With which I, in my humble way,
 Would deck you many a winter's day,
 A happy Eglantine !"

What more he said I cannot tell.
The torrent thundered down the dell
With unabating haste ;
I listened, nor aught else could hear ;
The Briar quaked—and much I fear
Those accents were his last.

THE FOUNTAIN ;—A CONVERSATION.

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

“ Now, Matthew ! ” said I, “ let us match
This water’s pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch,
That suits a summer’s noon.

Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made ! ”

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee :

“ Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes !
’T will murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, upon this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain’s brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

The Blackbird in the summer trees,
The Lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free :

But we are pressed by heavy laws ;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

If there is one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.

My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me ; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

" Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains !
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains,

And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee !"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
" Alas ! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side ;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;
And through the wood we went ;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

MERRY CHRISTMAS. TO HIS BROTHER.

THE Minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves ;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling Laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings :
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
Nor check the music of the strings ;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened ?—till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim ;
The greeting given, the music played,
In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all !

O Brother ! I revere the choice :
That took thee from thy native hills ;
And it is given thee to rejoice ;
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite ;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light,
Which nature and these rustic powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours !

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds,
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep !
Or at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence ;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er ;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more ;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid !

Ah ! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared !

Hail, ancient manners ! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws ;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws ;
Hail, usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, mountains old !

Bear with me, brother ! quench the thought
That slights this passion, or condemns ;
If thee fond fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
Short leisure even in busiest days ;
Moments, to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy !

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half-hidden from the eye !
 —Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me !

* * * * *

I travell'd among unknown men,
 In lands beyond the sea ;
 Nor, England ! did I know till then
 What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
 Nor will I quit thy shore
 A second time ; for still I seem
 To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
 The joy of my desire ;
 And she I cherished turned her wheel
 Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings shewed, thy nights concealed
 The bowers where Lucy played ;
 And thine is too the last green field
 That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"SOUTHEY's talent for poetry lies chiefly in fancy and the invention of his subject. His oriental descriptions, characters, and fables, are wonderfully striking and impressive : but there is an air of extravagance in them, and his versification is abrupt, affected, and repulsive. In his early poetry there is a vein of patriotic fervour, and mild and beautiful moral reflection."

AN EASTERN EVENING.

EVENING comes on : arising from the stream,
 Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight ;
 And where he sails athwart the setting beam,
 His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light.

The watchman, at the wish'd approach of night,
 Gladly forsakes the field, where he all day,
 To scare the winged plunderers from their prey,
 With shout and sling, on yonder clay-built height,
 Hath borne the sultry ray.
 Hark ! at the Golden Palaces,
 The Bramin strikes the hour.
 For leagues and leagues around, the brazen sound
 Rolls through the stillness of departing day,
 Like thunder far away.

THE SUBMARINE CITY.

SUCH was the talk they held upon their way,
 Of him to whose old city they were bound ;
 And now, upon their journey, many a day
 Had risen and clos'd, and many a week gone round,
 And many a realm and region had they past,
 When now the ancient towers appear'd at last.
 Their golden summits, in the noon-day light,
 Shone o'er the dark green deep that roll'd between ;
 For domes, and pinnacles, and spires were seen
 Peering above the sea,—a mournful sight !
 Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
 What works of wonder the devouring wave
 Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave
 Bore record of their old magnificence.
 And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
 Of ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fane
 Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
 That on their deep foundations beat in vain.
 In solitude the ancient temples stood,
 Once resonant with instrument and song,
 And solemn dance of festive multitude ;
 Now as the weary ages pass along,
 Hearing no voice save of the ocean flood,
 Which roars for ever on the restless shores ;
 Or, visiting their solitary caves,
 The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
 Accordant to the melancholy waves.
 Wondering, he stood awhile to gaze
 Upon the works of elder days.
 The brazen portals open stood,
 Even as the fearful multitude
 Had left them, when they fled
 Before the rising flood.
 High over-head, sublime,
 The mighty gateway's storied roof was spread,
 Dwarfing the puny piles of younger time.

With the deeds of days of yore
 That ample roof was sculptur'd o'er,
 And many a godlike form there met his eye,
 And many an emblem dark of mystery.
 Through these wide portals oft had Baly rode
 Triumphant from his proud abode,
 When, in his greatness, he bestrode
 The Aullay, hugest of four-footed kind,
 The Aullay-horse, that in his force,
 With elephantine trunk, could bind
 And lift the elephant, and on the wind
 Whirl him away, with sway and swing,
 Even like a pebble from the practis'd sling.

Those streets which never, since the days of yore.
 By human footstep had been visited ;
 Those streets which never more
 A human foot shall tread,
 Ladurlad trod. In sun-light, and sea-green,
 The thousand palaces were seen
 Of that proud city whose superb abodes
 Seem'd rear'd by giants for the immortal gods.
 How silent and how beautiful they stand,
 Like things of Nature ! the eternal rocks
 Themselves not firmer. Neither hath the sand
 Drifted within their gates, and choak'd their doors.
 Nor slime defil'd their pavements and their floors.

Did then the ocean wage
 His war for love and envy, not in rage,
 O thou fair city, that he spares thee thus ?
 Art thou Varounin's capital and court,
 Where all the sea-gods for delight resort,
 A place too godlike to be held by us,
 The poor degenerate children of the earth ?
 So thought Ladurlad, as he look'd around,
 Weening to hear the sound
 Of Mermaid's shell, and song
 Of choral throng from some imperial hall,
 Wherein the immortal powers, at festival,
 Their high carousals keep.
 But all is silence dread,
 Silence profound and dead,
 The everlasting stillness of the deep.

Through many a solitary street,
 And silent market-place, and lonely square,
 Arm'd with the mighty curse, behold him fare.
 And now his feet attain that royal fane
 Where Baly held of old his awful reign.
 What once had been the garden spread around,

Fair garden, once which wore perpetual green,
 Where all sweet flowers through all the year were found,
 And all fair fruits were through all seasons seen ;
 A place of Paradise, where each device
 Of emulous art with nature strove to vie ;
 And nature, on her part,
 Call'd forth new powers wherewith to vanquish art.
 The Swerga-God himself, with envious eye,
 Survey'd those peerless gardens in their prime ;
 Nor ever did the Lord of Light,
 Who circles Earth and Heaven upon his way,
 Behold from eldest time a goodlier sight
 Than were the groves which Baly, in his might,
 Made for his chosen place of solace and delight.

It was a Garden still beyond all price,
 Even yet it was a place of Paradise :—
 For where the mighty Ocean could not spare,
 There had he, with his own creation,
 Sought to repair his work of devastation.
 And here were coral bowers,
 And grotts of madrepores,
 And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye
 As e'er was mossy bed
 Whereon the Wood-nymphs lay
 Their languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.
 Here, too, were living flowers
 Which, like a bud compacted,
 Their purple cups contracted,
 And now in open blossom spread,
 Stretch'd like green anthers many a seeking head.
 And aborets of jointed stone was there,
 And plants of fibres fine, as silkworm's thread ;
 Yea, beautiful as Mermaid's golden hair
 Upon the waves dispread :
 Others that, like the broad bannana growing,
 Rais'd their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,
 Like streamers wide out-flowing.
 And whatsoe'r the depths of Ocean hide
 From human eyes, Ladurlad there espied,
 Trees of the deep, and shrubs and fruits and flowers,
 As fair as ours.
 Wherewith the Sea-nymphs love their locks to braid,
 When to their father's hall, at festival
 Repairing, they, in emulous array,
 Their charms display,
 To grace the banquet, and the solemn day.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree ?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen ;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound ;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize :
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they ;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

THALABA'S HOME IN THE DESERT.

It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven,
That, in a lonely tent, had cast
The lot of Thalaba.

There might his soul develope best
Its strengthening energies ;
There might he from the world
Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,
Till at the written hour he should be found
Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.

Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled
In that beloved solitude !
Is the morn fair, and doth the freshening breeze
Flow with cool current o'er his cheek ?
Lo ! underneath the broad-leav'd sycamore
With lids half-clos'd he lies,
Dreaming of days to come.
His dog beside him, in mute blandishment,
Now licks his listless hand ;
Now lifts an anxious and expectant eye,
Courting the wonted caress.

Or comes the father of the rains
From his caves in the uttermost west,
Comes he in darkness and storms ?
When the blast is loud,
When the waters fill
The traveller's tread in the sands,
When the pouring shower
Streams adown the roof,
When the door-curtain hangs in heavier folds,
When the outstrain'd tent flags loosely,
Within there is the embers' cheerful glow,
The sound of the familiar voice,
The song that lightens toil,—
Domestic peace and comfort are within.
Under the common shelter, on dry sand,
The quiet camels ruminate their food ;
From Moath falls the lengthening cord,
As patiently the old man
Entwines the strong palm-fibres ; by the hearth
The damsel shakes the coffee-grains,
That with warm fragrance fill the tent ;
And while, with dexterous fingers, Thalaba
Shapes the green basket, haply at his feet
Her favourite kidling gnaws the twig,
Forgiven plunderer, for Oneiza's sake !

Or when the winter torrent rolls
 Down the deep-channell'd rain-course, foamingly,
 Dark with its mountain spoils,
 With bare feet pressing the wet sand,
 There wanders Thalaba,
 The rushing flow, the flowing roar,
 Filling his yielded faculties;
 A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy.
 Or lingers it a vernal brook
 Gleaming o'er yellow sands?
 Beneath the lofty bank reclin'd,
 With idle eye he views its little waves,
 Quietly listening to the quiet flow;
 While, in the breathings of the stirring gale,
 The tall canes bend above.
 Floating like streamers on the wind
 Their lank uplifted leaves.

Nor rich, nor poor, was Moath; God had given
 Enough, and blest him with a mind content.
 No hoarded gold disquieted his dreams;
 But ever round his station he beheld
 Camels that knew his voice,
 And home-birds, grouping at Oneiza's call,
 And goats that, morn and eve,
 Came with full udders to the damsel's hand.
 Dear child! the tent beneath whose shade they dwelt
 It was her work; and she had twin'd/
 His girdle's many hues;
 And he had seen his robe
 Grow in Oneiza's loom.
 How often, with a memory-mingled joy
 Which made her mother live before his sight,
 He watch'd her nimble fingers thread the woof!
 Or at the hand-mill, when she knelt and toil'd,
 Tost the thin cake on spreading palm,
 Or fix'd it on the glowing oven's side
 With bare wet arm, and safe dexterity.

 'T is the cool evening hour:
 The tamarind from the dew
 Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.
 Before their tent the mat is spread,
 The old man's awful voice
 Intones the holy book.

What if beneath no lamp-illumin'd dome,
 Its marble walls bedeck'd with flourish'd truth,
 Azure and gold adornment? sinks the word
 With deeper influence from the Imam's voice,

Where in the day of congregation, crowds
 Perform the duty-task?
 Their father is their priest,
 The stars of heaven their point of prayer,
 And the blue firmament
 The glorious temple, where they feel
 The present deity!

Yet through the purple glow of eve
 Shines dimly the white moon.
 The slacken'd bow, the quiver, the long lance,
 Rest on the pillar of the tent.
 Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's brow,
 The dark-eyed damsel sits;
 The old man tranquilly
 Up his curl'd pipe inhales
 The tranquillizing herb.
 So listen they the reed of Thalaba,
 While his skill'd fingers modulate
 The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy tones.

WALTER SCOTT.

SCOTT's poetry possesses nearly the same qualities for which his novels are remarkable. It abounds in romantic narrative, picturesque description, and characters admirably delineated; and sometimes has scenes of deep feeling. His versification is easy and rapid in its flow, and his pages are full of bustling, various, vivid interest, which his power in the display of true human nature enables him to excite and continue, almost without artifice or effort, in the mind of his reader.

His poetry is pure in its moral spirit, just in its sentiments, affectionate, noble, and friendly in its thoughts and feelings.

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moon-light;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
 When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower;
 When buttress and buttress alternately,
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory;

When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
 Then go—but go alone the while—
 Then view St David's ruin'd pile ;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair !

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO HIS HARP.

HARP of the north, farewell ! the hills grow dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending !
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
 The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
 Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain lending,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy ;
 Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou minstrel harp !
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
 And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
 Through secret woes the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
 That I o'er live such woes, Enchantress ! is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
 Some spirit of the air has waked thy string !
 'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
 And now, 'tis silent all !—Enchantress, fare thee well !

HELLVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And startling around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Stridenedge round the Redtarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start;
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, O! was it meet, that, no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,
Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming.
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;

When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
 Thy obsequies sung by the gay plover flying,
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
 In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN SCOTLAND.

STRANGER! if ere thine ardent step hath traced
 The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
 Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed,
 By lake and cataract, her lonely throne;
 Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,
 Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
 Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
 Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
 And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky.

Yes! 't was sublime, but sad.—The loneliness
 Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye;
 And strange and awful fears began to press
 Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.
 Then hast thou wished some woodman's cottage nigh,
 Something that showed of life, though low and mean,
 Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy,
 Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would have been,
 Or children whooping wild beneath the willows green.

Such are the scenes where savage grandeur wakes
 An awful thrill that softens into sighs;
 Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes,
 In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise:
 Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,
 Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—
 But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize
 Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
 That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Corisken roar.

SCENERY AROUND LOCK KATRINE.

THE western waves of ebbing day
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way:
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire.
 But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid,

Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
Their rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dies,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child ;
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cleft a narrow bower ;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain,
The weather-beaten crags retain ;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His scattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His bows athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild duck's brood to swim ;

Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing ;
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace ;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat ;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid ;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Lock-Katrine lay beneath him rolled ;
In all her length far-winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light ;
And mountains, that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-Venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world ;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed,
And, "what a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp or churchman's pride !
On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray,
How blithely might the bugle horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn !

How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
 And, when the midnight moon did lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matin's distant hum,
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 To drop a bead with every knell—
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
 Should each bewildered stranger call
 To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

"Blithe were it then to wander here!
 But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,—
 Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
 The copse must give my evening fare;
 Some mossy bank my couch must be,
 Some rustling oak my canopy.
 Yet pass we that;—the war and chase.
 Give little choice of resting place;—
 A summer night, in green wood spent,
 Were but to-morrow's merriment;—
 But hosts may in these wilds abound,
 Such as are better missed than found;
 To meet with highland plunderers here
 Were worse than loss of steed or deer.
 I am alone;—my bugle strain
 May call some straggler of the train;
 Or, fall the worst that may betide,
 Ere now this falchion has been tried."

But scarce again his horn he wound,
 When lo! forth starting at the sound,
 From underneath an aged oak,
 That slanted from the islet rock,
 A damsel guider of its way,
 A little skiff shot to the bay,
 That round the promontory steep
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
 Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
 The weeping willow twig to lave,
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
 The boat had touched this silver strand,
 Just as the hunter left his stand,
 And stood concealed amid the brake
 To view this Lady of the Lake.
 The maiden paused, as if again

She thought to catch the distant strain,
 With head up-raised and look intent,
 And eye and ear attentive bent,
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,
 Like monument of Grecian art.
 In listening mood she seemed to stand,
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

SONG OF MEG MERRILIES AT THE BIRTH OF THE INFANT.

"She sat upon a broken corner-stone in the angle of a paved apartment, part of which she had swept clean to afford a smooth space for the evolutions of her spindle. A strong sunbeam, through a lofty and narrow window, fell upon her wild dress and features, and afforded her light for her occupation; the rest of the apartment was very gloomy. Equipt in a habit which mingled the national dress of the Scottish common people with something of an eastern costume, she spun a thread, drawn from wool of three different colours, black, white, and gray, by assistance of those ancient implements of housewifery now almost banished from the land, the distaff and spindle. As she spun, she sung what seemed to be a charm. Mannering, after in vain attempting to make himself master of the exact words of her song, afterwards attempted the following paraphrase of what, from a few intelligible phrases, he concluded to be its purport:—

Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,
 Mingle shades of joy and woe,
 Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
 In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
 And the infant's life beginning,
 Dimly seen through twilight bending,
 Lo, what varied shapes attending !

Passions wild, and follies vain,
 Pleasure soon exchanged for pain;
 Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
 In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle
 Whirling with the whirling spindle.
 Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,
 Mingle human bliss and woe.

SONG OF MEG MERRILIES FOR THE PARTING SPIRIT.

"Upon a lair composed of straw, with a blanket stretched over it, lay a figure, so still, that, except that it was not dressed in the ordinary habiliments of the grave, Brown would have concluded it to be a corpse. On a steadier view he perceived it was only on the point of becoming so, for he heard one or two of those low, deep, and hard-

drawn sighs, that precede dissolution when the frame is tenacious of life. A female figure, dressed in a long cloak, sat on a stone by this miserable couch; her elbows rested upon her knees, and her face, averted from the light of an iron lamp beside her, was bent upon that of the dying person. She moistened his mouth from time to time with some liquid, and between whiles sung, in a low monotonous cadence, one of those prayers, or rather spells, which, in some parts of Scotland, and the north of England, are used by the vulgar and ignorant to speed the passage of a parting spirit, like the tolling of the bell in Catholic days. She accompanied this dismal sound with a slow rocking motion of her body to and fro, as if to keep time with her song. The words ran nearly thus:—

WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away;—
Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need;—
Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

WHY SIT'ST THOU BY THAT RUINED HALL.

“The window of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very near Lovel's apartment, was half open, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken short his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of its charms—it was now nothing more than an air on the harpsichord, tolerably well performed—such is the caprice of imagination as affecting the fine arts. A female voice sung, with some taste and great simplicity, something between a song and a hymn, in words to the following effect:”—

“WHY sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?”—

“Know'st thou not me?” the Deep Voice cried;
“So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!”

- "Before my breath, like blazing flax,
 Man and his marvels pass away :
 And changing empires wane and wax,
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.
- "Redeem mine hours — the space is brief —
 While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
 And measureless thy joy or grief,
 When time and thou shalt part for ever."
-

REBECCA'S HYMN.

"It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, if it could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison chamber. It disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in the evening prayer recommended by her religion, and which concluded with a hymn, which we have ventured thus to translate into English:—"—

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonish'd lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
 Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
 And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone :
 Our fathers would not know thy ways,
 And thou has left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen !
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by burning streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
 But thou hast said, The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

ROMAN CATHOLIC HYMN FOR THE SOUL OF THE DECEASED.

"Four maidens, Rowena leading the choir, raised a hymn for the soul of the deceased, of which we have only been able to decipher two or three stanzas :"—

Dust unto dust,
To this all must ;
The tenant hath resign'd
The faded form
To waste and worm—
Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown
Thy soul hath flown,
'To seek the realms of woe,
Where fiery pain
Shall purge the stain
Of actions done below.

In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
Brief may thy dwelling-be !
Till prayers and alms,
And holy psalms,
Shall set the captive free.

ANNOOT LYLE'S SONG.

"A little Gaelic song, in which she expressed her feelings, has been translated by the ingenious and unhappy Alexander M'Donald ; and we willingly transcribe the lines :"—

WERT thou, like me, in life's low vale,
With thee how blest, that lot I'd share ;
With thee I'd fly wherever gale
Could waft, or bounding galley bear.

But, parted by severe decree,
Far different must our fortunes prove ;
May thine be joy—enough for me
To weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
When hope shall be forever flown,
No sullen murmur shall reveal,
No selfish murmurs ever own.

Nor will I, through life's weary years,
Like a pale drooping mourner move,
While I can think my secret tears
May wound the heart of him I love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY is an amiable and pleasing writer, whose compositions, both prose and poetry, display a delightful fancy, and a feeling heart. His productions are particularly valuable, for their excellent moral and religious tendency. He is one of the few poets, whose volumes we may read through, without finding anything to shock the most refined and devotional taste.

PSALM CIII.

O MY soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name ;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim ;
Thine infirmities he heal'd ;
He thy peace and pardon seal'd.

He with loving kindness crown'd thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renew'd :
Rich in tender mercy he,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

He will not retain displeasure,
Though awhile he hide his face ;
Nor his God-like bounty measure
By our merit, but his grace ;
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.

Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath sever'd thus ;
As a father loving-hearted
Spareth his son, he spareth us ;
For he knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field flower where it groweth,
Frail and beautiful ;—anon,
When the south wind softly bloweth,
Look again,—the flower is gone ;
Such is man ; his honors pass,
Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
 To eternity,—the Lord,
 Still his people's bliss insuring,
 Keeps his covenanted word ;
 Yea, with truth and righteousness,
 Children's children he will bless.

As in heaven his throne and dwelling,
 King on earth he holds his sway ;
 Angels, ye in strength excelling,
 Bless the Lord, his voice obey ;
 All his works beneath the pole,
 Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul.

ICE-BLINK AND AURORA BOREALIS.

'T is sunset: to the firmament serene
 The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene:
 Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
 Girds the blue hemisphere; above unroll'd
 The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
 Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
 Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,
 Descends to meet her image in the stream.
 Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
 Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
 —Amidst black rocks that lift on either hand
 Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;
 Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
 That shine around the arctic Cyclades;
 Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
 In many a shapeless promontory rent;
 —O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
 The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head,
 On which the sun, beyond th' horizon shrined,
 Hath left his richest garniture behind;
 Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
 O'er fix'd and fluid strides the Alpine bridge,
 Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
 Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky;
 With glacier-battlements, that crowd the spheres,
 The slow creation of six thousand years,
 Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
 —Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:
 All human structures by his touch are borne
 Down to the dust;—mountains themselves are worn
 With his light footsteps; here forever grows,
 Amid the region of unmelting snows,

A monument ; where every flake that falls
 Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
 The sun beholds no mirror in his race,
 That shews a brighter image of his face ;
 The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
 Like signal fires on its illumined crest ;
 The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
 And all its magic lights and shades reveals ;
 Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
 To undermine it through a thousand caves ;
 Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
 Plunge to the gulph, immoveable aloft,
 From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
 Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

Midnight hath told his hour ; the moon, yet young,
 Hangs in the argent west her bow unstrung ;
 Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,
 Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening shades ;
 Jewels more rich than night's regalia gem
 The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem ;
 Like a new morn from orient darkness, there
 Phosphoric splendours kindle in mid air,
 As though from heaven's self-opening portals came
 Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,
 —Flame, that from every point an arrow sends,
 Far as the concave firmament extends :
 Spun with the tissue of a million lines,
 Glistening like gossamer the welkin shines :
 The constellations in their pride look pale
 Through the quick trembling brilliance of that veil :
 Then suddenly converged, the meteors rush
 O'er the wide south ; one deep vermillion blush
 O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,
 And rabid Sirius foams through fire and blood ;
 Again the circuit of the pole they range,
 Motion and figure every moment change,
 Through all the colours of the rainbow run,
 Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun ;
 Wide ether burns with glory, conflict, flight,
 And the glad ocean dances in the light.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge and defence,
 In trouble or unfailing aid ;
 Secure in his omnipotence,
 What foe can make our soul afraid ?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains ;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence bless'd,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand ;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

Thither let fervent faith aspire ;
Our treasure and our hearts be there ;
O for a seraph's wing of fire !
No,—on the mightier wings of prayer,—

We reach at once that last retreat,
And, ranged among the ransom'd throng,
Fall with the elders at his feet,
Whose name alone inspires their song.

Ah, soon, how soon ! our spirits droop ;
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe :
Yet God in very deed will stoop,
And dwell Himself with men beneath.

Come to thy living temples, then,
As in the ancient times appear ;
Let earth be paradise again,
And man, O God, thine image here.

RELIGION.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
The fainting traveller wends his way ;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus, mortals blind and weak below,
 Pursue the phantom bliss in vain;
 The world's a wilderness of wo,
 And life's a pilgrimage of pain!

Till mild Religion from above
 Descends, a sweet engaging form,
 The messenger of heavenly love,
 The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
 And folly flies her chastening rod;
 She makes the humble, contrite heart
 A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
 Where bright celestial ages roll,
 To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
 She points the way and leads the soul.

At her approach, the grave appears
 The gate of paradise restored;
 Her voice the watching cherub hears,
 And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
 May we the crown of glory gain;
 Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
 And reign with God, forever reign!

MRS. BARBAULD.

MRS BARBAULD has adorned the circle of English literature by her writings, hardly less than she has that of private life by her sincere piety and her many domestic virtues. Her poetry is pleasing in its character and excellent in its influence. It is full of good sense and plain benevolence of feeling, without being destitute of fancy. Some of her pieces display a delightful humour, and some are truly pathetic.

WASHING DAY.

THE Muses are turned gossips; they have lost
 The buskined step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
 Language of gods. Come then, domestic Muse,
 In slipshod measure loosely prattling on

Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face ;
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-Day.
Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon ;—for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort ;—ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-armed washers come and chase repose.
Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day : the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour,—an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast-meal is soon despatched ;
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
From that last evil, O preserve us, heavens !
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet : then expect to hear
Of sad disasters,—dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short,—and linen-horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm while stretched upon the rack,
And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals ;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.
—But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance ;—ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus ; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious : shouldst thou try
The 'customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crushed beneath the weight
Of coarse checked apron,—with impatient hand
Twitched off when showers impend : or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites !
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy,
Shall he receive. Vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chickens, savoury pie,
Or tart or pudding :—pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat ; nor, though the husband try,
Mending what can't be helped, to kindle mirth

From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
 Clear up propitious:—the unlucky guest
 In silence dines, and early slinks away.
 I well remember when a child, the awe
 This day struck into me; for then the maids,
 I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me from them:
 Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
 Usual indulgences; jelly or creams,
 Relic of costly suppers, and set by
 For me their petted one; or buttered toast,
 When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
 Of ghost or witch, or murder—so I want
 And sheltered me beside the parlour fire:
 There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
 Tended the little ones, and watched from harm,
 Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
 With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
 Drawn from her ravelled stockings, might have soured
 One less indulgent.—

At intervals my mother's voice was heard,
 Urging despatch: briskly the work went on,
 All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
 To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron and plait.
 Then would I sit me down and ponder much
 Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow bowl
 Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
 The floating bubbles; little dreaming then
 To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
 Ride buoyant through the clouds—so near approach
 The sports of children and the toils of men.
 Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,
 And verse is one of them—this most of all.

DIRGE.

PURE spirit! O where art thou now?
 O whisper to my soul!
 O let some soothing thought of thee,
 This bitter grief control!

'T is not for thee the tears I shed,
 Thy sufferings now are o'er;
 The sea is calm, the tempest past,
 On that eternal shore.

No more the storms that wreck thy peace,
 Shall tear that gentle breast;
 Nor Summer's rage, nor Winter's cold,
 Thy poor, poor frame molest.

Thy peace is sealed, thy rest is sure,
 My sorrows are to come ;
 Awhile I weep and linger here,
 Then follow to the tomb.

And is the awful veil withdrawn,
 That shrouds from mortal eyes,
 In deep impenetrable gloom,
 The secrets of the skies ?

O, in some dream of visioned bliss,
 Some trance of rapture, show
 Where, on the bosom of thy God,
 Thou rest'st from human woe !

Thence may thy pure devotion's flame
 On me, on me descend ;
 To me thy strong aspiring hopes,
 Thy faith, thy fervors lend.

Let these my lonely path illumine,
 And teach my weakened mind
 To welcome all that's left of good,
 To all that 's lost resigned.

Farewell ! With honor, peace, and love,
 Be thy dear memory blest !
 Thou hast no tears for me to shed,
 When I too am at rest.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

God of my life ! and author of my days !
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise ;
 And trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
 That hallowed name to harps of seraphs sung.
 Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
 Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore.
 Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere
 Are equal all,—for all are nothing here.
 All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
 Which nature's works through all their parts proclaim
 I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
 And breathe an awful stillness through my soul ;
 As by a charm, the waves of grief subside ;
 Impetuous Passion stops her headlong tide :
 At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
 And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
 Till every worldly thought within me dies,

And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;
 Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
 And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
 My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;
 With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
 And mingles with the dross of earth again.
 But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
 Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
 His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
 Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined ;
 Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
 And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
 His ears are open to the softest cry,
 His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
 He reads the language of a silent tear,
 And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
 Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give ;
 Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live :
 From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
 Still every wish that centres not in thee ;
 Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
 And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning Pleasure leads
 By living waters, and through flowery meads,
 When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
 And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
 O teach me to elude each latent snare,
 And whisper to my sliding heart — Beware !
 With caution let me hear the syren's voice,
 And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.
 If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
 Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
 And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;
 With equal eye my various lot receive,
 Resigned to die, or resolute to live ;
 Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazoned high
 With golden letters on th' illumined sky ;
 Nor less the mystic characters I see
 Wrought in each flower, inscribed in every tree ;
 In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
 I hear the voice of God among the trees ;
 With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
 With thee in busy crowded cities talk ;

In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fears control:
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to thee, in thee to die.

MRS HEMANS.

THE poetry of Mrs Hemans displays much originality, and genius of a very high order. Her whole manner and style are original, and so many have imitated its peculiarities that she may be considered in some respects as the founder of a new school in the English poetry. She delights in the description of scenes that possess in themselves a picturesque solemnity, or that cluster around them deep feelings of associated moral interest. The words which she uses are singularly poetical, and she combines them with thrilling and appropriate imagery, though not extensive in its range.

The peculiar province of her power seems to lie in the expression of those feelings which are connected with the ideas of one's home and native country. Her lays are full of fondness for the paternal roof,—the free domestic hearth,—and of devotion to “the father land;” they breathe a heart stirring spirit of noble, elevated, sublime patriotism.

A general characteristic of her productions is their touching and sustained pathos. In her tragedies this quality rises to an uncommon degree of richness and power, and in her shorter pieces she has exhibited a more easy, natural, and frequent command of it, perhaps than any other poet.

Her poetry is full of elevated moral feeling, and combines, in a very peculiar manner, inspiring energy of thought with a winning grace and delicacy of sentiment.

SCENE FROM THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Scene—A Street in Valencia. Several Groups of Citizens and Soldiers, many of them lying on the Steps of a Church. Arms scattered on the Ground around them.

An old Citizen. The air is sultry, as with thunder-clouds.
I left my desolate home, that I might breathe
More freely in heaven's face, but my heart feels
With this hot gloom o'erburthen'd. I have now
No sons to tend me. Which of you, kind friends,
Will bring the old man water from the fount,
To moisten his parch'd lip? *[A Citizen goes out.]*

Second Citizen. This wasting siege,
Good Father Lopez, hath gone hard with you!
'T is sad to hear no voices through the house,
Once peopled with fair sons!

Third Citizen. Why better thus,
Than to be haunted with their famished cries,
E'en in your very dreams!

Old Citizen. Heaven's will be done!
These are dark times! I have not been alone
In my affliction.

Third Citizen (with bitterness). Why, we have but
this thought

Left for our gloomy comfort!—And 't is well!
Ay, let the balance be a while struck even
Between the noble's palace, and the hut,
Where the worn peasant sickens!—They that bear
The humble dead unhonor'd to their homes,
Pass now i' th' street no lordly bridal train,
With its exulting music; and the wretch
Who on the marble steps of some proud hall
Flings himself down to die, in his last need
And agony of famine, doth behold
No scornful guests, with their long purple robes,
To the banquet sweeping by. Why, this is just!
These are the days when pomp is made to feel
Its human mould!

Fourth Citizen. Heard you last night the sound
Of Saint Jago's bell?—How sullenly
From the great tower it peal'd?

Fifth Citizen. Ay, and 't is said
No mortal hand was near when so it seem'd
To shake the midnight streets.

Old Citizen. Too well I know
The sound of coming fate!—'T is ever thus
When death is on his way to make it night

In the Cid's ancient house.—Oh! there are things
 In this strange world of which we have all to learn
 When its dark bounds are pass'd.—Yon bell, untouch'd,
 (Save by hands we see not) still doth speak—
 —When of that line some stately head is mark'd—
 With a wild hollow peal, at dead of night,
 Rocking Valencia's towers. I have heard it oft,
 Nor known its warning false.

Fourth Citizen. And will our chief
 Buy the price of his fair children's blood
 A few more days of pining wretchedness
 For this forsaken city?

Old Citizen. Doubt it not!
 —But with that ransom he may purchase still
 Deliverance for the land!—And yet 'tis sad
 To think that such a race with all its fame,
 Should pass away!—For she, his daughter too,
 Moves upon earth as some bright thing whose time
 To sojourn there is short.

Fifth Citizen. Then wo for us
 When she is gone!—Her voice—the very sound
 Of her soft step was comfort as she moved
 Through the still house of mourning!—Who like her
 Shall give us hope again?

Old Citizen. Be still! she comes,
 And with a mien how changed!—A hurrying step,
 And a flushed cheek!—What may this bode?—Be still!

XIMENA enters, with Attendants carrying a Banner.

Ximena. Men of Valencia! in an hour like this,
 What do ye here?

A Citizen. We die!

Ximena. Brave men die now
 Girt for the toil, as travellers suddenly
 By the dark night o'ertaken on their way!
 These days require such death!—It is too much
 Of luxury for our wild and angry times,
 To fold the mantle round us and to sink
 From life, as flowers that shut up silently,
 When the sun's heat doth scorch them!—Hear ye not?

A Citizen. Lady! what wouldst thou with us?

Ximena. Rise and arm!
 E'en now the children of your chief are led
 Forth by the Moor to perish!—Shall this be,
 Shall the high sound of such a name be hush'd,
 I' th' land to which for ages it hath been
 A battle-word, as 't were some passing note
 Of shepherd-music?—Must this work be done,

And ye lie pining here, as men in whom
The pulse which God hath made for noble thought
Can so be thrill'd no longer?

Citizen.

'Tis even so!

Sickness, and toil, and grief, have breath'd upon us.
Our hearts beat faint and low.

Ximena.

Are ye so poor

Of soul, my countrymen! that ye can draw
Strength from no deeper source than that which sends
The red blood mantling through the joyous veins,
And gives the fleet step wings?—Why, how have age
And sensitive womanhood ere now endured,
Through pangs of searching fire, in some proud cause,
Blessing that agony?—Think ye the Power
Which bore them nobly up, as if to teach
The torturer where eternal Heaven had set
Bounds to his sway, was earthly, of this earth,
This dull mortality?—Nay, then look on me!
Death's touch hath mark'd me, and I stand among you,
As one whose place, i' th' sunshine of your world,
Shall soon be left to fill!—I say, the breath
Of th' incense, floating through yon fane, shall scarce
Pass from your path before me! But even now,
I have that within me, kindling through the dust,
Which from all time hath made high deeds its voice
And token to the nations!—Look on me!
Why hath Heaven pour'd forth courage, as a flame
Wasting the womanish heart, which must be still'd
Yet sooner for its swift-consuming brightness,
If not to shame your doubt, and your despair,
And your soul's torpor?—Yet, arise and arm!
It may not be too late.

A Citizen.

Why, what are we,

To cope with hosts?—Thus faint, and worn, and few,
O'ernumber'd and forsaken, is 't for us
To stand against the mighty?

Ximena.

And for whom

Hath He, who shakes the mighty with a breath
From their high places, made the fearfulness,
And ever-wakeful presence of his power,
To the pale startled earth most manifest,
But for the weak?—Was 't for the helm'd and crown'd
That suns were stay'd at noonday?—Stormy seas
As a rill parted?—Mail'd archangels sent
To wither up the strength of kings with death?
—I tell you, if these marvels have been done,
'T was for the wearied and the oppress'd of men,
They needed such!—And generous faith hath power
By her prevailing spirit, e'en yet to work

Deliverances, whose tale shall live with those
Of the great elder time!—Be of good heart!
Who is forsaken?—He that gives the thought
A place within his breast!—'T is not for you.
—Know you this banner?

Citizens (*murmuring to each other.*) Is she not inspired?
Doth not Heaven call us by her fervent voice?

Ximena. Know ye this banner?

Citizens. 'T is the Cid's.

Ximena. The Cid's!

Who breathes that name but in th' exulting tone
Which the heart rings to?—Why, the very wind
As it swells out the noble standard's fold
Hath a triumphant sound!—The Cid's!—it moved
Even as a sign of victory through the land,
From the free skies ne'er stooping to a foe!

Old Citizen. Can ye still pause, my brethren?—Oh! that
youth
Through this worn frame were kindling once again?

Ximena. Ye linger still!—Upon this very air,
He that was born in happy hour for Spain,
Pour'd forth his conquering spirit!—'T was the breeze
From your own mountains which came down to wave
This banner of his battles, as it droop'd
Above the champion's death bed. Nor even then
Its tale of glory closed.—They made no moan
O'er the dead hero, and no dirge was sung,
But the deep tambour and the shrill horn of war
Told when the mighty pass'd!—They wrapt him not
With the pale shroud, but braced the warrior's form
In war array, and on his barbed steed,
As for a triumph, rear'd him; marching forth
In the hush'd midnight from Valencia's walls,
Beleaguer'd then as now. All silently
The stately funeral moved:—but who was he
That followed, charging on the tall white horse,
And with the solemn standard, broad and pale,
Waving in sheets of snow-light? And the cross,
The bloody cross, far-blazing from his shield,
And the fierce meteor sword? They fled, they fled!
The kings of Afric, with their countless hosts,
Were dust in his red path!—The scimitar
Was shivered as a reed!—for in that hour
The warrior-saint that keeps the watch for Spain,
Was arm'd betimes!—And o'er that fiery field
The Cid's high banner stream'd all joyously,
For still its lord was there!

Citizens (*rising tumultuously.*) Even unto death
Again it shall be follow'd!

Ximena. Will he see
 The noble stem hewn down, the beacon light
 Which his house for ages o'er the land
 Hath shone through cloud and storm, thus quenched at once ?
 Will he not aid his children in the hour
 Of this their uttermost peril ?—Awful power
 Is with the holy dead, and there are times
 When the tomb hath no chain they cannot burst !
 —Is it a thing forgotten, how he woke
 From its deep rest of old, remembering Spain
 In her great danger ?—At the night's mid-watch
 How Leon started, when the sound was heard
 That shook her dark and hollow-echoing streets,
 As with the heavy tramp of steel-clad men,
 By thousands marching through !—For he had risen !
 The Campeador was on his march again,
 And in his arms, and follow'd by his hosts
 Of shadowy spearmen ! He had left the world
 From which we are dimly parted, and gone forth
 And called his buried warriors from their sleep,
 Gathering them round him to deliver Spain ;
 For Afric was upon her ! Morning broke—
 Day rush'd through clouds of battle ;—but at eve
 Our God had triumph'd, and the rescued land
 Sent up a shout of victory from the field,
 That rock'd her ancient mountains.

The Citizens. Arm ! to arms !
 On to our chief ! We have strength within us yet
 To die with our blood roused ! Now, be the word,
 For the Cid's house ! [*They begin to arm themselves.*]

Ximena. Ye know his battle-song ?
 The old rude strain wherewith his bands went forth
 To strike down Paynim swords ! *She sings.*

THE CID'S BATTLE SONG.

The Moor is on his way !
 With the tambour-peal and the tecbir-shout,
 And the horn o'er the blue seas ringing out,
 He hath marshal'd his dark array !

Shout through the vine-clad land !
 That her sons on all their hills may hear,
 And sharpen the point of the red-wolf-spear,
 And the sword for the brave man's hand !

[*The Citizens join in the song, while they continue
 arming themselves.*]

Banners are in the field !
 The chief must rise from his joyous board,
 And turn from the feast ere the wine be pour'd,
 And take up his father's shield !

The Moor is on his way !
 Let the peasant leave his olive-ground,
 And the goats roam wild through the pine woods round !
 —There is nobler work to day !

Send forth the trumpet's call !
 Till the bridegroom cast the goblet down,
 And the marriage-robe and the flowery crown,
 And arm in the banquet-hall !

And stay the funeral-train !
 Bid the chanted mass be hush'd awhile,
 And the bier laid down in the holy aisle,
 And the mourners girt for Spain !

[*They take up the banner, and follow Ximena out. Their voices are heard gradually dying away at a distance.*]

Ere night, must swords be red !
 It is not an hour for knells and tears,
 But for helmets braced, and serried spears !
 To-morrow for the dead !

The Cid is in array !
 His steed is barbed, his plume waves high,
 His banner is up in the sunny sky,
 Now, joy for the Cross to-day !

EVENING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EXILE.

FROM THE FOREST SANCTUARY.

I SEE a star—eve's first born !—in whose train
 Past scenes, woods, looks, come back. The arrowy spire
 Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt fane,
 Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of fire ;
 The pine gives forth its odours, and the lake
 Gleams like one ruby, and the soft winds wake,
 Till every string of nature's solemn lyre
 Is touch'd to answer ; its most secret tone
 Drawn from each tree, for each hath whispers all its own.

And hark ! another murmur on the air,
 Not of the hidden rills, nor quivering shades !
 —That is the cataract's, which the breezes bear,
 Filling the leafy twilight of the glades
 With hollow surge-like sounds, as from the bed
 Of the blue mournful seas, that keep the dead :
 But they are far !—the low sun here pervades
 Dim forest-arches, bathing with red gold
 Their stems, till each is made a marvel to behold,

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom!—In such an hour,
 The vesper-melody of dying bells
 Wanders through Spain, from each gray convent's tower
 O'er shining rivers pour'd, and olive-dells,
 By every peasant heard, and muleteer,
 And hamlet, round my home :—and I am here,
 Living again through all my life's farewells,
 In these vast woods, where farewell ne'er was spoken,
 And solè I lift to Heaven a sad heart—yet unbroken!

In such an hour are told the hermit's beads ;
 With the white sail the seaman's hymn floats by :
 Peace be with all ! whate'er their varying creeds,
 With all that send up holy thoughts on high !
 Come to me, boy !—by Guadalquivir's vines,
 By every stream of Spain, as day declines,
 Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy sky.
 —We, too, will pray ; nor yet unheard, my child !
 Of Him whose voice we hear at eve amidst the wild.

At eve ?—oh !—through all hours !—from dark dreams oft
 Awakening, I look forth, and learn the might
 Of solitude, while thou art breathing soft,
 And low, my loved one ! on the breast of night :
 I look forth on the stars—the shadowy sleep
 Of forests—and the lake, whose gloomy deep
 Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies' light.
 A lonely world !—ev'n fearful to man's thought,
 But for his presence felt, whom here my soul hath sought.

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

Sing them upon the sunny hills,
 When days are long and bright,
 And the blue gleam of shining rills
 Is loveliest to the sight.
 Sing them along the misty moor,
 Where ancient hunters roved,
 And swell them through the torrent's roar—
 The songs our fathers loved !

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
 When harps were in the hall,
 And each proud note made lance and spear
 Thrill on the banner'd wall :
 The songs that through our vallies green,
 Sent on from age to age,
 Like his own river's voice, have been
 The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is fill'd with plummy sheaves ;
The woodman, by the starlight pale
Cheer'd homeward through the leaves :
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be !—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove ;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A spell of lingering love :
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening-fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer !
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts that once it stirr'd,
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall sweetly speak again ;
The heathery heights in vision rise
Where like the stag they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved.

ELYSIUM.

FAIR wert thou, in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers,
And summer-winds, and low-toned silvery streams,
Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-bowers !
Where, as they pass'd, bright hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things !

Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,

Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains!—but thy golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Eolian sound went by,
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers, making sweet reply
To summer's breezy sigh!
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath,
Which ne'er had touch'd them with a hue of death!

And the transparent sky
Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the strain
Of harps that, 'midst the woods, made harmony
Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not the brain
With dreams and yearnings vain,
And dim remembrances, that still draw birth
From the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving Asphodel?
Who, call'd and sever'd from the countless dead,
Amidst the shadowy Amaranth-bowers might dwell,
And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in th' immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,
With the bright wine at nation's feasts, went round!
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
On the morn's wing had sent their mighty sound,
And in all regions found
Their echoes 'midst the mountains!—and become
In man's deep heart, as voices of his home!

They of the daring thought!
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied;
Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths had sought
The soul's far birth-place—but without a guide!
Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born 'midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.

But they, of whose abode
'Midst her green vallies earth retain'd no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A void and silent place

In some sweet home ;—thou hadst no wreaths for these,
Thou sunny land ! with all thy deathless trees !

The peasant, at his door
Might sink to die, when vintage-feasts were spread,
And songs on every wind ! — From thy bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head,
Thou wert for nobler dead !
He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
And sigh'd to bid the festal sun farewell !

The slave, whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast
Shut up the woes and burning thoughts of years,
As in the ashes of an urn compress'd ;
—He might not be thy guest !
No gentle breathings from thy distant sky
Came o'er his path, and whisper'd " Liberty !"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before its mother lay ;
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile !—Elysium ! what wert thou,
To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow ?

Thou hadst no home, green land !
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's first flowers just opening in her hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,
Which in its clear eye shone
Like the spring's awakening !—but that light was past—
—Where went the dew-drop, swept before the blast ?

Not where thy soft winds play'd,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep !—
Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of visions, fade !
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep !
Fade, with the amaranth-plain, the myrtle-grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love !

For the most loved are they,
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion-voice
In regal halls !—the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps !—till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And the world knows not then,
 Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled !
 Yet these are they, that on the souls of men
 Come back, when night her folding veil hath spread,
 The long-remember'd dead !
 But not with thee might aught save glory dwell—
 —Fade, fade away, thou shore of Asphodel !

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

In sunset's light o'er Afric thrown,
 A wanderer proudly stood
 Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
 Of Egypt's awful flood ;
 The cradle of that mighty birth,
 So long a hidden thing to earth.

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
 A low mysterious tone ;
 A music sought, but never found
 By kings and warriors gone ;
 He listen'd—and his heart beat high—
 That was the song of victory !

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
 Rush'd burning through his frame,
 The depths of that green solitude
 Its torrents could not tame,
 Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,
 Round those calm fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars :—across his soul
 There swept a sudden change,
 Even at the pilgrim's glorious goal,
 A shadow dark and strange,
 Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
 O'er triumph's hour—And is this all ?

No more than this !—what seem'd it now
 First by that spring to stand ?
 A thousand streams of lovelier flow
 Bathed his own mountain land !
 Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,
 Their wild sweet voices call'd him back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,
 His childhood's haunt of play,
 Where brightly through the beechen shade
 Their waters glanced away ;
 They call'd him, with their sounding waves,
 Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought
Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
With all that lay between;
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and pride?
The spirit born to roam?
His weary heart within him died
With yearnings for his home;
Ail vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
Beheld his bursting tears,
Even on that spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years.
—Oh happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

CASABIANCA.*

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—"Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"

* Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile,) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

—And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

—And shouted but once more aloud,
“My father! must I stay?”
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
—Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perish'd there,
Was that young faithful heart.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
—They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

LORD BYRON.

VERY little of Byron's poetry can be read without a most destructive influence upon the moral sensibilities. Humiliating was the waste and degradation of his genius, and melancholy is the power, which his poetry has exerted upon multitudes of minds. Some of his volumes are more pernicious in their moral tendency than any other books that were ever written. His complete works, ought never to be purchased, and we may feel proud not to be acquainted with them except by extracts, and beauties;—of these there will always be sufficient to satisfy the curiosity, exhibit the character of his genius, and give the imagination all the delight which it can innocently receive from the perusal of any portion of his writings.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction; once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires,—'t is to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves
 a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:
 All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,

All is concenter'd in a life intense ;
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are least alone ;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self ; it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty ;—'t would disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r !

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder ! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee !
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again 't is black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—

And glowing into day : we may resume
 The march of our existence : and thus I,
 Still on thy shores, fair Lemn ! may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth ;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts ;—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,

Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'t was a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

Manfred alone.

Man. The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
 Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !
 I linger yet with Nature, for the night
 Hath been to me a more familiar face
 Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,
 I learn'd the language of another world.
 I do remember me, that in my youth,
 When I was wandering,—upon such a night
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
 Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
 The watchdog bay'd beyond the Tiber ; and
 More near from out the Cesar's palace came
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
 Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
 Within a bowshot—where the Cesars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through level battlements,
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;
 But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !

While Cesar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
 As 't were, anew, the gaps of centuries;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old!—
 The dead, but scepter'd sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns.—

'T was such a night!

'T is strange that I recall it at this time;
 But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
 Even at the moment when they should array
 Themselves in pensive order.

THE IMMORTAL MIND.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space;
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all, that was, at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back:
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks;
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure:

An age shall fleet like earthly year ;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave ;
 But nations swell the funeral cry,
 And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them in Sorrow's purest sigh
 O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent :
 In vain their bones unburied lie,
 All earth becomes their monument !

A tomb is theirs on every page
 An epitaph on every tongue ;
 The present hours, the future age,
 For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
 Grows hush'd, their name the only sound ;
 While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
 The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
 Lamented by admiring foes,
 Who would not share their glorious lot ?
 Who would not die the death they chose ?

And gallant Parker ! thus enshrined
 Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be ;
 And early Valour, glowing, find
 A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bled with thee
 In wo, that glory cannot quell ;
 And shuddering hear of victory,
 Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less ?
 When cease to hear thy cherish'd name ?
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
They cannot choose but weep the more ;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

THOMAS MOORE.

MOORE is another writer, whose most exquisite poetry we could be very well content to lose from the record of English song, if that which is evil in its influence might thus forever be annihilated. He displays a most unlimited command of rich language, and luxurious imagery ; but the reader may search in vain, except in some few instances, for elevated moral feeling, manly reflection, or wise and pious sentiment. *Paradise and the Peri*, and indeed the greater part of *Lallah Rookh*, together with his *Sacred Melodies* are beautiful exceptions to the truth of this remark.

FROM PARADISE AND THE PERI.

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon ;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all the' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below !
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls ;—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light ;—
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The' unclouded skies of Peristan !

And then, the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales ;—
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales !

But nought can charm the luckless Peri ;
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
 Joyless she sees the sun look down
 On that great temple, once his own,
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials, which the wizard Time
 Had rais'd to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd,
 Beneath those chambers of the sun,
 Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
 With the great name of Solomon,
 Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean lies the boon,
 The charm, that can restore so soon
 An erring spirit to the skies !
 Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither ;—
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of even
 In the rich west begun to wither ;—
 When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they ;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers or flying gems ;—
 And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
 Now nestling mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small minaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire !

In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed :
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests !—there written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing angel's pen,
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again !

Yet tranquil now that man of crime,
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play :
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches, that have burnt all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper-call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of day-light sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets !
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lipping th' eternal name of God
 From purity's own cherub-mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again !
 Oh 't was a sight—that Heav'n—that child—
 A scene, which might have well beguil'd
 Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
 For glories lost and peace gone by !
 And how felt he, the wretched man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife ;
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace !
 "There was a time," he said in mild,
 Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child !
 When young and haply pure as thou,
 I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
 He hung his head—each nobler aim

And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

LOVE AND HOPE.

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclin'd:
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind—and left poor Hope behind!

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile,
Across this sunny main;"—
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
Believ'd he'd come again—believ'd he'd come again.

She linger'd there, till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft trac'd his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away—as often wash'd away.

At length, a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves;
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light;
But, ah, it is not Love's—but, ah, it is not Love's!

Another sail—'t was Friendship show'd
Her night lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd,
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas! was He?—and where, alas! was He?

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain;
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er—
Love never came again!—Love never came again!—

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea;)

No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
 How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
 Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
 And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
 Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
 With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date season is burning
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
 The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
 Her dark-flowing hair, for some festival day,
 Will think of thy fate, till neglecting her tresses,
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, belov'd of her hero! forget thee,—
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
 Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
 Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
 With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
 Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow,
 Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
 We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
 Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
 They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,
 They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.

FALLEN IS THY THRONE, OH ISRAEL.

FALLEN is thy throne, Oh Israel !

Silence is o'er thy plains ;

Thy dwellings all lie desolate,

Thy children weep in chains.

Where are the dews that fed thee

On Etham's barren shore ?

That fire from heav'n which led thee,

Now lights thy path no more.

Lord ! thou didst love Jerusalem ;—

Once she was all thy own ;

Her love thy fairest heritage,

Her power thy glory's throne,

Till evil came, and blighted,

Thy long lov'd olive tree ;

And Salem's shrines were lighted

For other gods than thee !

Then sunk the star of Solyma ;

Then pass'd her glory's ray,

Like heath, that in the wilderness

The wild wind whirls away.

Silent and waste her bowers,

Where once the mighty trod,

And sunk those guilty towers,

Where Baal reign'd as god.

“ Go,”—said the Lord—“ ye conquerors !

Steep in her blood your swords,

And raze to earth her battlements ;

For they are not the Lord's !

Till Zion's mournful daughter

O'er kindred bones shall tread,

And Hinnom's vale of slaughter,

Shall hide but half her dead !”

THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

THOU art, O God ! the life and light

Of all this wondrous world we see ;

Its glow by day, its smile by night,

Are but reflections caught from thee.

Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,

And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays

Among the opening clouds of even,

And we can almost think we gaze

Through golden vistas into heaven ;

Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered dies ;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

OH THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

OH ! thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown ;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope, that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanquish'd too !
Oh ! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above ?
Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day !

THE BIRD LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES.

THE bird, let loose in Eastern skies,*
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.
 But high she shoots through air, and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care,
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to thee!
 No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs:—
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 'Thy freedom in her wings!

ADORATION OF THE DEITY IN THE MIDST OF HIS WORKS.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
 My temple, Lord! that arch of thine:
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murmuring homeward to their caves,
 Or when the stillness of the sea,
 Even more than music, breathes of thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
 All light and silence, like thy throne!
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,
 Shall be my pure and shining book,
 Where I shall read, in words of flame,
 The glories of thy wond'rous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
 That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
 Thy mercy in the azure hue
 Of sunny brightness breaking through!

* The Carrier Pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
 From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
 But in its light my soul can see
 Some feature of thy Deity!

There's nothing dark, below, above,
 But in its gloom I trace thy love,
 And meekly wait that moment, when
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

BOWLES' sonnets are the finest in the English language. They are like the exquisite poetry of Collins. They have all his tenderness, much of his fine fancy, and the same "rich economy of words that are halo'd with thought." Their music dwells long upon the ear, and their melancholy pensiveness of feeling soothes the heart.

SONNETS.

LANGUID and sad, and slow, from day to day
 I journey on, yet pensive turn to view,
 Where the rich landscape gleams with softer hue,
 The streams and vales and hills that steal away.
 So fares it with the children of the earth.
 For when life's goodly prospect opens round,
 Their spirits beat to tread that fairy ground
 Where every vale sounds to the pipe of mirth.
 But them vain hope and easy youth beguiles;
 And soon a longing look like me they cast
 Back o'er the pleasing prospect of the past.
 Yet fancy points, where still far onward smiles
 Some sunny spot, and her fair colouring blends,
 Till cheerless on their path the night descends.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
 Much musing on the track of terror past,
 When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,
 Pleas'd I look back, and view the tranquil tide
 That laves the pebbled shores; and now the beam
 Of evening smiles on the gray battlement,
 And yon forsaken tow'r that time has rent:
 The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
 Is touch'd, and the hush'd billows seem to sleep.
 Sooth'd by the scene e'en thus on sorrow's breast

A kindred stillness steals, and bids her rest ;
 Whilst sad airs stilly sigh along the deep,
 Like melodies that mourn upon the lyre,
 Waked by the breeze, and as they mourn, expire.

TO BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

YE holy tow'rs that shade the wave-worn steep,
 Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
 Though hurrying silent by, relentless time
 Assail you, and the wintry whirlwind sweep.
 For, far from blazing grandeur's crowded halls,
 Here Charity has fix'd her chosen seat ;
 Oft listening tearful when the wild winds beat
 With hollow bodings round your ancient walls ;
 And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
 Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow'r,
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
 Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
 And snatch him cold and speechless from the grave

TO THE RIVER TWEED.

O TWEED ! a stranger that with wandering feet
 O'er hill and dale has journey'd many a mile,
 (If so his weary thoughts he may beguile)
 Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.
 The waving branches that romantic bend
 O'er thy tall banks, a soothing charm bestow.
 The murmurs of thy wandering wave below
 Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.
 Delightful stream ! though now along thy shore,
 When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
 The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more ;
 Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,
 Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,
 To muse upon thy banks at even tide.

EVENING.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades descend,
 Veiling with gentlest touch the landscape still,
 The lonely battlement, and farthest hill
 And wood—I think of those that have no friend :
 Who now perhaps by melancholy led,
 From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
 Retiring, wander mid thy lonely haunts

Unseen, and mark the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely ; oft to musing Fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.
Ah ! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams the while
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile !

CLYDESDALE.

CLYDESDALE, as thy romantic vales I leave,
And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
Where musing Fancy seems to linger still,
Tracing the broad bright landscape ; much I grieve
That, mingled with the toiling crowd, no more
I may return your varied views to mark
Of rocks amid the sunshine tow'ring dark ;
Of rivers winding wild, and mountains hoar,
Or castle gleaming on the distant steep !
Yet still your brightest images shall smile,
To charm the lingering stranger, and beguile
His way ; whilst I the poor remembrance keep
Like those, that muse on some sweet vision flown,
To cheer me wandering on my way alone.

DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
Uplift their shadowy heads, and at their feet
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood ;
And while the distant murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow ; of the friends he lov'd most dear ;
Of social scenes from which he wept to part.
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall ;
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unbearing tide,
The world his country, and his God his guide.

LANDING AT OSTEND.

THE orient beam illumines the parting oar,
From yonder azure track emerging white
The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,
And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore.

Meantime, far off the rear of darkness flies.

Yet, mid the beauties of the morn-unmov'd,

Like one, forever torn from all he lov'd,

Towards Albion's heights I turn my longing eyes,

Where ev'ry pleasure seem'd ere while to dwell :

Yet boots it not to think or to complain,

Musing sad ditties to the reckless main.

To dreams like these adieu ! the pealing bell

Speaks of the hour that stays not, and the day

To life's sad turmoil calls my heart away.

ON THE RHINE.

'T WAS morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow

(Hung with the blushes of the bending vine)

Stream'd the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine

We bounded, and the white waves round the prow

In murmurs parted ; varying as we go,

Lo ! the woods open and the rocks retire ;

Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening spire

Mid the bright landscape's tract, unfolding slow.

Here dark with furrow'd aspect, like despair,

Hangs the bleak cliff, there on the woodland's side

The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide ;

Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so fair,

Would wish to linger many a summer's day,

Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

WRITTEN AT OSTEND.

How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal !

As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze

Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,

So piercing to my heart their force I feel !

And hark ! with lessening cadence now they fall,

And now along the white and level tide

They fling their melancholy music wide,

Bidding me many a tender thought recall

Of summer days, and those delightful years,

When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,

The mournful magic of their mingling chime

First wak'd my wondering childhood into tears ;

But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,

The sounds of joy, once heard and heard no more.

TO TIME.

O TIME, who knows't a lenient hand to lay,
 Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away :
 On thee I rest my only hopes at last ;
 And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear,
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back on many a sorrow past,
 And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile.
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunshine of the transient show'r,
 Forgetful, though its wings be wet the while.
 But ah ! what ills must that poor heart endure,
 Who hopes from thee, and thee alone a cure.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND.

AH, from my eyes the tears unbidden start,
 Albion ! as now thy cliffs (that white appear
 Far o'er the wave, and their proud summits rear
 To meet the beams of morn) my beating heart
 With eager hope and filial transport hails !
 Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
 As when erewhile the tuneful morn of spring
 Joyous awoke amid your blooming vales,
 And fill'd with fragrance every painted plain :
 Fled are those hours and all the joys they gave :
 Yet still I sigh, and count each rising wave
 That bears me nearer to your haunts again :
 If haply, mid those woods and vales so fair,
 Stranger to peace, I yet may meet her there.

NETLEY ABBEY.

FALLEN pile ! I ask not what has been thy fate,
 But when the weak winds wafted from the main,
 Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come mourning to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and on those
 Who once like thee majestic and sublime
 Have stood ; till bow'd beneath the hand of time,
 Or hard mishap, at their sad evening's close,
 Their bold and beauteous port has sunk forlorn !
 Yet wearing still a charm, that age and cares
 Could ne'er subdue, decking the silver hairs
 Of sorrow, as with short-liv'd gleam the morn
 Illumines whilst it weeps, the refted tower
 That lifts its forehead gray, and smiles amidst the shower.

BERNARD BARTON.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

THOUGH parental affection lament thee,
 And anguish, which loves to recall
 Thy image, may oft represent thee
 As the fairest and loveliest of all :
 Although I must feel for such sorrow,
 There is so much bliss in thy lot,
 That pain from thee pleasure may borrow
 And joy could not wish thee forgot.

When childhood, by sin yet untainted,
 Gives up life, which it scarcely hath gain'd :
 And, ere with affliction acquainted,
 Hath its end and its object attain'd ;
 There is so much of sweet consolation,
 To soften the sorrow we feel ;
 While we mourn the severe dispensation,
 We bow to the hand which can heal.

Death comes not to such in his terrors,
 His pains are half' pangless to them ;
 Crimes have not succeeded to errors,
 Nor conscience been roused to condemn.
 The prospect before and behind them
 Awakes not one heart-stinging sigh ;
 The season of suffering assign'd them
 May be bitter, but soon is gone by.

There is much to relieve, and restore us
 To peace, when the child which we lov'd
 Hath ascended to glory before us,
 Not unblest, though in mercy unprov'd !
 Fond fancy gives birth to the feeling
 That part of ourselves is at rest ;
 Hope, humble, but holy and healing,
 Sheds its balm in the yet bleeding breast.

Who knows but the beings who bound us
 With tenderest ties to this world,
 Though unseen, may be hovering around us,
 With their cherub-like pinions unfurl'd ?
 Although not to our senses permitted
 To be visible, still they are near ;
 And the feelings they prompt are most fitted
 To dry up the sorrowing tear.

They tell us that change of existence
 Has not sever'd, but strengthen'd each tie;
 And, that though we may think them at distance,
 Yet still they are spiritually nigh.
 There yet is an unbroken union,
 Though mortality's curtain may fall;
 And souls may keep up their communion,
 Through the God of the spirits of all!

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FAIR flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
 Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
 To evening's hues of sober gray
 Thy cup of paly gold;—

Be thine the offering owing long
 To thee, and to this pensive hour,
 Of one brief tributary song,
 Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve,
 Thy scatter'd blossoms' lonely light,
 And have my inmost heart receive
 The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
 Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
 And shine, mid shadows gathering dark,
 The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
 When cares and griefs the breast invade,
 Is friendship's animating smile
 In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup
 Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
 And bears the sinking spirit up
 Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
 If meek Religion's eye may trace,
 Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,
 The holier hope of Grace.

The hope—that as thy beauteous bloom
 Expands to glad the close of day,
 So through the shadows of the tomb
 May break forth Mercy's ray.

VERSES WRITTEN AFTER RETURNING FROM AN AUTUM-
NAL MORNING WALK.

It is the very carnival of nature,
The loveliest season that the year can show !
When earth, obedient to her great Creator,
Her richest boons delighteth to bestow.
The gently-sighing breezes, as they blow,
Have more than vernal softness ; and the sun
Sheds on the landscape round a mellow glow
Than in his summer splendour he has done,
As if he near'd his goal, and knew the race was won.

It is the season when the green delight
Of leafy luxury begins to fade !
When leaves are changing daily to the sight,
Yet seem but lovelier from each deepening shade,
Or tint, by autumn's touch upon them laid ;
It is the season when each streamlet's sound,
Flowing through lonely vale, or woody glade,
Assumes a tone more pensive, more profound ;
And yet that hoarser voice spreads melody around.

And I have wander'd far, since the bright east
Was glorious with the dawning light of day ;
Seeing as that effulgence more increas'd,
The mists of morning slowly melt away :
And, as I pass'd along, from every spray,
With dew-drops glistening, ever more have heard
Some feather'd songster chant his roundelay ;
Or bleat of sheep, or lowing of the herd ;
Or rustling of fall'n leaf, when morning's breezes stirr'd.

Thus having roam'd, and reach'd my home at last,
Can I do better, while my bosoms glows,
With all the loveliness through which I've pass'd,
Even till enjoyment wishes for repose,
And meditation still with memory grows :
Can I do better than once more to trim
My evening fire, and these my labours close,
Before my feelings chill, or sense wax dim,
With solemn strain of prayer, fit for a parting hymn ?

" O God ! it is an awful thing indeed
For one who estimates our nature well,
Be what it may his outward sect, or creed,
To name thee, thou Incomprehensible !
Hadst thou not chosen of thyself to tell,
As in thy gospel thou hast done ; nor less,
By condescending in our hearts to dwell ;
Could man have ever found to thee access,
Or worshipp'd thee aright, in spiritual holiness ?

"No ! for the utmost that we could have done,
 Were to have rais'd, as Paul at Athens saw,
 Altars unto the dread and unknown One,
 Bending before, we knew not what, with awe ;
 And even now instructed by a law
 Holier than that of Moses, what know we
 Of thee, the Highest ? Yet thou bidd'st us draw
 Near thee in spirit : O then pardon me,
 If, in this closing strain, I crave a boon of thee.

"It shall be this : permit me not to place
 My soul's affections on the things of earth ;
 But, conscious of the treasures of thy grace,
 To let them, in my inmost heart, give birth
 To gratitude proportion'd to their worth :
 Teach me to feel that all which thou hast made
 Upon this mighty globe's gigantic girth,
 Though meant with filial love to be survey'd,
 Is nothing to thyself :—the shadow of a shade.

"If thou hast given me, more than unto some,
 A feeling sense of nature's beauties fair,
 Which sometimes renders admiration dumb,
 From consciousness that words cannot declare
 The beauty thou hast scatter'd every where ;
 O grant that this may lead me still, through all
 Thy works to thee ! nor prove a treacherous snare
 Adapted those affections to enthrall,
 Which should be thine alone, and waken at thy call.

"I would not merely dream my life away
 In fancied rapture, or imagin'd joy ;
 Nor that a perfum'd flower, a dew-gemm'd spray,
 A murmuring brook, or any prouder toy,
 Should, for its own sake, thought or song employ ;
 So far alone as nature's charms can lead
 To thee, who fram'd them all, and canst destroy,
 Or innocent enjoyment serve to feed ;
 Grant me to gaze and love, and thus thy works to read.

"But while from one extreme thy power may keep
 My erring frailty, O preserve me still
 From dulness, nor let cold indifference steep
 My senses in oblivion : if the thrill
 Of early bliss must sober, as it will,
 And should, when earthly things to heavenly yield.
 I would have feelings left, time cannot chill ;
 That, while I yet can walk through grove or field,
 I may be conscious there of charms by thee reveal'd.

"And when I shall, as, soon or late, I must,
 Become infirm: in age, if I grow old;
 Or, sooner, if my strength should fail its trust;
 When I relinquish haunts where I have stroll'd
 At morn or eve, and can no more behold
 Thy glorious works: forbid me to repine;
 Let memory still their loveliness unfold
 Before my mental eye, and let them shine
 With borrow'd light from thee, for they are thine!"

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF A CHILD OF SUPERIOR ENDOWMENTS AND EXTRAORDINARY PIETY.

It is not length of years which lends
 The brightest loveliness to those,
 Whose memory with our being blends,
 Whose worth within our bosoms glows.

The age we honor standeth not
 In locks of snow, or length of days;
 But in a life, which knows no spot,
 A heart, which heavenly wisdom sways.

For wisdom, which is taught by truth,
 Unlike mere worldly knowledge, finds
 Its full maturity in youth,
 Its image e'en in infant minds.

Thus was this child made early wise,
 Wise as those sages, who, from far,
 Beheld, in Bethlehem's cloudless skies,
 The Christian church's gathering star.

What more could wisdom do for them,
 Than guide them in the path they trod?
 And the same star of Bethlehem
 Hath led his spirit home to God!

Well may his memory be dear,
 Whose loss is still its sole alloy,
 Whose happy lot dries every tear
 With holy hopes and humble joy.

"The brightest star of morning's host,"
 Is that which shines in twilight skies;
 "Scarce risen, in brighter beams 't is lost,"
 And vanishes from mortal eyes.

Its loss inspires a brief regret ;
 Its loveliness is ne'er forgot ;
 We know full well 't is shining yet,
 Although we may behold it not.

And thus the spirit which is gone,
 Is but absorb'd in glory's blaze ;
 In beaming brightness burning on,
 Though lost unto our finite gaze.

There are, who watch'd it to the last ;
 There are, who can forget it never ;
 May these when death's dark shade is past,
 Partake with joy its light forever !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SPIRITS.

FIRST FAUN. Canst thou imagine where those spirits live,
 Which make such delicate music in the woods ?
 We haunt within the least frequented caves
 And closest coverts, and we know these wilds,
 Yet never meet them, though we hear them oft ;
 Where may they hide themselves ?

SECOND FAUN. 'T is hard to tell :
 I have heard those more skilled in spirits say,
 The bubbles, which the enchantment of the sun
 Sucks from the faint water-flowers that pave
 The oozy bottom of clear lakes and pools,
 Are the pavilions where such dwell and float
 Under the green and golden atmosphere,
 Which noon-tide kindles through the woven leaves ;
 And when these burst, and the thin fiery air,
 The which they breathed within those lucent domes,
 Ascends to flow like meteors through the night,
 They ride on them, and rein their headlong speed,
 And bow their burning crest, and glide in fire
 Under the waters of the earth again.

FIRST FAUN. If such live thus, have others other lives,
 Under pink blossoms or within the bells
 Of meadow flowers, or folded violets deep,
 Or on their dying odours, when they die,
 Or on the sunlight of the sphered dew ?

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest;
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,—

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud.
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour,
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue,
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view ;

* * * *

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass.
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass :

* * * *

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

* * * *

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught :
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell the saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

LEIGH HUNT.

TO HIS SON, SIX YEARS OLD, DURING SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
 My little patient boy;
 And balmy rest about thee
 Smooths off the day's annoy.
 I sit me down, and think
 Of all thy winning ways;
 Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
 That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
 Thy thanks to all that aid,
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
 Of fancied faults afraid;
 The little trembling hand
 That wipes thy quiet tears,
 These, these are things that may demand
 Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
 I will not think of now;
 And calmly, midst my dear ones,
 Have wasted with dry brow;
 But when thy fingers press
 And pat my stooping head,
 I cannot bear the gentleness,—
 The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
 When life and hope were new,
 Kind playmate of thy brother,
 Thy sister, father, too;
 My light, where'er I go,
 My bird, when prison-bound,
 My hand in hand companion,—no,
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed"—
 "His voice—his face—is gone;"
 To feel impatient-hearted,
 Yet feel we must bear on;
 Ah, I could not endure
 To whisper of such woe,
 Unless I felt this sleep ensure
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he 's fixed and sleeping !
 This silence too the while—
 Its very hush and creeping
 Seem whispering us a smile :—
 Something divine and dim
 Seems going by one's ear,
 Like parting wings of Cherubim,
 Who say, " We've finished here."

JOHN WILSON.

WILSON's poetry possesses a quiet beauty, gentle and soothing in its influence. He resembles Wordsworth, more perhaps in some respects, than any other writer. He reminds us too of Grahame, to whose memory he has offered so beautiful a tribute. Yet he cannot with propriety be called an imitator, for his poems are abundant in the truth and freshness of nature, and display much originality. They are delightful in their moral influence, full of sweet, domestic, affectionate thoughts, aloof from all misanthropy, and tinged with the mild, benevolent spirit of religion. They are such as we should expect from the author of *The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. JAMES GRAHAME, THE POET OF SCOTLAND.

With tearless eyes and undisturbed heart,
 O Bard ! of sinless life and holiest song,
 I muse upon thy death-bed and thy grave ;
 Though round that grave the trodden grass still lies
 Besmeared with clay ; for many feet were there,
 Fast-rooted to the spot, when slowly sank
 Thy coffin, Grahame ! into the quiet cell.
 Yet, well I loved thee, even as one might love
 An elder brother, imaged in the soul
 With solemn features, half-creating awe,
 But smiling still with gentleness and peace.
 Tears have I shed when thy most mournful voice
 Did tremblingly breathe forth that touching air,
 By Scottish shepherd haply framed of old,
 Amid the silence of his pastoral hills,
 Weeping the flowers on Flodden-field that died.
 Wept, too, have I, when thou didst simply read
 From thine own lays, so simply beautiful,
 Some short pathetic tale of human grief,

Or orison or hymn of deeper love,
 That might have won the sceptic's sullen heart
 To gradual adoration, and belief
 Of Him who died for us upon the cross.
 Yea! oft when thou wert well, and in the calm
 Of thy most Christian spirit blessing all
 Who look'd upon thee, with those gentlest smiles,
 That never lay on human face but thine;
 Even when thy serious eyes were lighted up
 With kindling mirth, and from thy lips distill'd
 Words soft as dew, and cheerful as the dawn,
 Then, too, I could have wept, for on thy face,
 Eye, voice, and smile, nor less thy bending frame,
 By other cause impair'd than length of years,
 Lay something that still turn'd the thoughtful heart
 To melancholy dreams, dreams of decay,
 Of death and burial, and the silent tomb.

And of the tomb thou art an inmate now!
 Methinks I see thy name upon the stone
 Placed at thy head, and yet my cheeks are dry.
 Tears could I give thee, when thou wert alive,
 The mournful tears of deep foreboding love,
 That might not be restrain'd; but now they seem
 Most idle all! thy worldly course is o'er,
 And leaves such sweet remembrance in my soul
 As some delightful music heard in youth,
 Sad, but not painful, even more spirit-like
 Than when it murmur'd through the shades of earth.

Short time wert thou allow'd to guide thy flock
 Through the green pastures, where in quiet glides
 The Siloah of the soul! Scarce was thy voice
 Familiar to their hearts, who felt that heaven
 Did therein speak, when suddenly it fell
 Mute and forever! Empty now and still
 The holy house which thou didst meekly grace,
 When with uplifted hand, and eye devout,
 Thy soul was breathed to Jesus, or explained
 The words that lead unto eternal life.
 From infancy thy heart was vow'd to God:
 And aye the hope that one day thou might'st keep
 A little fold from all the storms of sin
 Safe-shelter'd, and by reason of thy prayers
 Warm'd by the sunshine of approving Heaven,
 Upheld thy spirit, destined for a while
 To walk far other paths, and with the crowd
 Of worldly men to mingle. Yet even then,
 Thy life was ever such as well became
 One whose pure soul was fixed upon the cross!

And when with simple fervent eloquence,
 Thou plead'st the poor man's cause, the listener oft
 Thought how becoming would thy visage smile
 Across the house of God, how beauteously
 That man would teach the saving words of Heaven !

How well he taught them, many a one will feel
 Unto their dying day ; and when they lie
 On the grave's brink, unfearing and composed,
 Their speechless souls will bless the holy man
 Whose voice exhorted, and whose footsteps led
 Unto the paths of life ; nor sweeter hope,
 Next to the gracious look of Christ, have they,
 Than to behold his face, who saved their souls.

But clos'd on earth thy blessed ministry !
 And while thy native Scotland mourns her son,
 Untimely reft from her maternal breast,
 Weeps the fair sister-land, with whom ere while
 The stranger sojourn'd, stranger but in birth,
 For well she loved thee, as thou wert her own.

On a most clear and noiseless Sabbath-night
 I heard that thou wert gone, from the soft voice
 Of one who knew thee not, but deeply loved
 Thy spirit meekly shining in thy song.
 At such an hour the death of one like thee
 Gave no rude shock, nor by a sudden grief
 Destroy'd the visions from the starry sky,
 Then settling in my soul. The moonlight slept
 With a diviner sadness on the air ;
 The tender dimness of the night appear'd
 Darkening to deeper sorrow, and the voice
 Of the far torrent from the silent hills
 Flow'd, as I listen'd, like a funeral strain
 Breath'd by some mourning solitary thing.
 Yet Nature in her pensiveness still wore
 A blissful smile, as if she sympathized
 With those who grieved that her own Bard was dead,
 And yet was happy that his spirit dwelt
 At last within her holiest sanctuary,
 Mid long expecting angels.

And if e'er
 Faith, fearless faith, in the eternal bliss
 Of a departed brother, may be held
 By beings blind as we, that faith should dry
 All eyes that weep for Grahame ; or, through their tears,
 Show where he sits, august and beautiful,
 On the right hand of Jesus, mid the saints

Whose glory he on earth so sweetly sang.
 No fears have we when some delightful child
 Falls from its innocence into the grave!
 Soon as we know its little breath is gone,
 We see it lying in its Saviour's breast,
 A heavenly flower there fed with heavenly dew.
 Childlike in all that makes a child so dear
 To God and man, and ever consecrates
 Its cradle and its grave, Grahame, wert thou!
 And hadst thou died upon thy mother's breast
 Ere thou couldst lisp her name, more fit for heaven
 Thou scarce hadst been, than when thy honor'd head
 Was laid into the dust, and Scotland wept
 O'er hill and valley for her darling Bard.

How beautiful is genius when combined
 With holiness! Oh, how divinely sweet
 The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touch'd
 By the soft hand of Piety, and hung
 Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating
 With solemn music in the ear of God.
 And must the Bard from sacred themes refrain?
 Sweet were the hymns in patriarchal days,
 That, kneeling in the silence of his tent,
 Or on some moonlight hill, the shepherd pour'd
 Unto his heavenly Father. Strains survive
 Erst chanted to the lyre of Israel,
 More touching far than ever poet breathed
 Amid the Grecian isles, or later times
 Have heard in Albion, land of every lay.
 Why therefore are ye silent, ye who know
 The trance of adoration, and behold
 Upon your bended knees the throne of Heaven,
 And him who sits thereon? Believe it not,
 That Poetry, in purer days the nurse,
 Yea! parent oft of blissful piety,
 Should silent keep from service of her God,
 Nor with her summons, loud but silver-ton'd,
 Startle the guilty dreamer from his sleep,
 Bidding him gaze with rapture or with dread
 On regions where the sky forever lies
 Bright as the sun himself, and trembling all
 With ravishing music, or where darkness broods
 O'er ghastly shapes, and sounds not to be borne.

Such glory, Grahame! thine: Thou didst despise-
 To win the ear of this degenerate age
 By gorgeous epithets, all idly heap'd
 On theme of earthly state, or, idler still,
 By tinkling measures and unchasten'd lays,

Warbled to pleasure and her syren-train,
 Profaning the best name of poesy.
 With loftier aspirations, and an aim
 More worthy man's immortal nature, Thou
 That holiest spirit that still loves to dwell
 In the upright heart and pure, at noon of night
 Didst fervently invoke, and, led by her
 Above the Aonian mount, send from the stars
 Of heaven such soul-subduing melody
 As Bethlehem-shepherds heard when Christ was born.

SONNET.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :
 Long had I watched the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
 'Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow !
 Even in its very motion, there was rest :
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul !
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
 Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A PICTURE BY BERGHEM, OF
 AN ASS IN A STORM-SHOWER.

POOR wretch ! that blasted leafless tree,
 More frail and death-like even than thee,
 Can yield no shelter to thy shivering form ;
 The sleet, the rain, the wind of heaven,
 Full in thy face are coldly driven,
 As if thou wert alone the object of the storm.

Yet chill'd with cold, and drench'd with rain,
 Mild creature, thou dost not complain
 By sound or look of these ungracious skies ;
 Calmly as if in friendly shed,
 There stand'st thou, with unmoving head,
 And a grave, patient meekness in thy half-closed eyes.

Long could my thoughtful spirit gaze
 On thee ; nor am I loth to praise

Him who in moral mood this image drew ;
And yet, methinks, that I could frame
An image different, yet the same,
More pleasing to the heart, and yet to Nature true.

Behold a lane retired and green,
Winding amid a forest-scene,
With blooming furze in many a radiant heap ;
There is a browsing ass espied,
One colt is frisking by her side,
And one among her feet is safely stretch'd in sleep.

And lo ! a little maiden stands,
With thistles in her tender hands,
Tempting with kindly words the colt to eat ;
Or gently down before him lays,
With words of solace and of praise,
Pluck'd from the untrodden turf the herbage soft and sweet.

The summer sun is sinking down,
And the peasants from the market town
With cheerful hearts are to their homes returning ;
Groups of gay children too are there,
Stirring with mirth the silent air,
O'er all their eager eyes the light of laughter burning.

The ass hath got his burthen still !
The merry elves the panniers fill :
Delighted there from side to side they swing.
The creature heeds nor shout nor call,
But jogs on careless of them all,
Whether in harmless sport they gaily strike or sing.

A gipsy-group ! the secret wood
Stirs through its leafy solitude,
As wheels the dance to many a jocund tune ;
Th' unpannier'd ass slowly retires
From the brown tents, and sparkling fires,
And silently feeds on beneath the silent moon.

The Moon sits o'er the huge oak tree,
More pensive mid this scene of glee,
That mocks the hour of beauty and of rest ;
The soul of all her softest rays
On yonder placid creature plays,
As if she wish'd to cheer the hardships of the oppress'd.

But now the silver moonbeams fade,
And, peeping through a flowery glade,
Hush'd as a wild-bird's nest, a cottage lies :

An ass stands meek and patient there,
And by her side a spectre fair,
To drink the balmy cup once more before she dies.

With tenderest care the pitying dame
Supports the dying maiden's frame,
And strives with laughing looks her heart to cheer ;
While playful children crowd around
To catch her eye by smile or sound,
Unconscious of the doom that waits their lady dear!

I feel this mournful dream impart
A holier image to my heart,
For oft doth grief to thoughts sublime give birth :—
Blest creature ! through the solemn night,
I see thee bath'd in heavenly light,
Shed from that wond'rous child—The Saviour of the earth.

When, flying Herod's murd'rous rage,
Thou on that wretched pilgrimage
Didst gently near the virgin-mother lie ;
On thee the humble Jesus sate,
When thousands rush'd to Salem's gate,
To see mid holy hymns the sinless man pass by.

Happy thou wert,—nor low thy praise,
In peaceful patriarchal days,
When countless tents slow passed from land to land
Like clouds o'er heaven :—the gentle race
Such quiet scene did meetly grace,—
Circling the pastoral camp in many a stately band.

Poor wretch !—my musing dream is o'er ;
Thy shivering form I view once more,
And all the pains thy race is doom'd to prove.
But they whose thoughtful spirits see
The truth of life, will pause with me,
And bless thee in a voice of gentleness and love !

MAGDALENE'S HYMN.

FROM "THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE."

THE air of death breathes through our souls,
The dead all round us lie ;
By day and night the death-bell tolls,
And says, "Prepare to die."

The face that in the morning sun
We thought so wond'rous fair,
Hath faded, ere his course was run,
Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave,
With thin locks silvery-gray ;
I see the child's bright tresses wave
In the cold breath of the clay.

The loving ones we loved the best,
Like music all are gone !
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest
Their monumental stone.

But not when the death-prayer is said
The life of life departs ;
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

And holy midnight voices sweet
Like fragrance fill the room,
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
Come bright'ning from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came !
—We veil our eyes before thy light,
We bless our Saviour's name !

This frame of dust, this feeble breath
The Plague may soon destroy ;
We think on Thee, and feel in death
A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanish'd years
In the glory yet to come ;
O idle grief ! O foolish tears !
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair
That weep themselves to rest ;
We part with life—awake ! and there
The jewel in our breast !

GEORGE CROLY.

THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

WHAT is Death? 'T is to be free!
 No more to love, or hope, or fear—
 To join the great equality:
 All alike are humble there!
 The mighty grave
 Wraps lord and slave;
 Nor pride, nor poverty darés come
 Within that refuge-house, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,
 And the ever-weeping eye,
 Thou of all earth's kings art king!
 Empires at thy footstool lie!
 Beneath thee strow'd
 Their multitude
 Sink, like waves upon the shore;
 Storms shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth
 To the grandeur round thy throne!
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
 To thy kingdom all have gone.
 Before thee stand
 The wondrous band;
 Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
 Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show
 Many a million for her one;
 Through thy gates the mortal flow
 Has for countless years roll'd on:
 Back from the tomb
 No step has come;
 There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
 Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

DOMESTIC LOVE.

DOMESTIC Love! not in proud palace halls
 Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
 Thy dwelling is in lonely cottage walls,
 That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;
 With hum of bees around, and from the side
 Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
 Shining along, through banks with harchbells dyed;

And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

O! love of loves!—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key.
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice, that, on the midnight sea,
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come
And on its altar closed—forever closed thy plume.

CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

THERE was once a gentle time
Whenne the worlde was in its prime;
And everie daye was holydaye,
And everie monthe was lovelie Maye
Cupid thenne hadde but to goe
With his purple winges and bowe;
And in blossomed vale and grove
Everie shepherde knelte to love.

Thenne a rosie, dimplede cheeke,
And a blue eye, fonde and meeke;
And a ringlette-wreathenne brow,
Like hyacinthes on a bed of snowe;
And a low voice, silverre sweete,
From a lippe without deceite;
Onlie those the heartes could move
Of the simple swaines to love.

But thatte time is gone and paste,
Canne the summer always laste?
And the swaines are wiser grown,
And the hearte is turned to stone,
And the maidenne's rose may witherre,
Cupid's fled, no man knows whitherre
But anotherre Cupid's come,
With a browe of care and gloome:
Fixede upon the earthlie moulde,
Thinkinge of the sullene golde;
In his hande the bowe no more,
At his backe the householde store,
That the bridaule gold must buye:
Uselesse nowe the smile and sighe:
But he weares the pinion stille,
Flyinge at the sighte of ille.

Oh, for the olde true-love time,
Whenne the world was in its prime!

EXTRACT FROM "PARIS IN 1815."

BUT stoop or pass the tempest as it will;
 The hour is fix'd, when the Resplendent One,
 Seen by the Prophet in his Patmos isle,
 The Seraph, from whose forehead flames the sun,
 Shall bid the Evil City be undone;
 Then with one fiery foot upon the shore,
 And one upon the ocean's shrinking zone,
 With lifted hand and thunder's sevenfold roar,
 Send up his cry to Heaven, that Time shall be no more.

Then the Deliverance comes! the crimson scroll,
 Writ with the madness of six thousand years,
 Shall be like snow; from Heaven the clouds shall roll;
 The Earth no longer be the vale of tears.
 Speed on your swiftest wheels, ye golden spheres,
 To bring the splendours of that morning nigh.
 Already the forgiven desert bears
 The rose; the Pagan lifts th' adoring eye,
 The exiled Hebrew seeks the daybreak in the sky!

I see the Tribes returning in their pomp;
 Before them moves the Babe of Bethlehem's star:
 They come with shout and hymn, and uplift trump
 That rang of old on Zion's holy air.
 They come from every region wild and far,
 That wo e'er trod, with every swarthy stain
 Of storm, and slavery, and barbaric war;
 Sons of the desert, dungeon, mountain, main;
 Turban'd, and capp'd, and helm'd, a countless, boundless train.

One conflict more, the fiercest and the last!
 When the old dragon-monarch of the air
 His sails upon the groaning storm shall cast,
 To fight the final battle of despair.
 But from the cope of Heaven a sword shall share
 His fiery pinion in the sight of man.
 Down to the depths shall rush th' eclipsing star,
 Condemn'd the cup of agonies to drain,
 A thousand years of night,—wild horror,—scorpion pain!

Ancient of Days! that high above all height
 Sitt'st on the circle of eternity!
 The hour shall come, when all shall know Thy might,
 And earth be heaven, for it shall look on Thee!
 Blessed the eye which lives that day to see.
 The grave may wrap me ere its glorious sun:
 Even, Father, as Thou wilt; but Thou art He,
 That sees the sparrow perish from Thy throne;
 Father, in life or death, Thy sovereign will be done.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

SABBATH MORNING.

DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,
When village bells awake the day ;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord !
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,
Sung with the pomp of village art ;
That holy, heavenly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often pray'd,
And still the anxious tear would fall ;
But on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn ;
The village bells, the shepherd's voice ;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms ;
Our's be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

WILLIAM KNOX.

DIRGE OF RACHEL.

GENESIS, XXXV. 19.

AND Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping ;
With mouldering heart, and withering hand,
The sleep of death forever sleeping.

The spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing :
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The Summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish dames the dance are treading ;
But Rachael on her couch of clay,
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
And reapers to the field is calling ;
But Rachel's voice no longer joins
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The Winter sends his drenching shower,
And sweeps his howling blast around her ;
But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

CHARLES WOLFE.

“ His poetical pieces are few in number, but they are of great excellence, though subordinate to the much loftier qualities of a zeal truly apostolic, and a vigorous and manly intellect, devoted unremittingly to the noblest cause, to which the human faculties can be devoted. It was not to crowded cities, nor to fashionable audiences, that Mr Wolfe dedicated his labours. In a miserable curacy in the province of Armagh, he suffered nearly as great privations as a missionary in heathen lands, labouring with zeal, to which he fell an early victim, to promote in all things the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor people of his extensive parish. In the year 1821, when the typhus fever made such ravages in Ireland, the fatigue which Mr Wolfe encountered in visiting the sick—a duty to which he was peculiarly devoted—and his zeal in administer-

ing both to the spiritual and temporal wants of his poor flock, considerably affected his health. His gradual decay became visible to his parishioners, and some of them made affectionate private representations to his friends, who tried to withdraw him from the laborious duties of his parish for the recovery of his health.

His character as a parish-priest will be contemplated with more delight than his genius as a poet, or eloquence as a preacher. It is thus delineated by a friend:—‘As he passed by, all the poor people and children ran to the doors to welcome him with looks and expressions of the most ardent affection, and with all that wild devotion of gratitude so characteristic of the Irish peasantry. Many fell on their knees, invoking blessings on him, and making the most anxious inquiries about his health. He was sensibly moved by this manifestation of feeling, and met it with all that heartiness of expression, and that affectionate simplicity of manner, which made him as much an object of love as his exalted virtues rendered him an object of respect. The intimate knowledge he seemed to have of all their domestic histories, appeared from the short but significant questions he put to each individual as he hurried along, while at the same time he gave a sketch of the particular characters of several who presented themselves, pointing with a sigh to one, and to another with looks of satisfaction and fond congratulations. It was indeed impossible to behold a scene like this, which can scarcely be described without the deepest but most pleasing emotions. It seemed to realize the often-imagined picture of a primitive minister of the gospel of Christ living in the hearts of his flock, willing to spend and to be spent upon them, enjoying the happy interchange of mutual affection, and affording a pleasing proof that a faithful and firm discharge of duty, when accompanied by kindly sympathies and gracious manners, can scarcely fail to gain the hearts of the humble ranks of the people.’

It was with extreme reluctance that Mr Wolfe, on the entreaty of his friends, left this poor and affectionate people to seek the restoration of his health in the south of France. He made a short recovery, but relapsed on his return to Ireland, and died in 1823, in the 32d year of his age, of deep consumption. What better blessing can be desired for Ireland, than that each of its parishes possessed a Charles Wolfe !”

ODE ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he 'll reckon, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory !

VERSES.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be :
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 't will smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !

But when I speak—thou dost not say,
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene—
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been !
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ;
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee :
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore !

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BRYANT's poetry displays a chastened delicacy and simplicity, both in the expression and sentiment, which is equally uncommon and delightful. He possesses a refined fancy and a pure, exquisite taste. His descriptions from nature are executed with a quiet accuracy, and with great freshness and originality. He is soft and sweet in the colouring of his language, graceful in his imagery, and not being profuse of ornament, whatever he uses is select and appropriate, and gives a native richness to his compositions which we would not wish to see diminished or increased.

Thanatopsis is the finest specimen of his genius. Its spirit is like that of Wordsworth, but yet richer ; and it may rank with the most elevated productions of the English poet.

Bryant's strains are all of them beautifully pure in their moral influence, inspiring the heart with a true love of nature, and a reverence for religion.

THE WESTERN WORLD.

LATE from this western shore, that morning chased
 The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud
 O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
 Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud
 Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.
 Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,
 Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
 Amid the forest; and the bounding deer
 Fleed at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yell'd near.

And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
 Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
 And cradles, in his soft embrace, the gay
 Young group of grassy islands born of him,
 And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
 Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring
 The commerce of the world;—with tawny limb,
 And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
 The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

Then, all his youthful paradise around,
 And all the broad and boundless mainland lay,
 Cool'd by the interminable wood, that frown'd
 O'er mound and vale, where never summer ray
 Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way
 Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild;
 Yet many a shelter'd glade, with blossoms gay,
 Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
 Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
 Spread its blue sheet that flash'd with many an oar,
 Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
 And the deer drank—as the light gale flew o'er,
 The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore;
 And while that spot, so wild and lone and fair,
 A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
 And peace was on the earth and in the air,
 The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there:

Not unavenged—the foeman, from the wood,
 Beheld the deed, and when the midnight shade
 Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood;
 All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—
 And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
 The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew,
 When on the dewy woods the day-beam play'd;
 No more the cabin smokes rose wreath'd and blue,
 And ever, by their lake, lay moor'd the light canoe.

Look now abroad—another race has fill'd
 These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
 And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd ;
 The land is full of harvests and green meads ;
 Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
 Shine, disembower'd, and give to sun and breeze
 Their virgin waters ; the full region leads
 New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
 Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind at length
 Throws its last fetters off ; and who shall place
 A limit to the giant's unchain'd strength,
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race.
 Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
 Stretches the long untravell'd path of light
 Into the depths of ages : we may trace,
 Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
 Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power, whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
 The desert and illimitable air,—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere ;
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and
sere.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove the wither'd leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow, through all the gloomy
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprung and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas ! they all are in their graves—the gentle race of
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours :
The rain is falling where they lie—but the cold November
rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died, amid the summer's
glow ;

But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade,
and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild day—as still such days
will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
 The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
 In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the
 leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a lot so brief;
 Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE sad and solemn night
 Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
 The glorious hosts of light
 Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires:
 All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
 Her constellations come, and round the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
 To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they:
 Through the blue fields afar,
 Unseen they follow in his flaming way:
 Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
 Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
 Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
 Alone, in thy cold skies,
 Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,
 Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
 Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
 Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
 And eve, that round the earth
 Chases the day, beholds thee watching there;
 There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
 The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
 The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
 High towards the star-lit sky
 Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots the sun—
 The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud—
 And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
 The half-wreck'd mariner, his compass lost,
 Fixes his steady gaze,
 And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;
 And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
 Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

AUTUMN WOODS.

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep, the color'd landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks ; the sweet southwest at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright ;
Their sunny-colour'd foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,

Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah, 't were a lot too blest
For ever in thy colour'd shades to stray
Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife,
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

AN INDIAN STORY.

I know where the timid fawn abides
In the depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad, and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch tree throws
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook.

And that timid fawn starts not with fear
When I steal to her secret bower,
And that young May violet to me is dear,
And I visit the silent streamlet near,
To look on the lovely flower.

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks
To the hunting ground on the hills;
'T is a song of his maid of the woods and rocks,
With her bright black eyes and long black locks,
And voice like the music of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes
Are at watch in the thicker shades;
For she was lovely that smiled on his sighs,
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his prize,
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are stirr'd,
And the woods their song renew,
With the early carol of many a bird,
And the quicken'd tune of the streamlet heard
Where the hazles trickle with dew.

And Maquon has promis'd his dark-hair'd maid,
Ere eve shall redden the sky,
A good red deer from the forest shade,
That bounds with the herd through grove and glade,
At her cabin door shall lie.

The hollow woods, in the setting sun,
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay ;
And Maquon's sylvan labours are done,
And his shafts are spent, but the spoil they won
He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye perceives
Strange traces along the ground—
At once, to the earth his burden he heaves,
He breaks through the veil of boughs and leaves,
And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that leant,
And all from the young shrubs there
By struggling hands have the leaves been rent,
And there hangs, on the sassafras broken and bent,
One tress of the well known hair.

But where is she who at this calm hour,
Ever watch'd his coming to see,
She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower,
He calls—but he only hears on the flower
The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,
Nor a time for tears to flow ;
The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—
He grasps his war axe and bow, and a sheaf
Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet,
Where he bore the maiden away ;
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet
Than the blast that hurries the vapour and sleet
O'er the wild November day.

'T was early summer when Maquon's bride
Was stolen away from his door ;

But at length the maples in crimson are dyed,
And the grape is black on the cabin side,—
And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in a pine grove, dark and cold,
Where the yellow leaf falls not,
Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,
There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,
In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls, that pass that way,
Point out the ravisher's grave ;
"And how soon to the bower she loved," they say,
"Return'd the maid that was borne away
From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his dark musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;—
Go forth, unto the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place

Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and pour'd round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are *there*,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign *there* alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bow'd with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

WEEHAWKEN.

WEEHAWKEN! In thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of nature, in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy, is met;
And never has a summer's morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on—when high,

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
O'er crags, that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger, which sublimes
The breathless moment—when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

Like the death music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling—like the moan
Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view,
Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst before him
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of summer's sky, in beauty bending o'er him—
The city bright below; and far away
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there,
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this; nor lives there one
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood days
Of happiness were pass'd beneath that sun,
That in his manhood prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

[He fell in an attack upon the Turkish Camp, at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power;
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard:
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
 Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
 "To arms! they come: the Greek! the Greek!"
 He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
 And death shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band;
 "Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
 Strike—for your altars and your fires,
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
 God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well,
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;—
 Come when the blessed seals
 Which close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;

Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;—
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
 And thou art terrible: the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the beir,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
 Where the purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
 Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
 That never are wet with falling dew,
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
 Far down in the green and glassy brine.
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
 And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow ;
 From coral rocks the sea plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;
 The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air ;
 There with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
 To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter :
 There with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland lea :

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the waves his own :
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;
Then far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake !
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream !
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake !
O ! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

THE LILY.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot,
Where a lily was blooming fair ;
The din of the city disturb'd it not,
But the spirit, that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love, was there.

I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill ;
It smiled, like a star in the misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a soft perfume
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watch'd it many a day :—
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then droop'd and fell
And the flower had flown away.

I look'd where the leaves were laid,
In withering paleness, by ;
And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There is many a sweet and blooming maid,
Who will soon as dimly die.

THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.

HERE rest the great and good—here they repose
After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
And gathers them again, as winter frowns.
Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre—green sods
Are all their monument, and yet it tells
A nobler history, than pillar'd piles,
Or the eternal pyramids. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them, and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued,—these, though mute
As feeling ever is when deepest,—these
Are monuments more lasting, than the fanes
Rear'd to the kings and demigods of old.

Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves ; beneath their boughs

There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
 Suited to such as visit at the shrine
 Of serious liberty. No factious voice
 Call'd them unto the field of generous fame,
 But the pure consecrated love of home.
 No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
 In all its greatness. It has told itself
 To the astonish'd gaze of awe-struck kings,
 At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
 Where first our patriots sent the invader back
 Broken and cowed. Let these greens elms be all
 To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.
 Their feelings were all nature, and they need
 No art to make them known. They live in us,
 While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
 Worshipping nothing but our own pure hearts,
 And the one universal Lord. They need
 No column pointing to the heaven they sought,
 To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
 Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,
 And there alone reposes. Let these elms
 Bend their protecting shadow o'er their graves,
 And build with their green roof the only fane,
 Where we may gather on the hallow'd day,
 That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.
 Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
 Give not a sound, and all around is mute
 In the deep sabbath of a heart too full
 For words or tears—here let us strew the sod
 With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
 An offering of the plenty, Nature gives,
 And they have render'd ours—perpetually.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDEPENDENCE.

DAY of glory! welcome day!
 Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
 See! how cheerfully they play
 With thy morning breeze,
 On the rocks where pilgrims kneel'd,
 On the height's where squadron's wheel'd,
 When a tyrant's thunder peal'd,
 O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy "stars
 In their courses" smite his cars,

Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
 From the heaving tide?
 On our standard, lo! they burn,
 And, when days like this return,
 Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn,
 Who for freedom died.

God of peace!—whose spirit fills
 All the echoes of our hills,
 All the murmurs of our rills,
 Now the storm is o'er;
 O, let freemen be our sons;
 And let future Washingtons
 Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
 Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallow'd rest,
 By the warrior's gory breast,
 Never let our graves be press'd
 By a despot's throne;
 By the pilgrim's toil and cares,
 By their battles and their prayers,
 By their ashes,—let our heirs
 Bow to thee alone.

EXTRACT FROM THE AIRS OF PALESTINE.

ON Arno's bosom, as he calmly flows,
 And his cool arms round Vallombrosa throws,
 Rolling his chrystal tide through classic vales,
 Alone,—at night,—the Italian boatman sails.
 High o'er Mont Alto walks, in maiden pride,
 Night's queen:—he sees her image on that tide,
 Now, ride the wave that curls its infant crest,
 Around his brow, then rippling sinks to rest;
 Now, glittering dance around his eddying oar,
 Whose every sweep is echoed from the shore;
 Now, far before him, on a liquid bed
 Of waveless water, rests her radiant head.
 How mild the empire of that virgin queen!
 How dark the mountain's shade! how still the scene
 Hush'd by her silver sceptre, zephyrs sleep
 On dewy leaves, that overhang the deep,
 Nor dare to whisper through the boughs, nor stir
 The valley's willow, nor the mountain's fir,
 Nor make the pale and breathless aspen quiver,
 Nor brush, with ruffling wing, that glassy river.

Hark!—'t is a convent's bell :—its midnight chime.
 For music measures even the march of Time :—
 O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore,
 Gray turrets rise :—the eye can catch no more.
 The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,
 Suspends his oar ;—a low and solemn swell,
 From the deep shade, that round the cloister lies,
 Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.
 What melting song wakes the cold ear of night ?
 A funeral dirge, that pale nuns, robed in white,
 Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,
 To charm the parting spirit of the dead.
 Triumphant is the spell ! with raptured ear,
 That uncaged spirit hovering lingers near ;—
 Why should she mount ? why pant for brighter bliss,
 A lovelier scene, a sweeter song, than this ?

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they ?
 The waves that brought them o'er
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
 As they break along the shore ;
 Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day,
 When the May-Flower moor'd below,
 When the sea around was black with storms,
 And white the shore with snow.

 The mists, that wrapp'd the pilgrim's sleep,
 Still brood upon the tide ;
 And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
 To stay its waves of pride.
 But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
 When the heavens look'd dark, is gone ;—
 As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
 Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name !—
 The hill, whose icy brow
 Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
 In the morning's flame burns now.
 And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
 On the hill-side and the sea,
 Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—
 But the pilgrim—where is he ?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :
 When Summer 's throned on high,
 And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd,
 Go, stand on the hill where they lie.

The earliest ray of the golden day
 On that hallowed spot is cast;
 And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
 Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled:
 It walks in noon's broad light;
 And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
 With the holy stars, by night.
 It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
 And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
 Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
 Shall foam and freeze no more.

RICHARD H. DANA.

POWER OF THE SOUL IN INVESTING EXTERNAL CIRCUM- STANCES WITH THE HUE OF ITS OWN FEELINGS.

—LIFE in itself, it life to all things gives:
 For whatsoever it looks on, that thing lives—
 Becomes an acting being, ill or good;
 And, grateful to its giver, tenders food
 For the Soul's health, or, suffering change unblest,
 Pours poison down to rankle in the breast:
 As is the man, e'en so it bears its part,
 And answers, thought to thought, and heart to heart.

Yes, man reduplicates himself. You see,
 In yonder lake, reflected rock and tree.
 Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,
 Now rests, now stirs as if a breeze were there
 Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all!
 And see those slender top-boughs rise and fall;
 The double strips of silvery sand unite
 Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.
 —Thou bird, that seek'st thy food upon that bough,
 Peck not alone; that bird below, as thou,
 Is busy after food, and happy, too.
 —They're gone! Both, pleased, away together flew.

And see we thus sent up, rock, sand, and wood,
 Life, joy, and motion from the sleepy flood?
 The world, O man, is like that flood to thee:
 Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see
 Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand
 Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou tak'st thy stand,

If that thy heart be barren, there will sweep
The drifting waste, like waves along the deep,
Fill up the vale, and choke the laughing streams
That ran by grass and brake, with dancing beams,
Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye
Veil the wide-shifting glories of the sky,
And one, still, sightless level make the earth,
Like thy dull, lonely, joyless Soul,—a dearth.

The rill is tuneless to his ear who feels
No harmony within; the south wind steals
As silent as unseen amongst the leaves.
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,
Though all around is beautiful. Nay, more—
In nature's calmest hour he hears the roar
Of winds and flinging waves—puts out the light,
When high and angry passions meet in fight;
And, his own spirit into tumult hurled,
He makes a turmoil of a quiet world:
The fiends of his own bosom people air
With kindred fiends, that hunt him to despair.
Hates he his fellow-men? Why, then, he deems
'T is hate for hate:—as he, so each one seems.

Soul! fearful is thy power, which thus transforms
All things into its likeness; heaves in storms
The strong, proud sea, or lays it down to rest,
Like the hushed infant on its mother's breast—
Which gives each outward circumstance its hue,
And shapes all others' acts and thoughts anew,
That so, they joy, or love, or hate, impart,
As joy, love, hate, holds rule within the heart.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

THE DEAD LEAVES STROW THE FOREST WALK.

THE dead leaves strow the forest walk,
And wither'd are the pale wild-flowers;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learn'd a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swell'd from yonder tree—

A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
 There perch'd and raised her song for me.
 The winter comes, and where is she ?
 Away—where summer wings will rove,
 Where buds are fresh, and every tree
 Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
 Too fresh the flower that blushes there,
 The northern breeze that rustles by,
 Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair;
 No forest-tree stands stript and bare,
 No stream beneath the ice is dead,
 No mountain-top with sleety hair
 Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there with all the birds,—and seek
 A happier clime, with livelier flight,
 Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,
 And leave me lonely with the night.
 —I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
 And mark where all its glories shone—
 See!—that it all is fair and bright,
 Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

THE DEEP.

THERE 's beauty in the deep :—
 The wave is bluer than the sky ;
 And though the light shine bright on high,
 More softly do the sea-gems glow
 That sparkle in the depths below ;
 The rainbow's tints are only made
 When on the waters they are laid,
 And sun and moon most sweetly shine
 Upon the ocean's level brine.
 There 's beauty in the deep.

There 's music in the deep :—
 It is not in the surf's rough roar,
 Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
 They are but earthly sounds, that tell
 How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
 That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
 Or winds its softness through the flood,
 Echoes through groves with coral gay,
 And dies, on spongy banks, away.
 There 's music in the deep.

There 's quiet in the deep :—
 Above, let tides and tempests rave,
 And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;
 Above, let care and fear contend,
 With sin and sorrow to the end :
 Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
 That frets above our peaceful home,
 We dream in joy, and wake in love,
 Nor know the rage that yells above.
 There 's quiet in the deep.

ON THE LOSS OF PROFESSOR FISHER, OF YALE COLLEGE.

THE breath of air that stirs the harp's soft string,
 Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm ;
 The drops of dew exhaled from flowers of spring,
 Rise and assume the tempest's threatening form ;
 The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun,
 Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash ;
 And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,
 Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash
 That wave and wind can muster, when the might
 Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.

So science whisper'd in thy charmed ear,
 And radiant learning beckon'd thee away.
 The breeze was music to thee, and the clear
 Beam of thy morning promised a bright day.
 And they have wreck'd thee !—But there is a shore
 Where storms are hush'd, where tempests never rage ;
 Where angry skies and blackening seas, no more
 With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage.
 By thee its peaceful margant shall be trod—
 Thy home is Heaven, and thy friend is God.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
 While I look upward to thee. It would seem
 As if God pour'd thee from his "hollow hand,"
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front ;
 And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
 "The sound of many waters;" and had bade
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
 And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
 That hear the question of that voice sublime ?

Oh ! what are all the notes that ever rung
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !
 Yea, what is all the riot man can make
 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !
 And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
 Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
 Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

FROM AN ADDRESS TO CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FROM that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain
 That links the mountain to the mighty main,
 Fresh from the rock and welling by the tree,
 Rushing to meet and dare and breast the sea,
 Fair, noble, glorious, river ! in thy wave
 The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave,
 The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar
 Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore ;—
 The promontories love thee—and for this
 Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for thy kiss.
 Stern, at thy source, thy northern Guardians stand,
 Rude rulers of the solitary land,
 Wild dwellers by thy cold sequester'd springs,
 Of earth the feathers and of air the wings ;
 Their blasts have rock'd thy cradle, and in storm
 Cover'd thy couch and swathed in snow thy form—
 Yet, bless'd by all the elements that sweep
 The clouds above, or the unfathom'd deep,
 The purest breezes scent thy blooming hills,
 The gentlest dew drops on thy eddying rills,
 By the moss'd bank, and by the aged tree,
 The silver streamlet smoothest glides to thee,
 The young oak greets thee at the waters' edge,
 Wet by the wave, though anchor'd in the ledge.
 —'T is there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,
 Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds,
 And there the wild-cat purs amid her brood,
 And trains them, in the sylvan solitude,
 To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink
 Paddling the water by thy quiet brink ;—
 Or to out-gaze the gray owl in the dark,
 Or hear the young fox practising to bark.

Dark as the frost-nipp'd leaves that strow'd the ground,
 The Indian hunter here his shelter found ;
 Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true,
 Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe,
 Spear'd the quick salmon leaping up the fall,
 And slew the deer without the rifle ball.

Here his young squaw her cradling tree would choose,
 Singing her chant to hush her swart pappoose,
 Here stain her quills and string her trinkets rude,
 And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood.
 —No more shall they thy welcome waters bless,
 No more their forms thy moonlit banks shall press,
 No more be heard, from mountain or from grove,
 His whoop of slaughter, or her song of love.

* * * *

Stream of my sleeping fathers! when the sound
 Of coming war echoed thy hills around,
 How did thy sons start forth from every glade,
 Snatching the musket where they left the spade.
 How did their mothers urge them to the fight,
 Their sisters tell them to defend the right,—
 How bravely did they stand, how nobly fall,
 The earth their coffin and the turf their pall—
 How did the aged pastor light his eye,
 When, to his flock, he read the purpose high
 And stern resolve, whate'er the toil may be,
 To pledge life, name, fame, all—for Liberty.
 —Cold is the hand that penn'd that glorious page—
 Still in the grave the body of that sage
 Whose lip of eloquence and heart of zeal,
 Made patriots act and listening statesmen feel—
 Brought thy Green Mountains down upon their foes,
 And thy white summits melted of their snows,
 While every vale to which his voice could come,
 Rang with the fife and echoed to the drum.

Bold River! better suited are thy waves
 To nurse the laurels clustering round their graves,
 Than many a distant stream, that soaks the mud
 Where thy brave sons have shed their gallant blood,
 And felt, beyond all other mortal pain,
 They ne'er should see their happy home again.

Thou had'st a poet once,—and he could tell,
 Most tunefully, whate'er to thee befell,
 Could fill each pastoral reed upon thy shore—
 —But we shall hear his classic lays no more!
 He loved thee, but he took his aged way,
 By Erie's shore, and Perry's glorious day,
 To where Detroit looks out amidst the wood,
 Remote beside the dreary solitude.

Yet for his brow thy ivy leaf shall spread,
 Thy freshest myrtle lift its berried head,
 And our gnarl'd Charter-oak put forth a bough,
 Whose leaves shall grace thy Trumbull's honor'd brow.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

Wo! for my vine-clad home!
That it should ever be so dark to me,
With its bright threshold, and its whispering tree!
That I should ever come,
Fearing the lonely echo of a tread,
Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead!

Lead on! my orphan boy!
Thy home is not so desolate to thee,
And the low shiver in the linden tree
May bring to thee a joy;
But, oh! how dark is the bright home before thee,
To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee!

Lead on! for thou art now
My sole remaining helper. God hath spoken,
And the strong heart I leaned upon is broken;
And I have seen his brow,
The forehead of my upright one, and just,
Trod by the hoof of battle to the dust.

He will not meet thee there
Who bless'd thee at the eventide, my son!
And when the shadows of the night steal on,
He will not call to prayer.
The lips that melted, giving thee to God,
Are in the icy keeping of the sod!

Aye, my own boy! thy sire
Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,
And the proud glory of my life hath past,
With his high glance of fire.
Wo! that the linden and the vine should bloom
And a just man be gather'd to the tomb!

BETTER MOMENTS.

MY Mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tone comes stealing by,

And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.
The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give aye to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness hath drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.
I have been out at eventide
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnish'd like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting leaves and diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, throng'd the night—
When all was beauty—then have I
With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.
And when the beautiful spirit there,
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
Like the light-dropping of the rain—
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've pour'd her low and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven like stars at night!
And tread a living path of light.
I have been on the dewy hills,
When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
And tints were delicately drawn
In the gray East—when birds were waking
With a low murmur in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the breeze,
And this when I was forth, perchance
As a worn reveller from the dance—
And when the sun sprang gloriously
And freely up, and hill and river
Were catching upon wave and tree
The arrows from his subtle quiver—
I say, a voice has thrill'd me then,
Heard on the still and rushing light,

Or, creeping from the silent glen
 Like words from the departing night—
 Hath stricken me, and I have press'd
 On the wet grass my fever'd brow,
 And pouring forth the earliest
 First prayer, with which I learn'd to bow,
 Have felt my mother's spirit rush
 Upon me as in by-past years,
 And yielding to the blessed gush
 Of my ungovernable tears,
 Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
 As humble as a very child.

MRS LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Group after group are gathering—such as prest
 Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid
 Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,
 Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade ;—
 Group after group glide on with noiseless tread,
 And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
 Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
 And holy words their ruby lips repeat,
 Oft with a chasten'd glance, in modulation sweet.

Yet some there are, upon whose childish brows
 Wan poverty hath done the work of care ;
 Look up, ye sad ones ! 't is your Father's house
 Beneath whose consecrated dome you are ;
 More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,
 And watch the gaudier forms that gaily move,
 And deem, perchance, mistaking as you are,
 The "coat of many colors" proves His love,
 Whose sign is in the heart, and whose reward above.

And ye, blest labourers in this humble sphere,
 To deeds of saint-like charity inclined,
 Who from your cells of meditation dear,
 Come forth to guide the weak, untutor'd mind—
 Yet ask no payment, save one smile refined
 Of grateful love—one tear of contrite pain !
 Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind
 The rest of earthly Sabbaths.—Be your gain
 A sabbath without end, mid yon celestial plain,

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FAIR RIVER! not unknown to classic song ;—
 Which still in varying beauty roll'st along,
 Where first thy infant fount is faintly seen,
 A line of silver mid a fringe of green ;
 Or where, near towering rocks, thy bolder tide,
 To win the giant-guarded pass, doth glide ;
 Or where, in azure mantle, pure and free,
 Thou giv'st thy cool hand to the waiting sea ;—
 Though broader streams our sister realms may boast,
 Herculean cities, and a prouder coast,
 Yet, from the bound where hoarse St Lawrence roars
 To where La Plata rocks the sounding shores ;
 From where the urns of slimy Nilus shine,
 To the blue waters of the rushing Rhine ;
 Or where Ilissus glows like diamond spark,
 Or sacred Ganges whelms its votaries dark,
 No brighter skies the eye of day may see,
 No soil more verdant, nor a race more free.
 —See, where, amid their cultured vales, they stand,
 The generous offspring of a simple land ;
 Too rough for flattery, and all fear above,
 King, priest, and prophet, in the homes they love.
 On equal laws their anchor'd hopes are stay'd,
 By all interpreted, and all obey'd.
 Alike the despot and the slave they hate,
 And rise firm columns of a happy state.
 To them content is bliss ; and labour, health ;
 And knowledge, power ; and true religion, wealth.
 The farmer, here, with honest pleasure sees
 His orchards blushing to the fervid breeze,
 His bleating flocks, the shearer's care who need,
 His waving woods, the winter fire that feed,
 His hardy steers, that break the yielding soil,
 His patient sons, who aid their father's toil,
 The ripening fields, for joyous harvest drest,
 And the white spire that points a world of rest.
 —His thrifty mate, solicitous to bear
 An equal burden in the yoke of care,
 With vigorous arm the flying shuttle heaves,
 Or from the press the golden cheese receives ;
 Her pastime, when the daily task is o'er,
 With apron clean, to seek her neighbour's door,
 Partake the friendly feast, with social glow,
 Exchange the news, and make the stocking grow ;
 Then, hale and cheerful, to her home repair,
 When Sol's slant ray renews her evening care,
 Press the full udder for her children's meal,
 Rock the tired babe, or wake the tuneful wheel.

See, towards yon dome, where village science dwells,
 What time the warning clock its summons swells,
 What tiny feet the well known path explore,
 And gaily gather from each sylvan door.
 The new wean'd child, with murmur'd tone proceeds,
 Whom her scarce taller baby-brother leads,
 Transferr'd as burdens, that the house-wife's care
 May tend the dairy, or the fleece prepare.
 Light-hearted group! who gambol wild and high,
 The daisy pluck, or chace the butterfly,
 Till by some traveller's wheels aroused from play,
 The stiff salute, with face demure, they pay,
 Bare the curl'd brow, or stretch the ready hand,
 The untutor'd homage of an artless land.
 The stranger marks, amid the joyous line,
 The *little baskets* whence they hope to dine;
 And *larger books*, as if their dexterous art
 Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part.
 Long may it be, ere luxury teach the shame
 To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame!

Scorn not this lowly race, ye sons of pride!
 Their joys disparage, nor their hopes deride;
 From germs like these have mighty statesmen sprung,
 Of prudent counsel, and persuasive tongue;
 Bold patriot souls, who ruled the willing throng,
 Their powerful nerves by early labour strong;
 Inventive minds, a nation's wealth that wrought,
 And white-hair'd sages, skill'd in studious thought;
 Chiefs, who the field of battle nobly trod,
 And holy men, who fed the flock of God.

Here, mid the graves by time so sacred made,
 The poor lost Indian slumbers in the shade;
 He, whose canoe with arrowy swiftness clave,
 In ancient days, yon pure, cerulean wave;
 Son of that spirit, whom in storms he traced,
 Through darkness follow'd, and in death embraced,—
 He sleeps an outlaw, mid his forfeit land,
 And grasps the arrow in his moulder'd hand.
 Here too, those warrior sires with honour rest,
 Who bared in freedom's cause the valiant breast,
 Sprang from their half drawn furrow, as the cry
 Of threaten'd liberty came thrilling by,
 Look'd to their God, and rear'd in bulwark round
 Breasts free from guile, and hands with toil embrown'd,
 And bade a monarch's thousand banners yield—
 Firm at the plough, and glorious in the field;
 Lo! here they rest, who every danger braved,
 Unmark'd, untrophied, mid the soil they saved.
 —Round scenes like these, doth warm remembrance glide,
 Where emigration rolls its ceaseless tide.

On western wilds, which thronging hordes explore,
 Or ruder Erie's serpent-haunted shore,
 Or far Huron, by unshorn forests crown'd,
 Or red Missouri's unfrequented bound,
 The exiled man, when midnight shades invade,
 Couch'd in his hut, or camping on the glade,
 Starts from his dream, to catch, in echoes clear,
 The boatman's song that pleased his boyish ear;
 While the sad mother, mid her children's mirth,
 Paints with fond tears a parent's distant hearth,
 Or charms her rustic babes, with tender tales
 Of thee, blest River! and thy velvet vales;
 Her native cot, where ripening berries swell,
 The village school, and sabbath's holy bell;
 And smiles to see the infant soul expand
 With proud devotion for that father land.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
 And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
 On cheek and lip;—he touch'd the veins with ice,
 And the rose faded.—Forth from those blue eyes
 There spoke a wishful tenderness,—a doubt
 Whether to grieve or sleep, which Innocence
 Alone can wear. With ruthless haste he bound
 The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
 Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
 With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
 Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
 His seal of silence. But there beam'd a smile
 So fix'd and holy from that marble brow,—
 Death gazed and left it there;—he dared not steal
 The signet-ring of heaven.

MRS SARAH J. HALE.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

MY boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
 And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
 And thou must go;—but never when there,
 Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
 It dazzles to lead astray:

Like the meteor's flash 't will deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire ;
'T will burn, t' will burn, forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;
But when sails are shiver'd and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright,
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quench'd its holy light.

The sun of fame 't will gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray ;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come !
But my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WHEN the summer harvest was gather'd in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Look'd down where the valley lay stretch'd below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
And bitter feelings pass'd o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods
As the sun stole out from their solitudes,
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red,
Where the tree's wither'd leaves around it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn,—
The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hew'd down the giant oak,
And burning thoughts flash'd over his mind
Of the white man's faith and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white,—
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a mourning voice and a plunge from shore ;
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had pass'd on, by that still lake-side
The fisher look'd down through the silver tide,
And there, on the smooth yellow sand display'd,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And t' was seen, as the waters moved deep and slow
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the white-thorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the base upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sun-beams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

On the gray maple's crusted bark
Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips ;

Whilst in the frozen fountain—hark!—
His piercing beak the bittern dips.

When, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,—
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas how chang'd from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay;
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathered winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds, pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep:
Penance is not for you,
Blest wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 't is given
 To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
 In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands.

Or if ye stay,
 To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the airy way,
 And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
 On upward wings could I but fly,
 I 'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
 And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were heaven indeed,
 Through fields of trackless light to soar,
 On nature's charms to feed,
 And nature's own great God adore.

CURIOSITY IN CHILDHOOD.

IN the pleased infant see its power expand,
 When first the coral fills his little hand;
 Throned in his mother's lap, it dries each tear,
 As her sweet legend falls upon his ear;
 Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
 Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum;
 Each gilded toy, that doting love bestows,
 He longs to break and every spring expose.
 Plac'd by your hearth, with what delight he pores
 O'er the bright pages of his pictured stores;
 How oft he steals upon your graver task,
 Of this to tell you and of that to ask;
 And, when the waning hour to-bedward bids,
 Though gentle sleep sit waiting on his lids,
 How winningly he pleads to gain you o'er,
 That he may read one little story more.

Nor yet alone to toys and tales confined,
 It sits, dark brooding, o'er his embryo mind:
 Take him between your knees, peruse his face,
 While all you know, or think you know, you trace;
 Tell him who spoke creation into birth,
 Arched the broad heavens and spread the rolling earth,

Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,
And bade the seasons in their circles run,
Who filled the air, the forest, and the flood,
And gave man all, for comfort or for food;
Tell him they sprang at God's creating nod—
He stops you short with, "Father! who made God?"

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

THAT SILENT MOON.

THAT silent moon, that silent moon,
 Careering now through cloudless sky,
Oh! who shall tell what varied scenes
 Have pass'd beneath her placid eye,
Since first, to light this wayward earth,
 She walk'd in tranquil beauty forth.

How oft has guilt's unhallow'd hand,
 And superstition's senseless rite,
And loud, licentious revelry,
 Profaned her pure and holy light:
Small sympathy is hers, I ween,
 With sights like these, that virgin queen.

But dear to her, in summer eve,
 By rippling wave, or tufted grove,
When hand in hand is purely clasp'd,
 And heart meets heart in holy love,
To smile, in quiet loneliness,
 And hear each whisper'd vow, and bless.

Dispersed along the world's wide way,
 When friends are far, and fond ones rove,
How powerful she to wake the thought,
 And start the tear for those we love!
Who watch, with us, at night's pale noon,
 And gaze upon that silent moon.

How powerful, too, to hearts that mourn,
 The magic of that moonlight sky,
To bring again the vanish'd scenes,
 The happy eves of days gone by;
Again to bring, mid bursting tears,
 The loved, the lost of other years.

And oft she looks, that silent moon,
 On lonely eyes that wake to weep,
 In dungeon dark, or sacred cell,
 Or couch, whence pain has banish'd sleep :
 Oh ! softly beams that gentle eye,
 On those who mourn, and those who die.

But beam on whomsoe'er she will,
 And fall where'er her splendour may,
 There's pureness in her chasten'd light,
 There's comfort in her tranquil ray :
 What power is hers to soothe the heart—
 What power, the trembling tear to start !

The dewy morn let others love,
 Or bask them in the noontide ray ;
 There's not an hour but has its charm,
 From dawning light to dying day :—
 But oh ! be mine a fairer boon—
 That silent moon, that silent moon !

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER ?

WHAT is that, Mother ?

The lark, my child !
 The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
 When he starts from his humble, grassy nest
 And is up and away, with the dew on his breast *
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
 To warble it out in his maker's ear.—
 Ever, my child, be thy morning lays
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother ?

The dove, my son !
 And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
 Is flowing out from her gentle breast
 Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
 As the wave is poured from some crystal urn ;
 For her distant dear one's quick return.—
 Ever, my son, be thou like the dove ;
 In friendship as faithful, as constant in love !

What is that, Mother ?

The eagle, boy !
 Proudly careering his course of joy ;
 Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,
 Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying—

* The lav'rock in the morning she 'll rise frae her nest,
 And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast.—*Burns*.

His wing on the wind, and his eye in the sun,
 He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.—
 Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
 Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that Mother?

The swan, my love!

He is floating down from his native grove
 No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
 He is floating down by himself to die.
 Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
 Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.—
 Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
 Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home!

THE HEBREW POETS.

THE Bible should never be studied for the *mere* gratification of cultivated taste or literary curiosity. It contains a record of the mind and will of Jehovah, communicated to man in order to teach him the way to everlasting life, and the means of preparation for that future and eternal existence. If we peruse the sacred volume for the pleasure it may afford the intellect or the imagination, and at the same time neglect to obey its commands and imbibe its spirit, or refuse to implore its Divine Author that he would *sanctify us through his truth*, we are guilty indeed of a great and criminal perversion. It is as if we should take the last, best gift of parental affection, and sell it for selfish amusement, or avaricious gain; only the religious sacrilege is infinitely more wretched and ungrateful. This is the error into which some of the ablest critics have fallen, and it is an error against which we should always guard ourselves, when we come to the critical or literary examination of the inspired writings.

With this caution before us, and with the spirit of religious veneration in our hearts, we shall experience the purest pleasure and the highest benefit, in whatever shape we undertake their investigation; and it is certainly desirable that we, to whom they are addressed, and for whose use they were intended, should possess a right conception of their intellectual as well as their moral character. Indeed the former is absolutely essential to the latter. Yet to this day the greater portion of those who read the Old Testament, are ignorant that it contains anything but prose, and few are aware, when they open its pages, that they are in the midst of the sublimest and most beautiful poetry in the world. If there be any portion of Hebrew poetry, in regard to which this mistake is not general,

it is the Psalms. These make their short and affecting appeals directly to the heart, and we *feel* their poetical spirit. They exhibit, besides, the peculiar characteristics of the Hebrew poetry with so much sustained regularity and entireness, and the form of the original is in most cases so remarkably, though unintentionally, preserved by the literal English translation, that the dullest reader cannot but be sensible, at least that what he is reading is something in its nature different from prose.

In addition to this part of the Holy Scriptures, the books of Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, and all the prophetic books, with the exceptions of Daniel and Jonah, may be mentioned as possessing the characteristics of Hebrew poetry; some with a greater, some with a less degree of vividness and regularity, but all so evidently, that it is undoubtedly proper to rank them together, under the poetical division of the Old Testament. The four first are altogether and unequivocally poetical, except the two introductory chapters of Job; but several of the prophetic books, are made up of poetry, and prose intermingled; and some of the minor prophets do not possess the spirit of poetry, (even in those portions which exhibit its form) in any remarkable degree. Some parts also of the sublime Isaiah are prose,—much of the Lamentations is historical, and so is nearly half the book of Jeremiah. Isaiah and Jeremiah, among the prophets are the most elevated in the spirit and power of their poetry, but it is impossible here to notice in detail their individual characteristics.

The books of Job, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes, are what in our language would be called didactic poetry. The first has been translated, within a short period, in a very beautiful and accurate manner, by the Rev. George R. Noyes. From this translation even those, who are totally ignorant of the original language, may gain some adequate conception of the deep spirit of Hebrew poetry, and some correct knowledge of its true, peculiar nature. The following paragraph from Lowth, in regard to the *Schools of the Prophets*, will not be uninteresting to the pupil.

“The prophets were chosen by God himself, and were certainly excellently prepared for the execution of their office. They were in general taken from those, who had been educated from childhood in a course of discipline adapted to the ministerial function. It is evident, from many parts of the sacred history, that even from the earliest times of the Hebrew republic, there existed certain colleges of prophets, in which the candidates for the prophetic office, removed altogether from an intercourse with the world, devoted themselves entirely to the exercises and study of religion: over each of these some prophet of superior authority, and more peculiarly under the divine influence, presided, as the moderator and preceptor of the whole assembly. Though the sacred history affords us but little information, and that in a cursory manner, concerning

their institutes and discipline, we nevertheless understand that a principal part of their occupation consisted in celebrating the praises of Almighty God in hymns and poetry, with choral chants accompanied by stringed instruments and pipes. There is a remarkable passage which occurs to this purpose: Saul being nominated king, and, pursuant to the command of God, consecrated by a solemn unction, a company of the prophets, as Samuel had foretold, descending from the mount of God, (that being the place in which the sacred college was situated) met him; and, preceded by a variety of musical instruments *prophesied*; upon hearing which, he himself, as if actuated by the same spirit, immediately joined them, and *prophesied* also. (Sam. x. 5-10.) I find no discordance among authors concerning the nature of this mode of prophesying: all are, I believe, agreed in this point, and all understand by it the praises of God, celebrated with music and song, by the impulse of the Holy Spirit."

It is probable from many suggestions to be found in the Scriptures, that the Hebrews chanted their sacred hymns in opposite and alternate choirs, and that hence in part arose the metre-like construction of the sentences, and the peculiar form in which the lines are parallel, or correspondent to each other. Sometimes one choir performed the hymn, and the other interposed at stated intervals with a particular distich. Sometimes one choir sung a single line, and the other answered with one correspondent in some respect to the first. For example,

1st choir.—"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good."

2d choir.—"For his mercy endureth forever."

In the same manner was the song at the triumph of Saul and David performed, (I Sam. xviii. 7.) when "the women who played answered one another," that is, they chanted in alternate choirs, one choir singing,

"Saul hath slain his thousands,"

The other answering,

"And David his ten thousands."

To this custom, as well as to the fact, that such repetition and enforcement is the natural dictate of excited feeling, we may probably look for the origin of what forms the peculiar and distinguishing characteristic in the poetry of the Hebrews; that artificial conformation of the sentences, denominated *parallelism*; consisting chiefly in a certain resemblance between the members of each period, or in the correspondence and similarity, in some respect, of one line with another. This is of three kinds. 1st. Synonymous parallelism. When a sentiment is delivered in one line, and in the next repeated, not in the same terms, but in language of which the form is similar and the sense equivalent, though often with a shade of addi-

tion and variety. This form of versification is to be found in the whole of the 114th Psalm, and indeed it is the most common in the Hebrew poetry—thus

1.

1. When Israel went out of Egypt,
2. The House of Jacob from a strange people,—

2.

1. Judah was God's sanctuary,
2. And Israel his dominion.

3.

1. The sea saw and fled ;
2. Jordan was driven back.

The following examples are from Proverbs.

1.

1. Because I have called and ye refused ;
2. I stretched out my hand and no man regarded.

2.

1. But ye have despised all my counsel,
2. And would not incline to my reproof ;

3.

1. I also will laugh at your calamity ;
2. I will mock when your fear cometh.

And the following from Isaiah.

1.

1. Seek ye Jehovah, while he may be found ;
2. Call ye upon him, while he is near.

2.

1. Let the wicked forsake his way ;
2. And the unrighteous man his thoughts.

3.

1. And let him return to Jehovah, and he will have mercy upon him ;
2. Unto our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

There are other varieties of this kind of parallelism with three, four, and more lines. The following is an example with five.

“ Who is there among you that feareth Jehovah ?
 Let him hearken unto the voice of his servant :
 That walketh in darkness and hath no light ?
 Let him trust in the name of Jehovah ;
 And rest himself on the support of his God.”

2d. Antithetic parallelism. Where there is a correspondence between two lines in the way of opposition or contrast in meaning and language; or sometimes in expression, and sometimes in sense, only. The antithesis is various in degree, from the exact contraposition of words, to a general contrast or disparity in the two propositions—thus,

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast;
But the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

A wise son maketh a glad father:
But a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his maker.
But he, that honoureth Him, hath mercy on the poor.

This kind of parallelism is confined principally to the proverbs of Solomon, for it is a form peculiarly adapted to compositions of this character, in which the sentences are detached, and the sentiments aphoristic and contrasted, or pithy and pointed in their nature. "Indeed," says Bishop Lowth, (the critic who first investigated and pointed out the peculiar features of Hebrew poetry,) "the elegance, acuteness, and force, of a great number of Solomon's wise sayings arise in a great measure from the antithetic form, the opposition of diction and sentiment. We are not therefore to expect frequent instances of it in the other poems of the Old Testament, especially those that are elevated in the style, and more connected in the parts." Yet it is sometimes to be found, even in the sublimer poetry; and the following instance from Isaiah is one of great beauty.

In a little anger have I forsaken thee;
But with great mercies will I receive thee again:
In a short wrath I hid my face for a moment from thee;
But with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee.

3d. The synthetic or constructive parallelism. Where the sentences or lines correspond with each other, not by synonyme, or antithesis, but merely in the general shape of the thought, and form of construction—thus,

Whatsoever Jehovah pleaseth,
That doeth he in the heavens and in the earth;
In the sea and in all the deep, &c.

I will be as the dew to Israel:
He shall blossom as the lily,
And he shall strike his roots like Lebanon;
His suckers shall spread,
And his glory shall be as the olive tree,
And his fragrance as Lebanon.

It is not improbable that the Hebrew poetry possessed, in addition to this parallel conformation of its lines, some sort of

metre, regulated by certain syllabic laws and principles of harmony and cadence. Indeed, this cannot well be doubted, since its strains were so often adapted to music. At present, with the exception of those poems, in which the initial letters of the lines follow the order of the Alphabet, neither the eye nor the ear of a modern can detect anything, which can properly be called metrical, nor is it possible to ascertain with any accuracy the rules of Hebrew prosody. The rythmical correspondence of periods or distichs, which has been exhibited, may be denominated verse, and perhaps sounded to the ear of a Hebrew, something as the *Thalaba* of Southey does to that of an Englishman. Some able critics at a very late period have maintained that rhyme is to be found in the Old Testament, and that the measures of Hebrew verse are not more irregular than the Latin iambs of Terence. To say the least, it is extremely difficult to discover them, and the parallel conformation may be regarded as the only *evident* mechanical or artificial arrangement, which characterises the Hebrew poetry.

"The nervous simplicity and conciseness of the Hebrew muse," says the same author, whose beautiful remarks on the English poets have been often quoted in this volume, "prevent this parallelism from degenerating into monotony. In repeating the same idea in different words, she seems as if displaying a fine opal, that discovers fresh beauty in every new light to which it is turned. Her amplifications of a given thought are like the echoes of a solemn melody—her repetitions of it like the landscape reflected in the stream—And whilst her questions and responses give a life-like effect to her compositions, they remind us of the alternate voices in public devotion, to which they were manifestly adapted."

The other most striking characteristic of the poetry in the Old Testament is one which arises almost necessarily from the essential nature of all poetry; a freer use of figures, and a more vivid, wild, romantic phraseology. The poetic diction of the Hebrews is also marked by peculiar usages in the choice, signification, and forms of words. In general the whole character and costume of their poetry is so altogether different from that of their prose, that it would seem impossible for any careful observer to confound or mistake them. They are peculiarly distinguishable in those morsels of poetry to be found amidst their historical books; for whenever prophecies, praises, and patriarchal or parental blessings are to be recounted, the excited feelings of patriotism and devotion find their natural utterance in the poetic inspiration, which becomes the ruling and peculiar one; so that the plain narrative style, springs, as it were, at once into the highest region of poetry.

Great boldness in figurative and metaphorical language, characterises all the oriental poetry; but in general that of the Hebrews, though far more vivid, powerful, and daring, than

any to which the genius of Europeans is accustomed, possesses a chaste severity, simplicity, and perfect freedom from extravagance, which will be looked for in vain among that of any other people in the Eastern world. The most "nervous simplicity" does, indeed, mark all the effusions of their muse. To this is owing much of the strength and energy of their descriptions. In what language do they describe a tumultuous commotion; "*the roar of the waves and the tumult of the people*"; and then follows the stillness, and trembling, and "*melting away*," of the nations, when Jehovah uttereth his voice.

They had no languid, or luxurious, or sonorous epithets, such as those, with which the modern European poets often encumber and weaken their thoughts, and such as seem to be considered a rare beauty in poetical composition; they had even none such as the Greeks and Romans used, nothing like the "silver-footed," or the "golden-haired," or the "far-darting," &c. Their adjectives do not even admit an alteration from the positive form; the comparative degree is expressed by prefixing a preposition to the noun, and the superlative has no appropriate form or construction, but is expressed by various circumlocutions. They have no compound epithets. They accordingly express their thoughts with the most unconscious simplicity, and seem to have known no such thing as an attempt to elaborate their language or, retouch its colours. The arts of criticism and correction did not exist. Their poets wrote not for fame, but from unsought and almost irresistible impulses: from the free flow of devotional feeling. Everything is pure nature, fresh, early, and undiseased. The sweetness which we find in the Psalms, as well as the sublimity which awes us in Isaiah, may be in great measure ascribed to that simple, unadorned, unartificial manner of expression and feeling, which in a modern writer would perhaps be deemed bald.

At the same time the Hebrew tongue is "confessedly bold and figurative in its idioms, insomuch that it is often impossible to transfuse its spirit by literal translation into the more sober languages of the west. Its genius is averse from abstraction, but its individual expressions teem with powerful and picturesque imagination. The thoughts of the mind are clothed in life and made visible. Thus the blood of Abel 'cries from the ground, and the shadow of death is on the eyelids of the mourner.' Its metaphors too have a peculiar union of grandeur and familiarity, as when the Psalmist compares his afflictions to the ploughshare ploughing over him, or when Isaiah describes the devoted nation that shall be swept before '*the besom of destruction*.'"

Besides the longer poetical books which have been mentioned, there are hymns and snatches of song, scattered here and there among the prose parts of the Scriptures, especially in the pentateuch, or five historical books of Moses. The Jewish lawgiver himself added to the many accomplishments, by which

he was "*skilled in all the wisdom of the Egyptians*," a genius for poetry scarcely inferior to that of any other Hebrew poet, as is evident from the 90th Psalm, and from his other poems contained in his history; which, it may here be remarked, is itself the sweetest and simplest in the world.

The poetry of the Hebrews is the earliest of which we have any knowledge, and the oldest specimen that the world can produce is contained in Gen. iv. 23, the address of Lamech to his wives, generally supposed to be the remnant of a song composed on some particular occasion. "Their historical records may be said to end, where those of Greece begin; the first of their historians being a thousand years anterior to Herodotus, and the last of them his contemporary; and they possessed beautiful poetry, which was committed to writing, probably, centuries before letters were known in Greece, and before the remotest period, in which we can suppose the author of the Iliad to have existed."

The following is an enumeration of the poetical pieces to be found in the historical books of the Old Testament. If the pupil examines them carefully, even by the English translation, it will be an interesting as well as a useful exercise. Parallelism may be detected in them at once; and the tone rises so suddenly from that of the surrounding history into elevated poetry, that no one, with any feeling for the beauty of song, can possibly be unconscious of its presence. They may be taken in the order, in which they come in the sacred books, from Genesis onwards.

The first poetical fragment, which occurs after that of Lamech, is the address of Noah respecting his sons, Gen. ix. 25-27. The next in order is the blessing of Isaac on his sons, Gen. xxvii. 27-29, 39, 40. Next comes the blessing of Jacob; in the original, unrivalled for its beauty and sublimity, but in the English translation rendered obscure and *shorn of its beams*. It is contained in the 49th chapter of Genesis. We next meet with the triumphal song of the Hebrews after the passage of the Red Sea; a sublime ode, composed probably by Moses, Exodus xv. The next is a fragment, contained in Numbers xxi. 17, 18, of a song sung by the children of Israel at the digging of a well; verses 27-30 of the same chapter contain a triumphal song of the Hebrews for their victory over the Ammonites, which is quoted in Jeremiah xlviii. 45, 46. Next we have in Numbers xxiii, xxvi, the prophetic addresses of Balaam, remarkable for their sublimity, and for the wild, sudden, and yet mournful manner, in which they seem to burst from his lips, by an impulse which he cannot resist. Then we have, in the 32d chapter of Deuteronomy, another song of Moses, a beautiful and affecting appeal to the children of Israel, containing some of the most pathetic passages in all the Old Testament, and indeed in all poetry. Then in the 33d chapter we are presented with "the blessing, where with Moses, the man of God, blessed

the children of Israel before his death." This should be read in connexion with the blessing of Jacob, which it very much resembles. What it says of Joseph is full of sweetness, and its closing verses are a sublime strain of religious and patriotic fervour, worthy indeed to be recorded as the last words of the man of God, who had led his chosen people, till they could view afar off the promised land, who was himself to "see it with his eyes," from the summit of Pisgah, and then to be gathered to the dead in silence, and solitude, and awful secrecy, by the hand of the Almighty.

These are all the poetry in the historical books of Moses; the next poetical piece in order is the sublime song of Deborah contained in the fifth chapter of Judges. Next is the prayer, (as it is called in the translation) of Hannah, I Sam. ii. 1-10, which may be compared with the song of Mary, Luke i. 46-55. Then we find the pathetic lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan; II. Sam. i. 19-27. Then David's song of gratitude to God, "for deliverance from the hand of all his enemies and of Saul," II Sam. xxii. This contains what is perhaps the sublimest description in all Hebrew poetry, not excepting even the compositions of Isaiah. It also exhibits in a very beautiful manner the placid spirit of David, and the confidence of his trust in God his deliverer. This song forms with some slight alterations, the 18th Psalm, and should be examined along with it. In the next chapter, (xxiii.) verses 2-7, we have "*the last words of David,—the son of Jesse, the man raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, the sweet psalmist of Israel;*"—a beautiful morsel, full of his own sweet, rural, confiding manner. In I Chron. xvi. 8-36, we find a sublime song of thanksgiving, composed by David on occasion of bringing up the ark from the house of Obed-edom to the city of Jerusalem, part of which constitutes the 96th Psalm, which will be found translated on page 461.

These we believe, are all the poetical remains contained in the historical portions of the Hebrew Scriptures. They are full of beauty, and the study of them, standing as they do, in the midst of plain prose, will give the pupil a more forcible idea of the nature and peculiarities of Hebrew poetry, even than the perusal of the exclusively poetical books. Having brought the enumeration down to the last production of David, we shall close with the following fine extract from Campbell, on the influence and character of his genius.

"The gifted influence of David evidently created a new era in the productions of the Hebrew muse. It is impossible to conceive his example and genius as a poet, combined with the splendid circumstances of his reign, having failed to communicate an enthusiastic impulse to the imaginations of his people. He extended their empire, he subdued their enemies, and founded their capital, Jerusalem, in Zion, which he had won from the Jebusites; and having brought the ark of the cove-

nant to the consecrated city, he invested the national worship with a pomp of attendance, and a plenitude of vocal and instrumental music, calculated to give an inspiring effect to its solemnities. He himself relieved the cares attending a diadem, with the harp, which had been the solace of his adversities and the companion of his shepherd days; and leading his people in devotion as he had led them in battle, he employed his genius in the composition of beautiful strains for the accompaniment of their sacred rites. He must have thus diffused a taste for music and poetry, much beyond what the nation had hitherto possessed.

His traits of inspiration are lovely and touching, rather than daring and astonishing. His voice, as a worshipper, has a penetrating accent of human sensibility, varying from plaintive melancholy to luxuriant gladness, and even rising to ecstatic rapture. In grief, *"his heart is melted like wax; and deep answers to deep, whilst the waters of affliction pass over him."* Or *his soul is led to the green pastures by the quiet waters.* Or his religious confidence pours forth the metaphors of a warrior in rich and exulting succession. *"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer—my God, my strength, in whom I will trust—my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower."* Some of the sacred writers may excite the imagination more powerfully than David, but none of them appeal more interestingly to the heart. Nor is it in tragic so much as in joyous expression that I conceive the power of his genius to consist. Its most inspired aspect appears to present itself, when he looks abroad on the universe with the eye of a poet, and with the breast of a glad and grateful worshipper. When he looks up to the starry firmament, his soul assimilates to the splendour and serenity which he contemplates. This lofty but bland spirit of devotion peculiarly reigns in the 8th and in the 19th Psalms. But above all, it expands itself in the 104th into a minute and richly diversified picture of the creation. Verse after verse in that Psalm, leads on the mind through the various objects of nature as through a mighty landscape, and the atmosphere of the scene is coloured, not with a dim or mystic, but with a clear and warm light of religious feeling. He spreads his sympathies over the face of the world, and rejoices in the power and goodness of its protecting Deity. The impression of that exquisite ode dilates the heart with a pleasure too instinctive and simple to be described."

PART OF THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM.

NUMBERS, xxiii, xxiv.

FROM Aram I am brought by Balak,—
By the king of Moab from the mountains of the east :
Come, curse, me Jacob ;
And come execrate Israel :

How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed?
 And how shall I execrate whom God hath not execrated?
 For, from the top of the rocks I see him,
 And from the hills I behold him:
 Lo! the people who shall dwell alone,
 Nor shall number themselves among the nations!
 Who shall count the dust of Jacob?
 Or the number of the fourth of Israel?
 Let me die the death of the righteous,
 And let my last end be like his!

* * * *

I shall see him, but not now:
 I shall behold him, but not nigh:
 There shall come a star out of Jacob,
 And a sceptre shall rise out of Israel,
 And shall smite the corners of Moab,
 And destroy all the children of Sheth.
 And Edom shall be a possession,
 Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies:
 And Israel shall do valiantly.
 Out of Jacob shall come he that shall have dominion,
 And shall destroy him that remaineth of the city.

FROM THE SONG OF MOSES TO THE CONGREGATION OF
ISRAEL.

DEUTERONOMY xxxii.

VE ear, O ye heavens and I will speak:
 And hear, O earth, the words of my mouth.
 My doctrine shall drop as the rain,
 My speech shall distil as the dew;
 As the small rain upon the tender herb,
 And as the showers upon the grass,
 Because I will publish the name of Jehovah.
 Ascribe ye majesty unto our God.
 The Rock, his work is perfect;
 For all his ways are righteousness:
 A God of truth, and without iniquity,
 Just and right is he.

* * * *

The portion of Jehovah is his people;
 Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.
 He found him in a desert land,
 And in the waste howling wilderness:
 He led him about, he instructed him;
 He kept him as the apple of his eye.
 As an eagle stirreth up her nest,
 Fluttereth over her young,

Spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them,
 Beareth them on her wings;—
 So Jehovah alone did lead him,
 And no strange God was with him.

CLOSE OF THE BLESSING PRONOUNCED BY MOSES ON THE
 CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

DEUTERONOMY xxxiii.

THERE is none like unto the God of Jeshurun.
 He rideth upon the heavens for thy help;
 In his majesty upon the sky.
 The eternal God spreadeth out before thee
 And beneath thee the everlasting arms:
 He did thrust out the enemy from before thee,
 And he said, Perish.

Therefore shall Israel dwell securely;
 The fountain of Jacob in quiet [shall flow,]
 Upon a land of corn and wine:
 Also his heaven shall drop down dew.

Happy art thou, O Israel!
 Who is like unto thee, O people redeemed,
 By Jehovah, the shield of thy help,
 And the sword of thy majesty!
 Thine enemies shall submit themselves unto thee,
 And thou shalt tread upon their high places.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.*

II. SAMUEL. i. 19-29.

THE glory of Israel is slain upon thy high places:
 How are the mighty fallen!
 Tell it not in Gath:
 Publish it not in the streets of Askelon:
 Lest the daughters of the Philistines be glad,
 Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.
 Oh mountains of Gilboa! let there be no dew,
 Nor rain upon you, nor fields of first fruits:

* All those extracts from the Sacred Poets, to which the name of the translator is not prefixed, are translated by the Editor. The English translators of the Bible performed their task with beautiful simplicity, and much faithfulness;—and though the critical translator requires the most unwearied patience in long, minute, and repeated investigation, yet, with the Editor of the present volume, whose object is simply to present an unstudied picture of the beauty of the original, it is often times sufficient for the accomplishment of his purpose, to divide the common version (almost unaltered except in the correction of evident mistakes) into the parallelistic lines of the Hebrew.

For there the shield of the mighty was thrown away;
The shield of Saul,—weapons anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
The sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan!

Beautiful and pleasant in their lives,
In their death they were not divided.

They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

O daughters of Israel! weep over Saul!

He clothed you with scarlet, in loveliness:

He added ornaments of gold to your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!

O Jonathan, slain in thine high places!

Sorrow is upon me, for thee, my brother Jonathan:

Thou wast pleasant unto me, exceedingly:

Wonderful was thy love to me, passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen!

And the weapons of war perished!

THE TRIUMPHAL SONG OF MOSES AFTER THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

EXODUS XV.

I WILL sing unto Jehovah, for he is gloriously exalted;

The horse and his rider hath he whelmed in the sea.

My praise and my song is Jehovah,

And he is become my salvation:

He is my God, and I will praise him;

My father's God, and I will exalt him.

Jehovah is a man of war: Jehovah is his name.

The chariots of Pharaoh and his host hath he thrown in the
sea;

And his choicest leaders are thrown in the Red Sea.

The floods have covered them: they went down;

Into the abyss [they went down] as a stone.

Thy right hand, O Jehovah, hath made itself glorious in
power:

Thy right hand, O Jehovah, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.

And in the strength of thy majesty thou hast destroyed thine
adversaries.

Thou didst let loose thy wrath: it consumed them like
stubble.

With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were heaped together:

The flowing waters* stood upright as an heap:

The floods were congealed in the heart of the sea.

* In the original,—“The *flowing* stood upright” &c. the participle of the verb to flow being the poetical form for *waters*.

The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake :
 I will divide the spoil, my soul shall be satisfied :
 I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

Thou did'st blow with thy breath, the sea covered them :
 They sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Who is like unto thee among the gods, O Jehovah !
 Who is like unto thee, making thyself glorious in holiness !
 Fearful in praises, executing wonders.

Thou didst stretch out thy right hand,—the earth swallowed them.

Thou hast led forth in thy mercy the people whom thou hast redeemed :

Thou hast guided them in thy strength to the habitation of thy holiness.

The people shall hear and be disquieted :

Terror shall seize the inhabitants of Philistia.

Then the nobles of Edom shall be confounded ;

The mighty ones of Moab, trembling shall take hold upon them :

All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away :

Terror and perplexity shall fall upon them :

Because of the greatness of thine arm they shall be as still as a stone ;

Till thy people pass over, O Jehovah,

Till thy people pass over, whom thou hast redeemed :

Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountains of thine inheritance,

The place for thy dwelling, which thou hast prepared, O Jehovah !

The sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established.
 Jehovah shall reign forever and ever !

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE BOOK OF JOB.

BY THE REV. GEORGE R. NOYES.

"The leading design of the poem is to establish the truth that *character is not to be inferred from external condition* ; and to enforce the duty of *submission to the will of God*."

It is probably more ancient than the earliest remains of any uninspired poetry, and as a whole it is without doubt the most sublime production in the world. It also contains chapters, of a beauty which is never to be equalled, except by some other poetical portions in the same sacred volume, of which it constitutes only a part. It cannot be too reverently nor too often perused. Here, poetry enraptures while religion purifies the soul. We are too forgetful of the debt of gratitude we owe to the author of our being, in that he has not only written, as with a sunbeam, the instructions which we needed in the way of life,

but has sublimely adapted the inspired volume to the nature of the human intellect and imagination ; so that its pages are full of ever increasing delight, as well as sanctifying influence, to the wisest and most cultivated mind.

THE BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

CHAPTER V. VERSES 17-27.

BEHOLD, happy is the man whom God correcteth ;
Therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.
For he bruiseeth, and bindeth up ;
He woundeth, and his hands make whole.
He will deliver thee in six troubles,
Yea, in seven shall no evil touch thee.
In famine he will redeem thee from death,
And in war from the power of the sword.
Thou shalt be safe from the scourge of the tongue,
And shalt not be afraid of destruction, when it cometh.
At devastation and famine thou shalt laugh,
And shalt not be afraid of the wild beasts of the land.
For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field,
Yea, the beasts of the forest shall be at peace with thee.
Thou shalt find also that thy habitation is in peace ;
Thou shalt visit thy dwelling, and not be disappointed.
Thou shalt see thy descendants numerous,
And thine offspring as the grass of the earth.
Thou shalt come to thy grave in full strength,
As a shock of corn gathered in its season.
Lo ! this we have searched out ; so it is ;
Hear it, and lay it up in thy mind.

THE WRETCHEDNESS OF THE WICKED.

CHAPTER XVIII. VERSES 5-21.

BEHOLD ! the light of the wicked shall be put out,
And the flame of his fire shall not shine.
Light shall become darkness in his tabernacle,
And his lamp over him shall be extinguished.
The steps of his strength shall be straitened,
And his own counsel shall cast him down.
He is brought into the net by his own feet,
And he walketh upon toils.
The springe layeth hold of him by the heel,
And the snare holdeth him fast.
A net is secretly laid for him on the ground,
And a trap for him in the pathway.
Terrors assail him on every side,
And pursue him at his heels.
His strength is wasted by hunger,
And ruin is present at his side.

His limbs are consumed ;
 Yea, his limbs are devoured by the first-born of death.
 His confidence is torn away from his tabernacle,
 And he is brought before the king of terrors ;
 Terror dwells in the tabernacle, no longer his ;
 Brimstone is scattered upon his habitation.
 His roots below are dried up,
 And his branches above are withered.
 His memory perisheth from the earth,
 And he hath no name in the street.
 He is thrust from light into darkness,
 And driven out of the world.
 He hath no son, nor kinsman amongst his people,
 Nor survivor in his dwellingplace.
 They, that come after him shall be amazed at his fate,
 As they of his own time were struck with horror.
 Such is the dwelling of the unrighteous man ;
 Such is the place of him that feareth not God.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE VIRTUOUS.

CHAPTER XXII. VERSES 21-30.

BE reconciled to Him, and thou shalt have peace ;
 Thus shall prosperity return to thee.
 Receive, I pray thee, instruction from his mouth,
 And lay up his words in thine heart.
 If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up ;
 If thou put away iniquity from thy tabernacle,
 Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust,
 And the gold of Ophir as stones of the brook.
 Then shall the Almighty be thy gold ;
 Yea, treasures of silver unto thee ;
 For then shalt thou have delight in the Almighty,
 And shalt lift up thy face unto God.
 Thou shalt pray unto him, and he shall hear thee,
 And thou shalt perform thy vows.
 The purpose which thou formest, shall prosper with thee,
 And light shall shine upon thy ways.
 When men are cast down, thou shalt say, " There is exaltation !"
 And the humble person he will save.
 He will deliver even him, that is not innocent ;
 The purity of thy hands shall save him.

THE HOLINESS AND POWER OF GOD.

CHAPTERS XXV. XXVI.

THEN answered Bildad the Shuhite, and said :

Dominion and fear are with Him ;
 He maintaineth peace in his high places.

Is there any numbering of his armies?
 And upon whom doth not his light arise?
 How then can man be righteous before God?
 Or how can he be pure, that is born of woman?
 Behold! even the moon shineth not,
 And the stars are not pure in his sight.
 How much less man, a worm!
 And the son of man, a reptile!

Then Job answered and said:

How hast thou helped the weak,
 And strengthened the feeble arm?
 How hast thou counselled the ignorant?
 And what wonderful wisdom hast thou shown?
 To whom hast thou uttered these words,
 And whose spirit spake through thee?

Departed spirits beneath tremble;
 The waters, and their inhabitants.
 Hades is naked before him;
 And Destruction hath no covering.
 He stretcheth out the North over empty space,
 And hangeth the earth upon nothing.
 He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds,
 And the cloud is not rent under them.
 He covereth the face of his throne,
 And spreadeth his clouds upon it.
 He hath drawn a circular bound upon the waters,
 To the confines of light and darkness.
 The pillars of heaven tremble,
 And are confounded at his rebuke.
 By his power he stirreth up the sea,
 And by his wisdom he smiteth its pride.
 By his spirit he hath garnished the heavens;
 His hand hath formed the Northern Serpent.
 Lo! these are but the borders of his works;
 How faint the whisper we have heard of him!
 But the thunder of his power who can understand?

TRUE WISDOM.

CHAPTER XXVIII. VERSES 12-28.

BUT where shall wisdom be found?
 And where is the place of understanding?
 Man knoweth not the price thereof;
 Nor can it be found in the land of the living.
 The deep saith, It is not in me;
 And the sea saith, It is not with me.
 It cannot be gotten for gold,

Nor shall silver be weighed out as the price thereof.
 It cannot be purchased with the gold of Ophir,
 With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
 Gold and crystal are not to be compared with it ;
 Nor can it be purchased with jewels of fine gold.
 No mention shall be made of coral, or of crystal,
 For wisdom is more precious than pearls.
 The topaz of Æthiopia cannot equal it,
 Nor can it be purchased with the purest gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom ?
 And where is the place of understanding ?
 Since it is hidden from the eyes of all the living,
 And kept close from the fowls of the air.
 Destruction and Death say,
 We have heard of its fame with our ears.
 God only knoweth the way to it ;
 He only knoweth its dwelling-place.
 For he seeth to the ends of the earth,
 And surveyeth all things under the whole heaven.
 When he gave the winds their weight,
 And adjusted the waters by measure ;
 When he prescribed laws to the rain,
 And a path to the glittering thunderbolt ;
 Then did he see it, and make it known ;
 He established it, and searched it out ;
 But he said unto man,
 Behold ! the fear of the Lord, that is thy wisdom,
 And to depart from evil, thy understanding.

THE JUSTICE AND THE POWER OF GOD.

FROM CHAPTER XXXVI. VERSE 22, THROUGH CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BEHOLD, God is exalted by his power ;
 What potentate is like him ?
 Who hath prescribed to him his way ?
 Or who can say to him, "Thou hast done wrong."
 Forget not to magnify his work,
 Which men celebrate with songs.
 All mankind gaze upon it ;
 Mortals behold it from afar.
 Behold, God is great ; we cannot know him,
 Nor search out the number of his years.
 Lo, he draweth up the drops of water,
 Which form rain from his vapour ;
 The clouds pour it down,
 And distil it upon man in abundance.
 Who can understand the spreading of his clouds,
 And the rattling of his pavilion ?

Behold, he spreadeth around himself his light,
 And he covereth the bottom of the sea.
 By these he punisheth nations,
 And by these he giveth food in abundance.
 In both hands he holds the lightning;
 He commissions it against an enemy;
 He makes known his purpose against man,
 And the herds and plants of the earth.

At this my heart trembleth,
 And is moved out of its place.
 Hear, O hear the sound of his voice,
 And the noise, which issueth from his mouth.
 He sendeth it through the whole heavens,
 And his lightning to the ends of the earth.
 After it a voice roareth,
 He thundereth with the voice of his majesty,
 And restraineth not the tempest, when his voice is heard.
 God thundereth marvellously with his voice;
 Great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend.
 For he saith to the snow, "Be thou on the earth;"
 Likewise to the rain, even the rains of his might.
 He sealeth up the hand of every man,
 That all his labourers may acknowledge him.
 Then the beasts go into dens,
 And abide in their caverns.
 Out of the South cometh the whirlwind,
 And cold out of the North.
 By the breath of God ice is formed,
 And the broad waters are made solid.
 He causeth the clouds to descend in rain,
 And his lightning scattereth the mists.
 He leadeth them about by his wisdom,
 That they may execute his commands throughout the
 world;
 Whether he cause them to come for punishment,
 Or for his earth, or for mercy.

Give ear unto this, O Job!
 Stand still, and consider the wond'rous works of God.
 Dost thou know when God ordained them,
 And caused the lightning of his cloud to flash?
 Dost thou understand the balancing of the clouds,
 The wondrous works of him that is perfect in wisdom?
 How thy garments become warm,
 When he maketh the earth sultry by his south wind?
 Canst thou like him spread out the sky,
 Firm like a molten mirror?
 Teach us what we shall say to him,
 For we cannot address him by reason of darkness.
 If I speak, will it be told him?
 Verily if a man speak to him, he will be consumed.

Men cannot look upon the light,
 When it is bright in the skies,
 When the wind hath passed over them, and made them
 clear,
 And a golden splendour cometh from the firmament,—
 But with God is terrible majesty!
 The Almighty, we cannot find him out;
 He is excellent in power and justice,
 Perfect in righteousness, but he giveth no account of his
 doings.
 Therefore let men fear him,
 Whom none of the men of wisdom can behold.

Then spake Jehovah to Job out of the whirlwind, and
 said :

Who is this, that darkeneth my counsels by words
 without knowledge?
 Gird up thy loins like a man;
 I will ask thee, and answer thou me.
 Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth?
 Declare, since thou hast such knowledge!
 Who fixed its dimensions, since thou knowest!
 Or who stretched out the line upon it!
 Upon what were its foundations fixed?
 And who laid its corner stone,
 When the morning stars sang together,
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

* * * * *

Hast thou ever commanded the morning,
 Or caused the day-spring to know its place,—
 That they should lay hold of the ends of the earth,
 And shake the wicked out of it?
 It is changed as wax by the seal;
 And all things stand forth as in rich apparel.
 But from the wicked their light is withheld,
 And the high raised arm is broken.

Hast thou penetrated to the springs of the sea,
 And walked through the recesses of the deep?
 Have the gates of death been disclosed to thee,
 And hast thou seen the gates of the shadow of death?
 Hast thou discovered the breadth of the earth?
 Declare, since thou knowest it all!

Where is the way to the abode of light?
 And darkness, where is its dwelling place,
 That thou mayest lead each of them to its boundary,
 And know the paths to its mansion?
 Surely thou knowest! for thou wast then born!
 And the number of thy years is great!

Hast thou entered the storehouses of the snow,
Or seen the treasures of the hail?
Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,
Against the day of battle and war.

Where is the way, by which light is distributed,
And the east wind let loose upon the earth?
Who hath prepared a channel for the rain,
And a path for the glittering thunderbolt,
To give rain to the land without an inhabitant,
To the wilderness, where is no man;
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground,
And cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?

* * * * *

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades,
Or loosen the bands of Orion?
Canst thou lead forth Mazzaroth in its season,
Or guide Arcturus with his sons?
Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens?
Hast thou appointed their dominion over the earth?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
So that abundance of waters will cover thee?
Canst thou send forth lightnings? Will they go?
Will they say to thee, "Here we are?"
Who hath imparted understanding to clouds,
And given to meteors intelligence?
Who numbereth the clouds in wisdom?
And who poureth out the bottles of heaven,
When the dust is formed into a solid mass,
And the clods cleave fast together?

Canst thou hunt prey for the lioness,
Or satisfy the hunger of the young lions,
When they couch in their dens,
And lie in wait in the thicket?
Who provideth for the raven his food,
When his young ones cry unto God,
While they wander about without food?

THE WAR-HORSE.

CHAPTER XXXIX. VERSES 19-25.

HAST thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Hast thou taught him to bound like the locust?
How terrible the noise of his nostrils!
He paweth in the valley; he exulteth in his strength,
And rusheth into the midst of arms.
He laugheth at fear; he trembleth not,
And turneth not back from the sword.
Against him rattleth the quiver,

The glittering spear, and the lance.
 With rage and fury he devoureth the ground ;
 He standeth not still, when the trumpet soundeth.
 He saith among the trumpets, Aha ! aha !
 And snuffeth the battle afar off ;
 The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PERHAPS there is no book in the sacred volume, which is so much read as the Psalms of David. The peculiar characteristics of their poetical merit have been already briefly noticed ; their devotional beauty and fervour can never be felt with too much intensity, nor admired with too much veneration. The variety and contrast in the feelings of the Royal Psalmist, at different periods of his eventful life, and in different circumstances of prosperity or trial, render his productions beautifully adapted to every frame of mind, to which the believer can be subject ; while the extreme tenderness and pathos of his supplications is often sufficient, one would think, to subdue and soften even the hard heart of the infidel. His compositions are a storehouse from whence almost all characters of men may derive something suitable to their own condition and peculiarities of mind. Their elevated intellectual and contemplative character, and the admiration of the beauty and glory of the created universe, which they express in such inimitable language,—inimitable both for its sweetness and sublimity,—will always render them delightful to the man of genius and cultivated taste ; but it is their touching adaptation to all the varieties of religious feeling, which gives them such an enduring hold upon the heart.

Here the grateful worshipper will find such irrepressible and ardent strains of thanksgiving, as might elevate his soul even to the holy adoration of the world above ; *Oh come let us sing unto the Lord ! let us heartily rejoice in the Rock of our salvation.—I will sing to Jehovah as long as I live, I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.—Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together !*

For the true penitent they afford the most humble and heartfelt expressions of sorrow for sin, and the most earnest prayers for restoration and forgiveness ; *Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done evil in thy sight.—Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.* For those that mourn in Zion there is consolation in the sympathy of one, *whose tears were his food day and night*, when God had hidden his face from him. For the bereaved there are the most instructive pictures of calm and submissive affliction ; *I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.* Here the desponding may learn that others have been in the com-

fortless gloom before them, and that *to the upright there ariseth light in darkness.*

Here the youthful Christian finds an echo of encouragement to the energy and resolution of his hopes, and the aged and experienced one, a delightful exhibition of sure and confiding trust in the long-tried mercy of Jehovah. *When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.—The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing.—Thou hast been my support from my youth; now also, when I am old and grayheaded, forsake me not.—I have been young, and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.—Happy would it be could we all realize in our own bosoms, the love, the gratitude, the penitential sorrow, the sacred confidence, and the fervent aspirations after holiness and heaven, which here so faithfully and vividly delineate the inward life of the Christian.*

PART OF THE 18th PSALM, COMPOSED BY DAVID ON THE OCCASION OF HIS DELIVERANCE "FROM THE HAND OF HIS ENEMIES AND FROM THE HAND OF SAUL."

I WILL love thee, O Jehovah, my strength!
 Jehovah is my rock and my fortress,
 And my deliverer is my God:
 My rock, in Him will I trust;
 My shield, and the horn of my salvation: my high tower.
 In mine affliction I called upon Jehovah;
 Then was I delivered from mine enemies.

The cords of death surrounded me,
 And the floods of wickedness made me afraid.
 The cords of Hades* compassed me about,
 The snares of death preceded me.
 In my distress I called upon Jehovah,
 And unto my God did I cry.
 He heard from his temple my voice,
 And my cry before him came into his ears.
 Then the earth shook and trembled:
 The foundations also of the mountains trembled;
 And were shaken, because he was wroth.
 Smoke went up from his nostrils,
 And fire from his mouth devoured:
 Burning coals were kindled by it.
 He bowed the heavens also and came down;

* Hades, translated in the English Bible, *Hell*, signified a vast subterranean kingdom,—immense, dark, and silent; supposed to be the residence of departed spirits, immediately after death. It is not improbable that the sacred writers of the Old Testament understood by it the intermediate state of existence between death and the judgment. See their sublime poetical description of it in Isaiah, chapter xiv. the translation of which by Lowth may be found in the American First Class Book.

And darkness was under his feet.
 He rode upon the cherub and did fly :
 He flew upon the wings of the wind.
 He made darkness his secret place,
 His pavilion round about him :
 Darkness of waters, and thick clouds of the skies.

From the brightness before him his thick clouds passed :
 Hailstones and coals of fire !
 Jehovah also thundered in the heavens,
 And the Most High uttered his voice :
 Hailstones and coals of fire !
 He shot out his arrows and scattered them :
 The multitude of his lightnings, and discomfited them.

Then were seen channels of waters ;
 The foundations of the earth were discovered :
 At thy rebuke, O Jehovah !
 At the blast of the breath of thy wrath.

He sent from above, he took me ;
 He drew me out of many waters.
 He delivered me from my strong enemy :
 And from those who hated me, for they were stronger than I.
 They fell upon me in the day of my calamity,
 But Jehovah was my stay.
 He led me out also upon a broad place :
 He delivered me, for he delighted in me.

THE BOOK OF NATURE AND OF REVELATION.

PSALM XIX.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. GEORGE R. NOYES.

The heavens declare the glory of God ;
 The firmament sheweth forth the work of his hands.
 Day uttereth instruction to day,
 And night sheweth knowledge to night.
 They have no speech nor language,
 And their voice is not heard ;
 Yet their sound goeth forth to all the earth,
 And their words to the ends of the world.
 In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun,
 Which cometh forth, like a bridegroom, from his chamber,
 And rejoiceth, like a strong man, to run his course ;
 He goeth forth from the extremity of heaven,
 And maketh his circuit to the end of it ;
 And nothing is hid from his heat.

The law of the Lord is perfect, reviving the soul,
 The precepts of the Lord are sure, giving wisdom to the simple.
 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart,

The commandments of the Lord are pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever ;
 The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.
 More precious are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold.
 By them also is thy servant admonished,
 And in keeping of them there is great reward.
 Who knoweth his own offences ?
 O cleanse thou me from secret faults !
 Keep back also thy servant from presumptuous sins ;
 Let them not have dominion over me ;
 Then shall I be upright,
 I shall not be polluted with gross transgression.
 May the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart
 Be acceptable in thy sight,
 O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD

PSALM XXIII.

TRANSLATED BY THE SAME.

THE Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.—
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ;
 He leadeth me beside the still waters.
 He reviveth my spirit ;
 He leadeth me in the right paths,
 For his name's sake.
 When I walk through the darkest valley,
 I fear no evil, for thou art with me ;
 Thy crook and thy staff, they comfort me.
 Thou preparest a table before me
 In the presence of mine enemies ;
 Thou anointest my head with oil ;
 My cup runneth over.
 Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of
 my life,
 And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

THE KING OF GLORY.

PSALM XXIV.

TRANSLATED BY THE SAME

THE earth is the Lord's, and all that is therein ;
 The world, and they who inhabit it.
 For he hath founded it upon the seas,
 And established it upon the floods.
 Who shall ascend the hill of Jehovah,

And who shall stand in his holy place ?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart ;
Who hath not inclined his soul to falsehood,
Nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah,
And favour from God, his helper.

This is the race of those who seek Him ;
Who seek thy face, O God of Jacob !

Lift up your heads, O ye gates !
Lift yourselves up, ye everlasting doors,
That the glorious King may enter in !

Who is this glorious King ?
Jehovah, strong and mighty ;
Jehovah, mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates !
Lift yourselves up, ye everlasting doors,
That the glorious King may enter in.

Who is this glorious King ?
Jehovah, God of hosts, He is the glorious King.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge and strength ;
A powerful help in trouble.
Therefore we will not fear, though the earth change,
Though the mountains tremble in the heart of the sea :
Its waters roar and are troubled ;
The mountains shake with its raging.

There is a river, whose brooks gladden the city of God ;
The holy dwelling-place of the Most High.
God is within her : she shall not be moved :
God shall help her, earlier than the dawning.
The heathen raged, the kingdoms were stirred :
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
Jehovah of hosts is with us ;
The God of Jacob is our Refuge.

Come, behold the doings of Jehovah !
What astonishments he hath wrought in the earth.
He quieteth wars to the end of the earth ;
The bow he breaketh in pieces, and cutteth asunder the spear ;
The chariots he burneth in fire.

Be still, and know that I am God :
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth.

Jehovah of hosts is with us ;
The God of Jacob is our Refuge

CONFIDENCE IN THE MERCY OF GOD.

PSALM LXV.

To thee belong submission and praise, O God, in Zion!
And to thee shall the vow be performed.
O Hearer of prayer! to thee all flesh must come.
The plagues of iniquity are strong against me,
But our sins, thou shalt purge them away.
Blessed are the people whom thou choosest and bringest near;
they shall rest in thy courts.
We shall be satisfied with the glory of thy house, of thy holy temple.
By wonderful things in mercy wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation;
The confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of the remotest parts of the sea.
Establishing the mountains by his strength: girded with power.
Who stilleth the roar of the seas,
The roar of the waves and the tumult of the people.
The remotest dwellers venerate thy wonderful exhibitions.
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.
Thou visitest the earth and waterest it abundantly;
Thou enrichest it: the channels of God are full of water:
Thou preparest corn, because, for this hast thou provided it.
Thou dost moisten its furrows; thou smoothest its ridges;
Thou makest it soft with showers, thou blessest the springing plants.
Thou crownest the year of thy goodness,
And thy paths drop fruitfulness.
The meadows of the wilderness do drop;
The hills also are girded with exultation.
The pastures are clothed with flocks,
And the valleys are covered with corn.
They shout for joy; yea, they sing.

PRAISE TO JEHOVAH.

PSALM XCV.

O come, Let us sing unto Jehovah!
Let us shout to the Rock of our salvation!
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
Let us shout to him with songs!
For a great God is Jehovah,
And a great king over all gods.
In his hand are the deep places of the earth,
And his are the heights of the mountains.

The sea is his, and he made it,
 The dry land also, which his hands have formed.
 O come, let us worship and bow down;
 Let us kneel before Jehovah, our Maker.
 For he is our God; and we
 Are the people of his pasture, and the flock of his hand.
 To-day, if his voice ye will hear,
 Harden not your heart, as in Meribah,
 As in the day of repining in the wilderness;
 When your fathers tempted me,
 Tried me, and saw my works.
 Forty years was I grieved with this generation;
 And I said,—A people that err in their heart,
 And they have not revered my ways:
 Unto whom I swear in my wrath,
 They shall not enter into my rest.

 ASPIRATIONS AFTER GOD.

PSALM XLII.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. GEORGE R. NOYES.

As the hart panteth for streams of water,
 So panteth my soul for thee, O God!
 My soul thirsteth for God, the living God;
 When shall I come, and appear before God?
 My tears have been my food day and night,
 While they say to me continually, Where is thy God:
 When I think of it, I pour out my soul in grief;
 How I once walked in the procession to the house of God,
 Amid joyful shouts and praises of the festive multitudes!

Why art thou cast down, O my soul!
 And why art thou disquieted within me?
 Hope thou in God! for I will yet praise him,
 Him, my deliverer, and my God!

My soul is cast down within me,
 While I remember thee from the land of Jordan and Her-
 mon,
 From the mountain Mizar.
 Deep calleth for deep; thy cataracts roar;
 All thy waves and billows have gone over me!
 Once Jehovah commanded his kindness by day,
 And by night his praise was with me,
 And my prayer to the God of my life;
 Now I say to God, my rock, Why dost thou forget me?
 Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
 The reproaches of the enemy are like the crushing of my
 bones;

While they say to me continually, Where is thy God ?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
And why art thou disquieted within me ?
Hope thou in God ! for I will yet praise him ;
Him, my deliverer, and my God !

THE CONDESCENSION OF GOD TO MAN.

PSALM VIII.

TRANSLATED BY THE SAME.

O JEHOVAH, our Lord !
How excellent is thy name in all the earth !
Thou hast set thy glory above the heavens !
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained
praise,
To put thine adversaries to shame,
And to silence the enemy and avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained ;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him,
And the son of man, that thou carest for him !
Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels ;
Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour,
Thou hast given him dominion over the works of thy hands ;
Thou hast put all things under his feet ;
All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the forest ;
The birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea,
And whatever passeth through the paths of the deep,

O Jehovah, our Lord !
How excellent is thy name in all the earth !

LIFE TRANSITORY, BUT GOD THE EVERLASTING REFUGE

PSALM XC.

LORD, thou hast been our refuge in all generations :
Before the mountains were created,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
Thou turnest man to destruction,
And thou sayest, Return ye children of men.
For a thousand years in thy sight
Are as yesterday when it is passed,
And like a watch in the night.
Thou carriest them away ; they are a dream.

In the morning they are like grass, which reneweth its verdure ;

In the morning it flourisheth, and becometh verdant,
In the evening it is cut down and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger,

And by thy wrath are we destroyed.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,

Our secret transgressions in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath ;

Our years disappear like a thought.

As to the days of our years, in them are seventy years ;

And if by reason of strength there be eighty years,

Yet is their pride wearisome labour and sorrow ;

For it passeth hastily, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger ?

And who, with becoming reverence, acknowledgeth thy
wrath ? *

So teach us to number our days,

That we may be guided by the heart of wisdom.

Return, O Lord ! how long ?

And have compassion on thy servants.

Satisfy us early with thy mercy,

And we will be glad and rejoice in thee.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,

The years in which we have experienced adversity.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants,

And thy glory unto their children.

And let the mercy of the Lord our God be upon us ;

And the work of our hands, establish it for us,

Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

PRAISE TO JEHOVAH.

PSALM XCVI.†

O sing unto Jehovah a new song !

Sing to Jehovah, all the earth !

Sing to Jehovah, bless his name,

Publish joyfully his salvation from day to day,

Declare his glory among the heathen,

His wonders among the people.

For Jehovah is great, and greatly to be praised :

He is to be revered above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols ;

But Jehovah created the heavens.

* A possible rendering of this line is the following.

Even like thy greatness, so is thy wrath.

† See and compare I. Chronicles, chapter xvi. verses 8—35.

Glory and majesty are before him,
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
Give to Jehovah glory and strength ;
Give unto Jehovah the glory of his name ;
Bring an offering and come into his courts.
O worship Jehovah in the beauty of holiness ;
Fear before his presence all the earth !
Say among the heathen, Jehovah reigneth !
The world also is established ; it shall not be moved.
He shall judge the people in righteousness.

Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad ;
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.
Let the field be joyful and all that is therein ;—
Then shall all the trees of the forest rejoice !
In the presence of Jehovah, for he cometh,
For he cometh to judge the earth.
He shall judge the world with righteousness,
And the people with his truth.

GOD MERCIFUL AND GRACIOUS.

PSALM CIII.

BLESS Jehovah, O my soul !
And all that is within me bless his holy name.
Bless Jehovah, O my soul !
And forget not any of his benefits.
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ;
Who healeth all thy diseases ;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction ;
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good ;
Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
Jehovah executeth righteousness,
And justice for all that are oppressed.
He made known his ways unto Moses,
His wonderful works to the children of Israel.
Jehovah is compassionate and gracious,
Slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide ;
Nor will he keep his anger forever.
He hath not dealt with us according to our sins,
Nor hath he requited us according to our transgressions.
For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So prevalent is his mercy towards those who revere him.
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
So Jehovah pitieth those who revere him.
For he knoweth our frame,

He remembereth that we are dust.
 As for man, his days are as grass ;
 Like a flower of the field, so he flourisheth :
 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ;
 And its place shall know it no more.
 But the mercy of Jehovah is from everlasting,
 And to everlasting upon those who revere him,
 And his righteousness to the children of children.
 To such as keep his covenant,
 And to those who remember his commandments, to do them.
 Jehovah hath established his throne in the heavens,
 And his dominion ruleth over all.
 Bless Jehovah, ye his angels !
 Mighty in strength, executing his commands,
 Harkening to the voice of his word.
 Bless Jehovah, all ye his hosts,
 Ye servants of his, that execute his pleasure.
 Bless Jehovah, all his works,
 In all places of his dominion.
 Bless Jehovah, O my soul !

CREATION SUSTAINED BY THE MERCY OF GOD.

PSALM CIV.

BLESS Jehovah, O my soul !
 O Jehovah, my God, thou art exalted exceedingly !
 Thou puttest on glory and majesty,
 Covering thyself with light, as with a garment.
 Who spreadeth out the heavens like a tent ;
 Who layeth the beams of his chambers on the waters ;
 Who maketh the clouds his chariots ;
 Who walketh on the wings of the wind ;
 Who maketh the winds his messengers ;
 His servants, a consuming fire.
 He established the earth on its foundations ;
 It shall not be removed forever and ever.
 Thou didst cover it with the floods as with a garment ;
 The waters arose upon the mountains.
 From thy rebuke they fled,
 From the roar of thy thunder they hasted away ;
 The mountains rise up ;—they flow down into the valleys,
 To the place which thou hast appointed for them.
 Thou hast established a limit, which they shall not overflow.
 They shall not again return to cover the earth.
 He setteth loose the springs in brooks,—
 They flow among the mountains.
 They give drink to all beasts of the field,—
 The wild asses quench their thirst.
 Near them the fowls of heaven inhabit,—

They sing from among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers,
The earth is filled with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth grass to spring up for the cattle,
And herbs for the service of man,
That he may bring forth food from the earth.
And wine which gladdeneth the heart of man,
And oil to make his countenance to shine,
And bread which increaseth the strength of man.

The trees of Jehovah are full of sap,
The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted ;
There the singing birds make their nests.—
The stork, the fir-trees are her habitation.
The high hills for the wild goats,
And the rocks are a refuge for the conies.

He appointeth the moon for seasons,
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night,
In which all the beasts of the forest move forth.
The young lions roar for prey,
And to demand from God their food.
The sun ariseth, they withdraw,
And lie down for repose in their dwellings.
Man goeth forth to his work,
And to his labour until evening.

How manifold are thy works, O Jehovah !
In wisdom hast thou made them all.
The earth is full of thy riches,
So is this great and wide spreading sea.
There are moving creatures innumerable,
Living creatures, small and great.
There go the ships ;
There that leviathan, which thou hast made to sport therein.
These wait all upon thee,
To give them their food in its season.
Thou givest it unto them, and they gather it ;
Thou openest wide thine hand,—they are satisfied with good.
Thou hidest thy face,—they are terrified ;
Thou takest back their life,—they die,
And to their dust do they return.
Thou sendest forth thy spirit,—they are created ;
And thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of Jehovah shall endure forever !
Jehovah shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth,
He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing to Jehovah as long as I live,
I will sing praises to my God, while I have my being.
My meditation of him shall be sweet ;
I will be joyful in Jehovah.

Let sinners be destroyed from the earth,
And the wicked cease from existence.
Bless Jehovah, O my soul !
Praise ye Jehovah !

THE EXCELLENT GOODNESS OF JEHOVAH.

PSALM CXLVII.

PRAISE ye Jehovah !
For it is good to celebrate our God,
For praise is pleasant and becoming.
Jehovah rebuildeth Jerusalem,
And assembleth the banished ones of Israel.
He healeth the broken in heart,
And he bindeth up their wounds.
He counteth the number of the stars,
He giveth their names to them all ;
Great is our Lord and mighty in power ;
To his wisdom there is no limit.
Jehovah lifteth up the lowly,
He humbleth the wicked to the ground.
Sing to Jehovah with thanksgiving,
Sing praise to our God upon the harp.
He covereth the heavens with clouds,
He prepareth rain for the earth,
He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.
He delighteth not in the strength of the horse,
He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.
Jehovah is well pleased with those who revere him,
With those who wait for his mercy.
Praise Jehovah, O Jerusalem !
Praise thy God, O Zion !
For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates ;
He hath blessed thy children in the midst of thee.
He maketh peace in thy borders,
And satisfieth thee with the finest of wheat.
He sendeth out his word through the earth ;
His command runneth with swiftness.
He giveth forth snow like wool ;
He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes ;
He casteth forth his ice like morsels ;
Who can stand before his cold !
He sendeth out his word and melteth them,
He maketh his wind to blow, and the waters flow.
He publisheth his word unto Jacob,
His statutes and his laws unto Israel.
He hath not dealt so with any nation,

And his statutes, no others have known them.
Praise ye Jehovah!

GOD OUR PRESERVER.

PSALM CXXI.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh
my aid.
My help is from Jehovah who made heaven and earth.
He will not permit thy foot to tremble: thy keeper will not
slumber.
Behold the watchman of Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.
Jehovah is thy keeper; Jehovah is thy shade upon thy right
hand.
By day the sun shall not smite thee; nor the moon by night.
Jehovah shall defend thee from all evil; he shall protect thy
soul.
Jehovah shall protect thy going out and thy coming in, from
this time forth and forever.

GOD HOLY AND POWERFUL.

PSALM XCVII

JEHOVAH reigneth! Let the earth rejoice,
Let the multitude of isles be glad with exultation.
Clouds and darkness encompass him:—
Righteousness and justice are the foundation of his throne;
Fire pursueth before him,
And consumeth his enemies around.
His lightnings illumined the world:—
The earth saw and trembled;
The mountains like wax melted from the presence of Jehovah,
From the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.
The heavens declare his righteousness,
And all the nations behold his glory.
Let all the worshippers of graven images be confounded,
Who glory in idols.
Prostrate yourselves before Him, all gods!
Zion heard and was glad,
And the daughters of Jerusalem exulted,
On account of thy judgments, O Jehovah!
For thou, O Jehovah! art most high above all the earth:
Thou art exceedingly exalted above all gods.
Ye that love Jehovah, hate wickedness.—
He helpeth the souls of his saints,
He setteth them free from the power of the wicked.
Light is sown for the righteous,
And joy for the upright in heart.
Rejoice, O ye righteous, in Jehovah,
And give thanks for the remembrance of his holiness.

TRANSLATIONS FROM ISAIAH, BY BISHOP LOWTH.

DAVID and Isaiah were peculiarly the national poets of the Jewish people. When we think of the former, we remember him in connection with all that is tender and confiding in feeling,—all that is sweet and rural in imagery. *The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters.* Isaiah too can hardly be surpassed for the sweetness that is often mingled with his dignity; he has descriptions of transporting beauty, and his is the portrait, drawn with such moving truth and pathos, of the *man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.* Yet the grandeur of his poetry is so generally prevalent over his other characteristics, that the name of the prophet is ever associated in the minds of those to whom his writings are in any degree familiar, with ideas of all that is eminently majestic and sublime. *Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty.*

Other portions of the inspired poetry may exhibit at intervals, perhaps an equal degree of grandeur;—and the book of Job especially has passages, which are not inferior in sublimity to the most elevated parts of the prophet; but in no book is this quality so constantly predominant, and so long sustained, and nowhere else is it carried onward in such variety of energetic movement, nor with such rapidity and intensity of thought, nor with such powerful climaxes, such “shutting up and intermingling of solemn scenes,” such sudden bursts and transitions of elevated feeling. To Isaiah it was given, beyond all others, to unveil the secrets of Eternal determinations, and to foretell the coming glories of the Prince of Peace. In his hands the harp of prophecy is both glorious and terrible—terrible when it denounces destruction and woe to idolatrous empires, and glorious when it celebrates the character and kingdom of Messiah, and the happiness of his redeemed. It is sometimes, also, pathetic, in a degree which is nowhere else equalled. But whether it describes ruin or bliss, whether it threatens woe or promises glory, his strains are always distinguished for their dignity and power. His images are simple, but they are vast and vivid; and he pours them forth with an irresistible energy and rapidity of accumulation. He is, besides, rich in language, and uncommonly musical in the construction of his sentences; insomuch that it would be impossible, even for an English reader, to find anything more full of melody than some of his verses, as they are translated, almost word for word, in the English Bible. “If the Hebrew poetry at present is possessed of any remains of its native grace and harmony, we shall chiefly find them,” says Bishop Lowth, “in the writings of Isaiah.”

When he warns the people of impending danger, his images

are black and portentous in their aspect, and his sentences are like the gathering tempest. *The noise of a multitude in the mountains, like as of a great people : a tumultuous noise of the kingdoms of nations gathered together : Jehovah of hosts mustereth the host of the battle.*—When he paints the desolation of the kingdoms abandoned by Jehovah, nothing could convey a more vivid idea of utter abandonment, and waste, and sterility. *And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night nor day : the smoke thereof shall go up forever : from generation to generation it shall lie waste : none shall pass through it forever and ever.—It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation : neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there ; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there ; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures ; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there.*

On the other hand, when he describes the future security and happiness of the church and people of God, and calls upon them for gratitude and joy to their heavenly protector, what images of beauty and exultation does he lavish on the picture ! *Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities : thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation.—There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams.—The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.—Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing : for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.—And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads ; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—Oh thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.—Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders ; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day ; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee : but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself : for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.—For the Lord shall comfort Zion ; he will comfort all her waste places, and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord : joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.* Such is the tenor of his images whenever he touches upon this delightful subject—a subject, indeed, the most glorious that could ever fill the excited imagination of

the ancient Israelite, or that can ever engage the grateful contemplations of the Christian.

It is unnecessary to quote his expostulations with his own ungrateful nation and his denunciations of punishment upon the wicked, which present an exhibition of beauty and energy, contrasted indeed, in its character, with the former, but equally poetical.—*I have trodden the wine press alone ; and of the people there was none with me : for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury : and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.*

Again when he makes supplication for humbled and deserted Israel, it is in such tones of subdued and penitent remonstrance as are powerfully pathetic. *Art thou not he that hath cut Rahab and wounded the dragon ? Art thou not he which hath dried up the sea, the waters of the great deep ? Which hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over ?—Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire : and all our pleasant things are laid waste. Wilt thou refrain thyself for these things O Lord ?* Nothing can be more affecting than the allusion to those events in the national history of the Israelites, engraven indelibly on the memory of every individual, when God appeared in a manner so glorious for the deliverance of his chosen people. The appeal which the prophet makes concerning the dejected, forlorn, and wasted condition of Zion is equally touching for its humble simplicity, and its sorrowful and imploring earnestness. The instances which have been given are but few among a multitude of great beauty and sublimity, in almost every chapter of Isaiah's writings. Obscure as many parts of his prophecies are, their poetical and religious spirit is never hidden ; an intimate acquaintance with them will inevitably tend, like every other portion of the sacred volume, if its influence be not resisted, to elevate the intellect and purify the soul. If it does not exert this effect, it will only add to our responsibilities, without making us the better prepared to redeem them. In regard to mere matters of taste, how insignificant are all our researches in the sacred Scriptures, if we neglect the great object, for the accomplishment of which they were intended—a fitness for that future and eternal existence, to which we are so rapidly approaching ;—above all, for that glorious existence which the Bible unveils to our view, shedding, at the same time, a flood of radiance on the path, through which we may pass upwards to its enjoyment. Let us never forget the purpose, for which the Father of our spirits has given us the book of revelation. We stand before a great and glorious temple,—reared by an Architect of infinite power, wisdom, holiness, and mercy ; let us not be content with a distant admiration of its grandeur, nor with any external examination of the costliness of its materials, or the exquisite beauty of its workmanship. Let us enter into

its courts, that our spirits may be awed and sanctified by the glory with which it is filled ; that we may commune with God, who has made us capable of such an exalted employment here, and who only can prepare us to worship in his immediate presence hereafter.

PREDICTION OF THE REDEMPTION OF THE JEWS.

CHAPTER LI. VERSES 9-23, AND CHAPTER LII. TO VERSE 12.

AWAKE, awake, clothe thyself with strength, O arm of Jehovah !

Awake, as in the days of old, the ancient generations.

Art thou not the same that smote Rahab, that wounded the dragon ?

Art thou not the same, that dried up the sea, the waters of the great deep ?

That made the depths of the sea a path for the redeemed to pass through ;

Thus shall the ransomed of Jehovah return,

And come to Sion with loud acclamation :

And everlasting gladness shall crown their heads ;

Joy and gladness shall they obtain,

And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

I, even I, am he that comforteth you :

Who art thou, that thou shouldst fear wretched man, that dieth ;

And the son of man, that shall become as the grass ?

And shouldst forget Jehovah thy maker,

Who stretched out the heavens, and founded the earth ;

And shouldst every day be in continued fear,

Because of the fury of the oppressor,

As if he were just ready to destroy ;

And where now is the fury of the oppressor,

He marcheth on with speed, who cometh to set free the captive ;

That he may not die in the dungeon,

And that his bread may not fail.

For I am Jehovah thy God ;

He, who stilleth at once the sea, though the waves thereof roar ;

Jehovah God of hosts is his name.

I have put my words in thy mouth ;

And with the shadow of my hand have I covered thee :

To stretch out the heavens, and to lay the foundations of the earth ;

And to say unto Sion, Thou art my people.

Rouse thyself, rouse thyself up ; arise, O Jerusalem ;

Who hast drunken from the hand of Jehovah the cup of his fury :

The dregs of the cup of trembling, thou hast drunken, thou
 hast wrung them out.
 There is not one to lead her, of all the sons which she hath
 brought forth;
 Neither is there one to support her by the hand, of all the sons
 which she hath educated.
 These two things have befallen thee; who shall bemoan thee?
 Desolation, and destruction; the famine, and the sword; who
 shall comfort thee?
 Thy sons lie astounded; they are cast down;
 At the head of all the streets, like the oryx taken in the toils;
 Drenched to the full with the fury of Jehovah, with the rebuke
 of thy God.

Wherefore hear now this, O thou afflicted daughter;
 And thou drunken, but not with wine.
 Thus saith thy Lord Jehovah;
 And thy God, who avengeth his people:
 Behold, I take from thy hand the cup of trembling;
 The dregs of the cup of my fury;
 Thou shalt drink of it again no more.
 But I will put it into the hand of them who oppress thee;
 Who say to thee, Bow down thy body, that we may go over:
 And thou layedst down thy back, as the ground;
 And as the street, to them that pass along.
 Awake, awake; be clothed with thy strength, O Sion:
 Clothe thyself with thy glorious garments, O Jerusalem, thou
 holy city!
 For no more shall enter into thee the uncircumcised and the
 polluted.
 Shake thyself from the dust, ascend thy lofty seat, O Jerusa-
 lem:
 Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter
 of Sion!
 For thus saith Jehovah:
 For nought were ye sold;
 And not with money shall ye be ransomed.
 For thus saith the Lord Jehovah:
 My people went down to Egypt,
 At the first, to sojourn there:
 And the Assyrian, at the last, hath oppressed them.
 And now, what have I more to do, saith Jehovah;
 Seeing that my people is taken away for nought;
 And they, that are lords over them, make their boast of it saith
 Jehovah:
 And continually every day is my name exposed to contempt.
 Therefore shall my people know my name in that day:
 For I am He, Jehovah, that promised; and lo! here I am!

How beautiful appear on the mountains

The feet of the joyful messenger; of him, that announceth peace!

Of the joyful messenger of good tidings; of him that announceth salvation!

Of him, that sayeth unto Sion, Thy God reigneth!

All thy watchmen lift up their voice: they shout together;

For face to face shall they see, when Jehovah returneth to Sion.

Burst forth into joy, shout together, ye ruins of Jerusalem!

For Jehovah hath comforted his people; he hath redeemed Israel.

Jehovah hath made bare his holy arm, in the sight of all the nations;

And all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Depart, depart ye, go ye out from thence; touch no polluted thing:

Go ye out from the midst of her; be ye clean, ye that bear the vessels of Jehovah!

Verily not in haste shall ye go forth;

And not by flight shall ye march along:

For Jehovah shall march in your front:

And the God of Israel shall bring up your rear.

PREDICTION OF PROSPERITY TO ISRAEL.

CHAPTER LIV. VERSES 7-17.

In a little anger have I forsaken thee;

But with great mercies will I receive thee again:

In a short wrath I hid my face for a moment from thee;

But with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee;

Saith thy redeemer Jehovah.

The same will I do now, as in the days of Noah, when I swear,

That the waters of Noah should no more pass over the earth:

So have I sworn, that I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee,

For the mountains shall be removed;

And the hills shall be overthrown:

But my kindness from thee shall not be removed;

And the covenant of my peace shall not be overthrown:

Saith Jehovah, who beareth towards thee the most tender affection.

O thou afflicted, beaten with the storm, destitute of consolation!

Behold I lay thy stones in cement of vermillion,

And thy foundations with sapphires:

And I will make of rubies thy battlements;

And thy gates of carbuncles;

And the whole circuit of thy walls shall be of precious stones.
 And all thy children shall be taught by Jehovah:
 And great shall be the prosperity of thy children.
 In righteousness shalt thou be established;
 Be thou far from oppression; yea thou shalt not fear it;
 And from terror; for it shall not approach thee.
 Behold, they shall be leagued together, but not by my command;
 Whosoever is leagued against thee, shall come over to thy side.
 Behold, I have created the smith,
 Who bloweth up the coals into a fire,
 And produceth instruments according to his work;
 And I have created the destroyer to lay waste.
 Whatever weapon is formed against thee, it shall not prosper;
 And against every tongue, that contendeth with thee, thou shalt obtain thy cause.
 This is the heritage of Jehovah's servants,
 And their justification from me, saith Jehovah.

REMEMBRANCE OF PAST AND SUPPLICATION FOR PRESENT
 FORGIVENESS AND MERCY TO ISRAEL.

CHAPTER LXIII, FROM VERSE 7, AND CHAPTER LXIV.

THE mercies of Jehovah will I record, the praise of Jehovah,
 According to all that Jehovah hath bestowed upon us:
 And the greatness of his goodness to the house of Israel;
 Which he hath bestowed upon them, through his tenderness
 and great kindness.
 For he said: Surely they are my people, children that will not
 prove false;
 And he became their saviour in all their distress.
 It was not an envoy, nor an angel of his presence, that saved
 them:
 Through his love, and his indulgence; He himself redeemed
 them:
 And he took them up, and he bare them, all the days of old.
 But they rebelled, and grieved his Holy Spirit;
 So that he became their enemy; and he fought against them.
 And he remembered the days of old, Moses his servant;
 How he brought them up from the sea, with the shepherd of
 his flock;
 How he placed in his breast his holy spirit:
 Making his glorious arm to attend Moses on his right hand in
 his march;
 Cleaving the waters before them, to make himself a name everlasting;
 Leading them through the abyss, like a courser in the plain
 without obstacle.
 As the herd descendeth to the valley, the spirit of Jehovah
 conducted them:

So didst thou lead thy people, to make thyself a name illustrious:

Look down from heaven, and see, from thy holy and glorious dwelling :

Where is thy zeal, and thy mighty power,
The yearning of thy bowels, and thy tender affections? are they restrained from us?

Verily, thou art our Father; for Abraham knoweth us not,
And Israel doth not acknowledge us.

Thou, O Jehovah, art our Father:

O deliver us for the sake of thy name!

Wherefore, O Jehovah, dost thou suffer us to err from thy ways?

To harden our hearts from the fear of thee?

Return, for the sake, of thy servants;

For the sake of the tribes of thine inheritance,

It is little, that they have taken possession of thy holy mountain;

That our enemies have trodden down thy sanctuary:

We have long been as those, whom thou hast not ruled;

Who have not been called by thy name.

O! that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst descend;

That the mountains might flow down at thy presence;

As the fire kindleth the dry fuel;

As the fire causeth the waters to boil:

To make known thy name to thine enemies;

That the nations might tremble at thy presence.

When thou didst wonderful things, which we expected not;

Thou didst descend; at thy presence the mountains flowed down.

For never have men heard, nor perceived by the ear;

Nor hath eye seen, a God beside thee,

Who doeth such things for those that trust in him.

Thou meetest with joy those, who work righteousness;

Who in thy ways remember thee;

Lo! 'Thou art angry; for we have sinned;

Because of our deeds; for we have been rebellious.

* * * * *

Therefore thou hast hidden thy face from us;

And hast delivered us up into the hand of our iniquities.

But thou, O Jehovah, thou art our Father;

We are the clay, and thou hast formed us:

We are all of us the work of thy hands.

Be not wroth, O Jehovah, to the uttermost;

Nor forever remember iniquity.

Behold, look upon us, we beseech thee; we are all thy people

Thy holy cities are become a wilderness;

Sion is become a wilderness; Jerusalem is desolate.

Our holy and glorious temple,
Wherein our fathers praised thee,
Is utterly burnt up with fire ;
And all the objects of our desire are become a devastation.
Wilt thou contain thyself at these things, O Jehovah ?
Wilt thou keep silence, and still grievously afflict us ?

GLORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD PREDICTED.

CHAPTER LX. LXI. VERSES 1-5, LXII. VERSES 1-4.

ARISE, be thou enlightened ; for thy light is come ;
And the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee.
For behold, darkness shall cover the earth ;
And a thick vapour the nations :
But upon thee shall Jehovah arise ;
And his glory upon thee shall be conspicuous.
And the nations shall walk in thy light ;
And kings in the brightness of thy sun-rising.
Lift up thine eyes round about, and see ;
All of them are gathered together, they come unto thee ;
Thy sons shall come from afar ;
And thy daughters shall be carried at the side.
Then shalt thou fear, and overflow with joy ;
And thy heart shall be ruffled, and dilated ;
When the riches of the sea shall be poured in upon thee ;
When the wealth of the nations shall come unto thee ;
An inundation of camels shall cover thee.
The dromedaries of Midian and Ephra ;
All of them from Saba shall come :
Gold and frankincense shall they bear ;
And the praise of Jehovah shall they joyfully proclaim.
All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered unto thee ;
Unto thee shall the rams of Nebaioth minister ;
They shall ascend with acceptance on mine altar ;
And my beauteous house I will yet beautify.
Who are these, that fly like a cloud ?
And like doves upon the wing ?
Verily the distant coasts shall await me ;
And the ships of Tarshish among the first :
To bring thy sons from afar ;
Their silver and their gold with them :
Because of the name of Jehovah thy God ;
And of the Holy One of Israel ; for he hath glorified thee.
And the sons of the stranger shall build up thy walls ;
And their kings shall minister unto thee :
For in my wrath I smote thee ;
But in my favour I will embrace thee with the most tender affection.
And thy gates shall be open continually ;

By day, or by night, they shall not be shut :
 To bring unto thee the wealth of the nations :
 And that their kings may come pompously attended.
 For that nation, and that kingdom,
 Which will not serve thee, shall perish ;
 Yea, those nations shall be utterly desolated.
 The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee ;
 The fir-tree, the pine, and the box together :
 To adorn the place of my sanctuary ;
 And that I may glorify the place, whereon I rest my feet.
 And the sons of thine oppressors shall come bending before
 thee ;
 And all, that scornfully rejected thee, shall do obeisance to the
 soles of thy feet :
 And they shall call thee, The city of Jehovah ;
 The Sion of the Holy One of Israel.
 Instead of thy being forsaken,
 And hated, so that no one passed through thee,
 I will make thee an everlasting boast ;
 A subject of joy for perpetual generations.

* * * * *

And thou shalt know that I Jehovah am thy Saviour ;
 And that thy Redeemer is the Mighty One of Jacob.
 Instead of brass, I will bring gold ;
 And instead of iron, I will bring silver :
 And instead of wood, brass ;
 And instead of stones, iron.
 And I will make thine inspectors peace ;
 And thine exactors, righteousness.
 Violence shall no more be heard in the land ;
 Destruction and calamity, in thy borders :
 But thou shalt call thy walls salvation
 And thy gates, praise.
 No longer shalt thou have the sun for light by day ;
 Nor by night shall the brightness of the moon enlighten thee ;
 For Jehovah shall be to thee an everlasting light,
 And thy God shall be thy glory.
 Thy sun shall no more go down ;
 Neither shall thy moon wane :
 For Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light ;
 And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.
 And thy people shall be all righteous ;
 Forever shall they possess the land :
 The cion of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be
 glorified.
 The little one shall become a thousand ;
 And the small one a strong nation ;
 I Jehovah in due time will hasten it.
 The spirit of Jehovah is upon me,
 Because Jehovah hath anointed me.

To publish glad tidings to the meek hath he sent me ;
 To bind up the broken-hearted :
 To proclaim to the captives freedom ;
 And to the bounden, perfect liberty :
 To proclaim the year of acceptance with Jehovah ;
 And the day of vengeance of our God.
 To comfort all those that mourn ;
 To impart [gladness] to the mourners of Sion :
 To give them a beautiful crown, instead of ashes :
 The oil of gladness instead of sorrow ;
 The clothing of praise, instead of the spirit of heaviness.
 That they may be called trees approved ;
 The plantation of Jehovah for his glory.
 And they that spring from thee shall build up the ruins of old
 times ;
 They shall restore the ancient desolations ;
 They shall repair the cities laid waste :
 The desolations of continued ages.

* * * * *

For Sion's sake I will not keep silence ;
 And for the sake of Jerusalem I will not rest :
 Until her righteousness break forth as a strong light :
 And her salvation, like a blazing torch.
 And the nations shall see thy righteousness ;
 And all the kings, thy glory :
 And thou shalt be called by a new name,
 Which the mouth of Jehovah shall fix upon thee.
 And thou shalt be a beautiful crown in the hand of Jehovah ;
 And a royal diadem in the grasp of thy God.
 No more shall it be said unto thee, Thou forsaken !
 Neither to thy land shall it be said any more, Thou desolate !
 But thou shalt be called, The object of my delight ;
 And thy land, The wedded matron :
 For Jehovah shall delight in thee ;
 And thy land shall be joined in marriage.

THE COMING OF A DEVASTATING ARMY.

JOEL CHAPTER II. VERSES 1--13.

TRANSLATED BY ARCHBISHOP NEWCOMBE.

Blow ye the trumpet in Sion ;
 And sound an alarm in mine holy mountain :
 Let all the inhabitants of the land tremble :
 For the day of Jehovah cometh, for it is near :
 A day of darkness and gloominess ;
 A day of clouds and of thick darkness.
 As the dusk spread upon the mountains,
 Cometh a numerous people and a strong.

Like them there hath not been of old time,
 And after them there shall not be,
 Even to the years of many generations.
 Before them a fire devoureth,
 And behind a flame burneth ;
 The land is as the garden of Eden before them,
 And behind them a desolate wilderness :
 Yea, and nothing shall escape them.
 Their appearance shall be like the appearance of horses,
 And like horsemen shall they run ;
 Like the sound of chariots on the tops of the mountains
 shall they leap ;
 Like the sound of a flame of fire which devoureth stubble.
 They shall be like a strong people set in battle array.
 Before them shall the people be much pained :
 All faces shall gather blackness,
 They shall run like mighty men ;
 Like warriors shall they climb the wall :
 And they shall march every one in his way ;
 Neither shall they turn aside from their paths ;
 Neither shall one thrust another :
 They shall march each in his road ;
 And if they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded.
 They shall run to and fro in the city, they shall run upon
 the wall, they shall climb up into the houses :
 They shall enter in at the windows like a thief.
 Before them the earth quaketh, the heavens tremble :
 The sun and moon are darkened ;
 And the stars withdraw their shining.
 And Jehovah shall utter his voice before his army :
 For his camp is very great ;
 For he is strong that executeth his word :
 For the day of Jehovah is great ;
 And very terrible ; and who shall be able to bear it ?
 Yet even now saith Jehovah,
 Turn ye unto me with all your heart ;
 With fasting and with weeping and with mourning :
 And rend your hearts, and not your garments ;
 And turn unto Jehovah your God :
 For he is gracious and merciful,
 Slow to anger and of great kindness,
 And repenteth him of evil.

FROM THE THIRD CHAPTER OF HABAKKUK.

ADOPTED, WITH SLIGHT VARIATIONS, FROM THE
 TRANSLATION OF ARCHBISHOP NEWCOME.

God came from Teman,
 And the Holy One from mount Paran ;
 His glory covered the heavens,

And the earth was full of his praise.
 His brightness was as the light:
 Rays streamed from his hand;
 And there was the hiding-place of his power.
 Before him went the pestilence,
 And flashes of fire went forth after him.
 He stood and measured the earth;
 He beheld, and drove asunder the nations.
 And the everlasting mountains were scattered,
 The perpetual hills bowed down
 The eternal paths were trodden by him.

I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction;
 The curtains of the land of Midian trembled.
 Was Jehovah wroth against the waters?
 Was thine anger against the floods?
 Was thy wrath against the sea?
 When thou didst ride on thine horses, on thy chariots of
 deliverance?

* * * * *

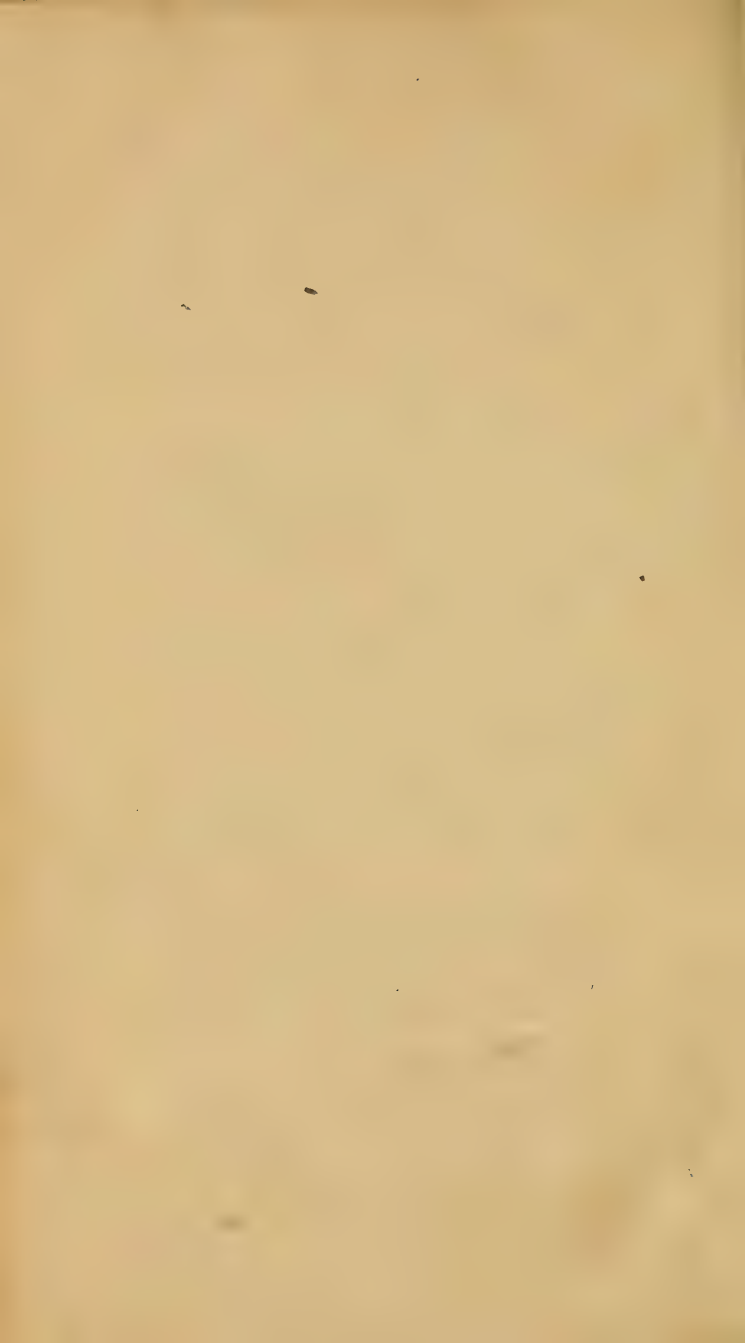
The mountains saw thee, and were troubled;
 The overflowing of waters passed away:
 The deep uttered its voice,
 It lifted up its hands on high.
 The sun and the moon stood still in their habitation;
 In the light of thine arrows they vanished,
 In the brightness of the lightning of thy spear!
 In indignation thou didst march through the land,
 In wrath thou didst thresh the heathen.
 Thou wentest forth for the deliverance of thy people,
 Even for the deliverance of thine anointed.

* * * * *

Although the fig-tree shall not flourish,
 And there be no produce in the vines;
 The fruit of the olive shall fail,
 And the fields shall yield no food;
 The flocks shall be cut off from the fold,
 And there be no herd in the stalls;
 Yet will I rejoice in Jehovah,
 I will exult in the God of my salvation.
 The Lord Jehovah is my strength.
 He will make my feet like hind's feet,
 He will cause me to tread on mine high places.

THE END.

17







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